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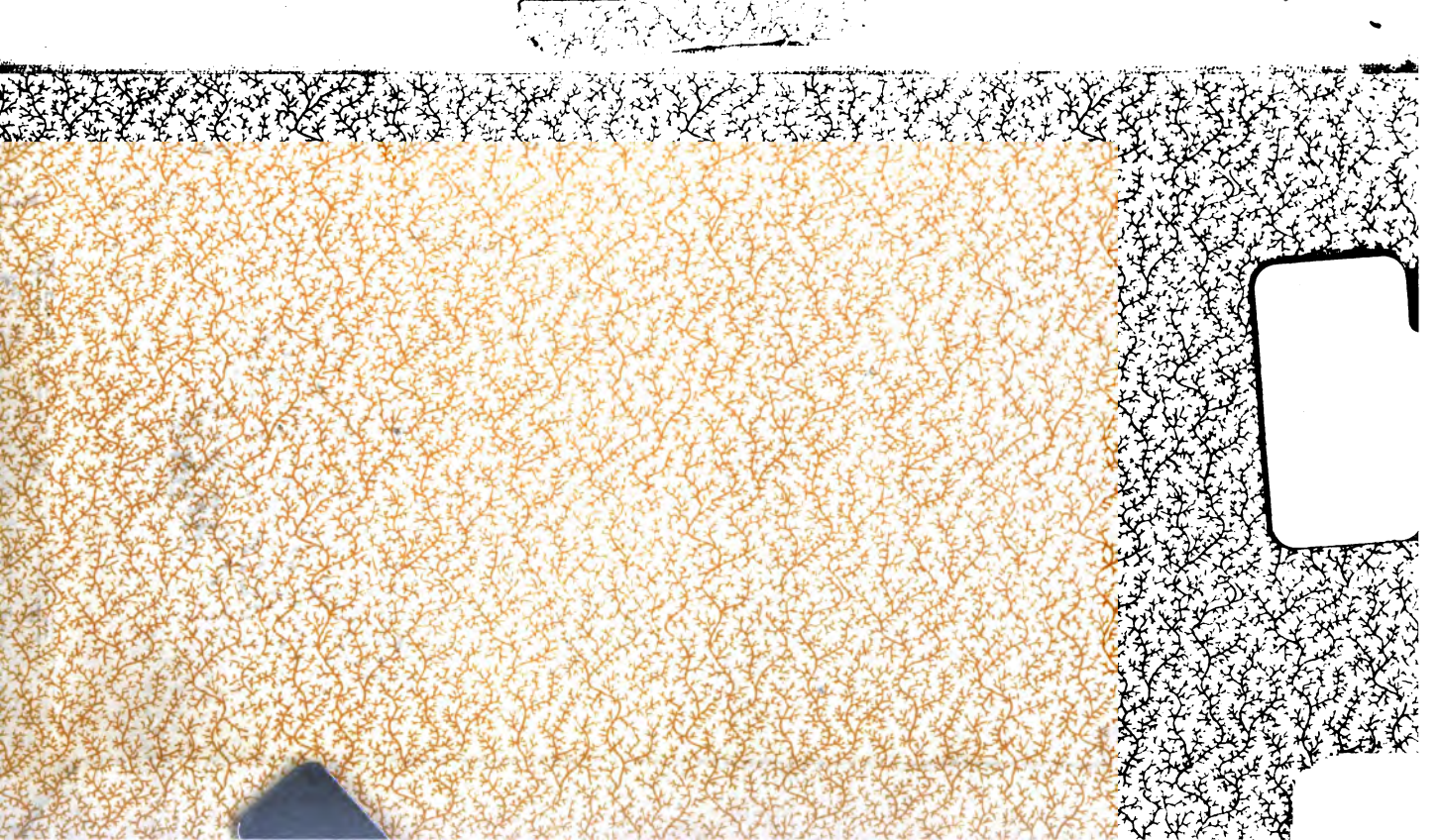

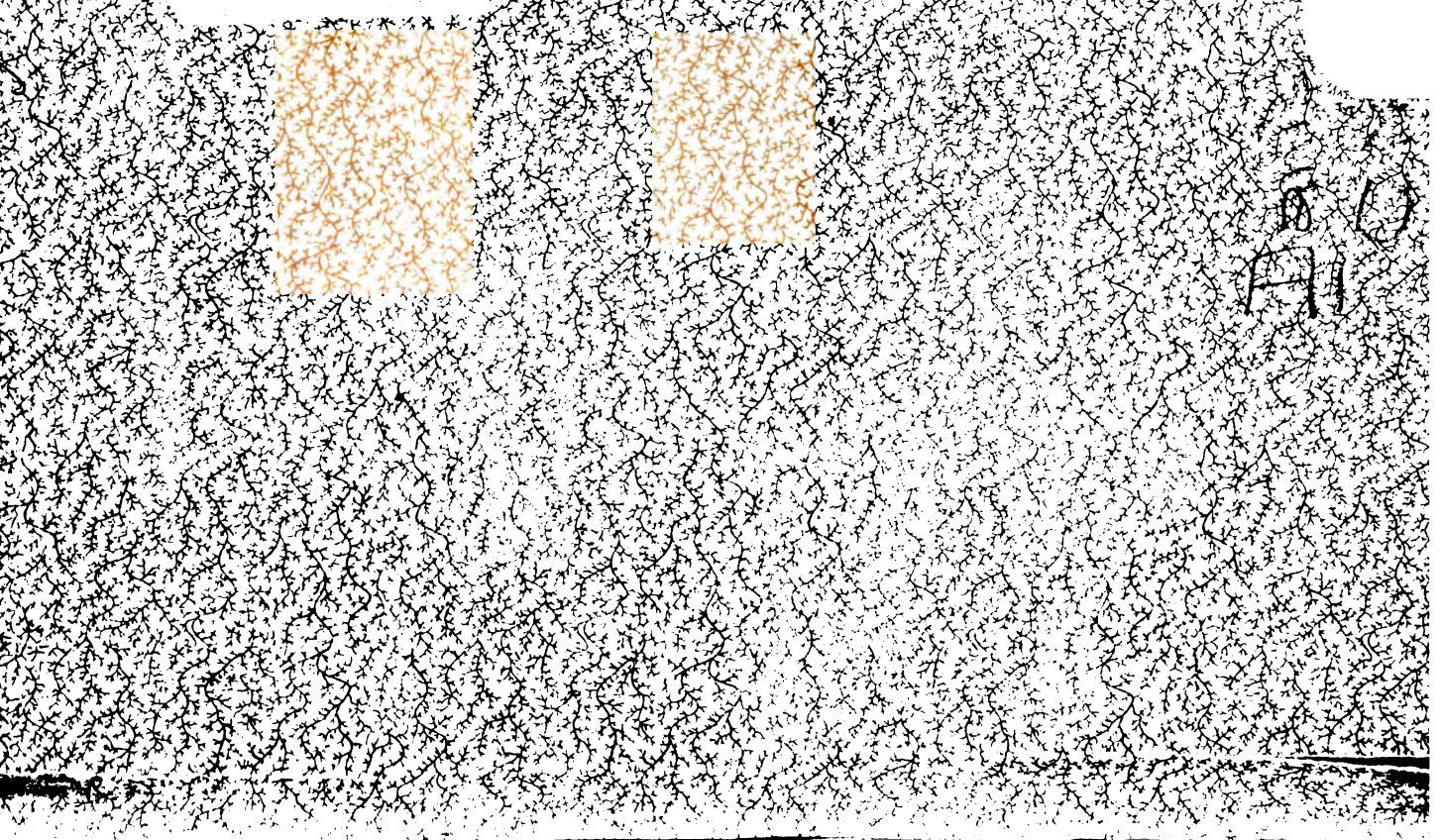

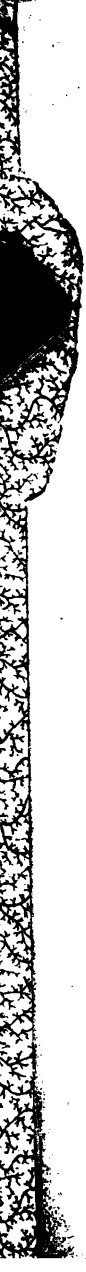

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Daniel

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The Showman expostulating with his Monkey

London: Published by Richard Bentley, 1841

MERRIE ENGLAND

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

By GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" SHAKSPERE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1842.

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ПЕРЕВІРЕНО
МВПС
ЦЕНЗОР

Merrie England

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I.

"My friends," — continued Mr. Bosky, after an approving smack of the lips, and "*Thanks, my kind mistress! many happy returns of St. Bartlemy!*" had testified the ballad-singer's hearty relish and gratitude for the refreshing draught over which he had just suspended his well-seasoned nose,[1]—"never may the mouths be stopped (ex-

[1] "Thom: Brewer, my Mus: Servant, through his proneness to good fellowshippe, having attained to a very rich and rubicund *nose*, being reproved by a friend for his too frequent use of strong drinkes and *sacke*, as very pernicious to that distemper and inflammation in his nose. 'Nay, faith,' says he, 'if it will not endure sacke, it is *no nose* for me.'"—*L'Estrange, No.* 578. Mr. Jenkins.

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singing you woeful tragedies to love-lorn maids and cobblers' apprentices,"[1]

And, carried away by his enthusiasm to the days of jolly Queen Bess, the Laureat of Little Britain, with a countenance bubbling with hilarity, warbled *con spirito*, as a probationary ballad for the *Itinerantship*, (!)

THE KNIGHTING OF THE SIRLOIN.

Elizabeth Tudor her breakfast would make
On a pot of strong beer and a pound of beefsteak,
Ere six in the morning was toll'd by the chimes—
O the days of Queen Bess they were merry old times!

From hawking and hunting she rode back to town,
In time just to knock an ambassador down;

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people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude (though they are only the rabble of a nation), which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to *please* and *gratify* the mind of man."

Old tales, *old songs*, and an old jest,
Our stomachs easiliest digest.

"Listen to me, my lovly shepherd's joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and muckle glee,
Some *pretie tales*, which, when I was a *boye*,
My toothless *grandame* oft hath told to mee."

[1] Love in a Tub, a comedy, by Sir George Etherege.

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Toy'd, trifled, coquetted, then lopp'd off a head;
And at threescore and ten danced a hornpipe to bed.

With Nicholas Bacon,[1] her councillor chief,
One day she was dining on English roast beef;
That very same day when her Majesty's Grace[2]
Had given Lord Essex a slap on the face.

My Lord Keeper stared, as the wine-cup she kiss'd,
At his sovereign lady's superlative twist,
And thought, thinking truly his larder would squeak,
He 'd much rather keep her a day than a week.

"What call you this dainty, my very good lord?"—
"The *Loin*,"—bowing low till his nose touch'd the board—

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[1] When Queen Elizabeth came to visit Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, at his new house at Redgrave, she observed, alluding to his corpulency, that he had built his house too *little* for him. "Not so, madam," answered he; "but your Highness has made me *too big* for my house!"

[2] The term "*your Grace*" was addressed to the English Sovereign during the earlier Tudor reigns. In her latter years Elizabeth assumed the appellation of "*Majesty*." The following anecdote comprehends *both* titles. "As Queen Elizabeth passed the streets in state, one in the crowde cried first, 'God blesse your *Royall* Majestie!' and then, 'God blesse your *Noble* Grace!' 'Why, how now,' sayes the Queene, 'am I tenne groates worse than I was e'en now?'" The value of the old "Ryal," or "Royall," was 10*s*., that of the "Noble" 6*s*. 8*d*. The Emperor Charles the Fifth was the *first* crowned head that assumed the title of "*Majesty*."

"And—breath of our nostrils, and light of our eyes![1]
Saving your presence, the ox was a prize."

"Unsheath me, mine host, thy Toledo so bright.
Delicious *Sir* Loin! I do dub thee a knight.
Be thine at our banquets of honour the post;
While the Queen rules the realm, let *Sir Loin* rule the roast!

And 'tis, my Lord Keeper, our royal belief,
The *Spaniard* had beat, had it not been for *beef!*

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[1] Queen Elizabeth issued an edict commanding every artist who should paint the royal portrait to place her "in a garden with a full light upon her, and the painter to put any shadow in her face at his peril!" Oliver Cromwell's injunctions to Sir Peter Lely were somewhat different. The knight was desired to transfer to his canvass all the *blotches* and *carbuncles* that blossomed in the Protector's rocky physiognomy. Sir Joshua Reynolds,

(——— with fingers so lissom,
Girls start from his canvass, and ask us to kiss 'em!)

having taken the liberty of mitigating the utter stupidity of one of his "*Pot-boilers*," *i. e.* stupid faces, and receiving from the sitter's family the reverse of approbation, exclaimed, "I have thrown a glimpse of *meaning* into this fool's phiz, and now none of his friends *know* him!" At another time, having painted *too true* a likeness, it was threatened to be thrown upon his hands, when a polite note from the artist, stating that, with the additional appendage of a *tail*, it would do admirably for a *monkey*, for which he had a commission, and requesting to know if the portrait was to be sent home or not, produced the desired effect. The picture was paid for, and put into the fire!

Let him come if he dare! he shall sink! he shall quake!
With a *duck*-ing, Sir Francis shall give him a *Drake*.

Thus, Don Whiskerandos, I throw thee my glove!
And now, merry minstrel, strike up '*Lighty Love*,'
Come, pursey Sir Nicholas, caper thy best—
Dick Tarlton shall finish our sports with a jest."

The virginals sounded, Sir Nicholas puff'd,
And led forth her Highness, high-heel'd and be-ruff'd—
Automaton dancers to musical chimes!
O the days of *Queen* Bess, they were merry old times!

"And now, leaving Nestor Nightingale to propitiate Uncle Timothy for this interpolation to his *Merrie Mysteries*, let us return and pay our respects, not to the dignified *Count* Haynes, the learned *Doctor* Haynes, but to plain *Joe* Haynes, the practical-joking Droll-Player of Bartholomew Fair."

In the first year of King James the Second,[1] our hero set up a booth in Smithfield Rounds, where he acted a new droll, called the Whore of

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[1] Antony, vulgo *Tony* Aston, a famous player, and one of *Joe's* contemporaries. The only portrait (a sorry one) of Tony extant, is a small oval in the frontispiece to the *Fool's Opera*, to which his comical harum-scarum autobiography is prefixed.

Babylon, or the *Devil* and the *Pope*. Joe being sent for by Judge Pollixfen, and soundly rated for presuming to put the pontiff into such bad company, replied, that he did it out of *respect* to his Holiness; for whereas many ignorant people believed the Pope to be a blatant beast, with seven heads, ten horns, and a long tail, like the Dragon of Wantley's, according to the description of the *Scotch Parsons!* he proved him to be a comely old gentleman,[1] in snow-white canonicals, and a cork-screw wig. The next morning two bailiffs arrested him for twenty pounds, just as the *Bishop of Ely* was riding by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my *cousin*, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and charges." The Bishop ordered his carriage to stop, whilst Joe (close to his ear) whispered, "My Lord, here are

[1] Catholicism, though it enjoined penance and mortification, was no enemy, at appointed seasons, to mirth. Hers were merry saints, for they always brought with them a holiday. A right jovial prelate was the Pope who first invented the Carnival! On that joyful festival racks and thumbscrews, fire and faggots, were put by; whips and hair-shirts exchanged for lutes and dominos; and music inspired equally their diversions and devotions.

a couple of poor waverers who have such terrible *scruples of conscience*, that I fear they 'll hang themselves."—"Very well," said the Bishop. So calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men, come to me to-morrow, and *I'll* satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed, and went their way; Joe (tickled in the midriff, and hugging himself with his device) went his way too. In the morning the bailiffs repaired to the Bishop's house. "Well, my good men," said his reverence, "what are your scruples of conscience?"—"Scruples!" replied the bailiffs, "we have no scruples, We are bailiffs, my Lord, who yesterday arrested *your cousin Joe Haynes* for twenty pounds. Your Lordship promised to *satisfy* us to-day, and we hope you will be as good as your word." The Bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid the debt and charges.

The following theatrical adventure occurred during his pilgrimage to the well-known shrine,

> "Which at *Loretto* dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
> And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine."

It was St. John's day, and the people of the parish had built a stage in the body of the church,

for the representation of a tragedy called the *Decollation of the Baptist.*[1] Joe had the good luck to enter just as the actors were leaving off their "damnable faces," and going to begin. They had pitched upon an ill-looking surly butcher for *King Herod*, upon whose chuckle-head a gilt paste-board crown glittered gloriously by the candlelight; and, as soon as he had seated himself in a rickety

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[1] The Chester Mysteries, written by Randle or Ralph Higden, a Benedictine of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, were first performed during the mayoralty of *John Arneway*, who filled that office from 1268 to 1276, at the cost and charges of the different trading companies therein. They were acted in *English* ("made into partes and pagiantes") instead of in Latin, and played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun week. The companies began at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was concluded, the moveable stage ("a high scaffolde with two rowmes; a higher and a lower, upon four wheeles") was wheeled to the High Cross before the Mayor, and then onward to every street, so that each street had its pageant. "The Harrowing of Hell" is one of the most ancient Miracle Plays in our language. It is as old as the reign of Edward the Third, if not older. The Prologue and Epilogue were delivered in his own person by the actor who had the part of the Saviour. In 1378, the Scholars of St. Paul's presented a petition to Richard the Second, praying him to prohibit some "*inexpert people*" from representing the *History of the Old Testament*, to the serious prejudice of their *clergy*, who had been at great expense in order to represent it at *Christmas*. On the 18th July, 1390, the Parish Clerks of

old wicker chair, radiant with faded finery, that served him for a throne, the orchestra (three fifes and a fiddle) struck up a merry tune, and a young *damsel* began so to shake her heels, that with the help of a little imagination, our noble comedian might have fancied himself in his old quarters at *St. Bartholomew*, or *Sturbridge Fair*.

London played Religious Interludes at the Skinners' Well, in Clerkenwell, which lasted three days. In 1409, they performed *The Creation of the World*, which continued eight days. On one side of the lowest platform of these primitive stages was a dark pitchy cavern, whence issued fire and flames, and the howlings of souls tormented by demons. The latter occasionally showed their grinning faces through the mouth of the cavern, to the terrible delight of the spectators! The *Passion of Our Saviour* was the first dramatic spectacle acted in *Sweden*, in the reign of King John the Second. The actor's name was *Lengis* who was to pierce the side of the person on the cross. Heated by the enthusiasm of the scene, he plunged his lance into that person's body, and killed him. The King, shocked at the brutality of Lengis, slew him with his scimetar; when the audience, enraged at the death of their favourite actor, wound up this true tragedy by cutting off his Majesty's head!

[1] Stourbridge, or Sturbridge Fair, originated in a grant from King John to the hospital of lepers at that place. By a charter in the thirtieth year of Henry the Eighth, the fair was granted to the magistrates and corporation of Cambridge. In 1613 it became so popular, that *hackney coaches* attended it from London; and in after times not less than *sixty coaches*

The dance over, *King Herod*, with a vast profusion of barn-door majesty, marched towards the damsel, and in "very choice Italian" (which the *parson* of the parish composed for the occasion, and we have translated) thus complimented her:

"Bewitching maiden! dancing sprite!
I like thy graceful motion:
Ask any boon, and, honour bright!
It is at thy devotion."

The *danseuse*, after whispering to a saffron-complexioned crone, who played *Herodias*, fell down upon both knees, and pointing to the *Baptist*, a grave old farmer! exclaimed,

"If, sir, intending what you say,
Your Majesty don't flatter,

---

plied there. In 1766 and 1767, the "*Lord of the Tap*," dressed in a red livery, with a string over his shoulders, from whence depended *spigots* and *fossetts*, entered all the booths where ale was sold, to determine whether it was fit beverage for the visitors. In 1788, Flockton exhibited at Sturbridge Fair. The following lines were printed on his bills:—

"To raise the soul by means of wood and wire,
To screw the fancy up a few pegs higher;
In miniature to show the world at large,
As folks conceive a ship who 've seen a barge.
This is the scope of all our actors' play,
Who hope their *wooden* aims will not be thrown away!"

I would the *Baptist's* head to-day
Were brought me in a platter."

The bluff butcher looked about him as sternly as one of Elkanah's[1] blustering heroes, and, after taking a fierce stride or two across the stage to vent his royal choler, vouchsafed this reply,

"Fair cruel maid, recall thy wish,
O pray think better of it,!
I 'd rather abdicate, than dish
The cranium of my *prophet.*"

Miss still continued pertinacious and positive.

"Your royal word 's not worth a fig,
If thus in flams you glory;
I claim your promise for my jig,
The *Baptist's* upper story."

This satirical sally put the imperial butcher upon his mettle; he bit his thumbs, scratched his car-

[1] Elkanah Settle, the City Laureat, after the Revolution, kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where, in a droll, called *St. George for England*, he acted in a dragon of green leather of *his own invention.* In reference to the sweet singer of "annual trophies" and "monthly wars" hissing in his own dragon, Pope utters this charitable wish regarding Colley,

"Avert it, heaven, that thou, my *Cibber*, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in *Smithfield Fair!*"

rotty poll, paused; and, thinking he had lighted on a loop-hole, grumbled out with stiff-necked profundity,

> "A wicked oath, like sixpence crack'd,
> Or pie-crust, may be broken."

The *damsel*, however, was "down upon him" before he could articulate "Jack Robinson," with

> "But not the promise of a King,
> Which is a *royal token*."

This polished off the rough edges of his Majesty's misgivings, and the decollation of John the Baptist followed; but the good people, resolving to make their martyr some small amends, permitted his representative to receive absolution from a *portly priest* who stood as a spectator at one corner of the stage; while the two soldiers who had decapitated him in effigy, with looks full of contrition, threw themselves into the confessional, and implored the ghostly father to assign them a stiff penance to expiate their guilt. Thus ended this tragedy of tragedies, which, with all due deference to *Joe's* veracity, we suspect to have had its origin in *Bartholomew Fair*.

Joe Haynes shuffled off his comical coil on Friday, the 4th of April 1701. The Smithfield muses mourned his death in an elegy,[1] a rare broadside, with a black border, "printed for J. B. near the Strand, 1701."

Thomas Dogget, the last of our triumvirate, was "a little lively sprat man." He dressed neat, and something fine, in a plain cloth coat and a brocaded waistcoat. He sang in company very

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[1] "An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Joseph Haines, the late Famous Actor in the King's Play-House," &c. &c.

"Lament, you beaus and players every one,
The only champion of your cause is gone:
The stars are surly, and the fates unkind,
Joe Haines is dead, and left his *Ass* behind!
Ah, cruel fate! our patience thus to try,
Must Haines depart, while asses multiply?
If nothing but a player down would go,
There 's choice enough besides great Haines the beau!
In potent glasses, when the wine was clear,
Thy very looks declared thy mind was there.
Awful, majestic, on the stage at sight,
To play (not work) was all thy chief delight:
Instead of danger and of hateful bullets,
Roast beef and goose, with harmless legs of pullets!
Here lies the Famous Actor, Joseph Haines,
Who, while alive, in playing took great pains,
Performing all his acts with curious art,
Till Death appear'd, and smote him with his dart."

agreeably, and in public very comically. He was the *Will Kempe* of his day. He danced the Cheshire Round full as well as the famous *Captain George*, but with more nature and nimbleness.[1] A

[1] Dogget had a *sable* rival. "In *Bartholomew Fair*, at the *Coach-House* on the Pav'd Stones at *Hosier-Lane-End*, you

writer in the Secret Mercury of September 9, 1702, says, "At last, all the childish parade shrunk off the stage by matter and motion, and enter a hobbledehoy of a dance, and Dogget, in old woman's petticoats and red waistcoat, as like Progue Cock as ever man saw. It would have made a stoic split his lungs if he had seen the temporary harlot sing and weep both at once; a true emblem of a woman's tears!" He was a faithful, pleasant actor. He never deceived his audience; because, while they gazed at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly into involuntary acclamations and laughter. He was a capital face-player and gesticulator, and a thorough master of the several dialects, except the *Scotch;* but was, for all that, an excellent *Sawney*. His great parts were Fondlewife, in

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shall see a *Black* that dances the *Cheshire Rounds*, to the admiration of all spectators." Temp. William Third.

Here, too, is Dogget's *own* bill! "At Parker's and *Dogget's* Booth, near Hosier-Lane-End, during the time of *Bartholomew Fair*, will be presented a New Droll, called Fryar Bacon, or the Country Justice; with the Humours of Tollfree the Miller, and his son Ralph, *Acted by Mr. Dogget*. With variety of Scenes, Machines, Songs, and Dances. Vivat Rex, 1691."

the Old Bachelor; Ben, in Love for Love; Hob, in the Country Wake, &c. Colley Cibber's account of him is one glowing panegyric. Colley played Fondlewife so completely after the manner of Dogget, copying his voice, person, and dress with such scrupulous exactness, that the audience, mistaking him for the *original*, applauded vociferously. Of this Dogget *himself* was a witness, for he sat in the pit.

"Whoever would see him *pictured*,[1] may view him in the character of *Sawney*, at the Duke's Head in Lynn-Regis, Norfolk." Will the jovial spirit of Tony Aston point out where this interesting memento hides its head? "Go on, I 'll follow thee." He died at Eltham in Kent, 22nd September 1721.

How small an act of kindness will embalm a man's memory! Baddeley's Twelfth Cake[2] shall

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[1] The only portrait of Dogget known is a small print, representing him dancing the *Cheshire Round*, with the motto "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

[2] Baddeley, the comedian, bequeathed a yearly sum for ever, to be laid out in the purchase of a *Twelfth-cake* and wine, for the entertainment of the ladies and gentlemen of Drury Lane Theatre.

be eaten, and Dogget's coat and badge[1] rowed for,

While Christmas frolics, and while Thames shall flow.

"And shall not," said Mr. Bosky, "a *bumper* flow, in spite of the '*Sin of drinking healths?*'"[2] to

Three merry men, three merry men,
Three merry men they be!
Two went dead, like sluggards, in bed;
One in his shoes died of a noose
That he got at Tyburn-Tree!

Three merry men, three merry men,
Three merry men are we!
Push round the rummer in winter and summer,
By a sea-coal fire, or when birds make a choir
Under the green-wood tree!

The sea-coal burns, and the spring returns,
And the flowers are fair to see;
But man fades fast when his summer is past,
Winter snows on his cheeks blanch the rose—
No second spring has he!

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[1] "This day the *Coat and Badge* given by *Mr. Dogget*, will be rowed for by six young watermen, out of their apprenticeship this year, from the Old Swan at Chelsea."—*Daily Advertiser*, July 31, 1753.

[2] The companion books to the "*Sin of Drinking healths*," were the "*Loathsomness of Long Haire*," and the "*Unloveliness of Love Locks*," by Messrs. Praise-God-Barebones and Fear-the-Lord Barbottle.

Let the world still wag as it will,
Three merry wags are we!
A bumper shall flow to *Mat*, *Thomas*, and *Joe*;
A sad pity that they had not for poor *Mat*
Hang'd *Care* at Tyburn-Tree.

CHAPTER II.

It would require a poetical imagination to paint the times when a gallant train of England's chivalry rode from the Tower Royal through Knight-rider Street and Giltspur Street (how significant are the names of these interesting localities, bearing record of their former glory !) to their splendid tournaments in Smithfield,—or proceeding down Long Lane, crossing the Barbican (the Specula or Watch-tower of Romanum Londinium), and skirting that far-famed street[1] where, in ancient times, dwelt the Fletchers and Bowyers, but which has since become synonymous with poetry

[1] In Grub Street resided *John Fox*, the Martyrologist, and *Henry Welby*, the English hermit, who, instigated by the ingratitude of a younger brother, shut himself up in his house for forty-four years, without being seen by any human being. Though an unsociable recluse, he was a man of the most exemplary charity.

and poverty,—ambled gaily through daisy-dappled meads to Finsbury Fields,[1] to enjoy a more extended space for their martial exercises. Then was *Osier Lane* (the Smithfield end of which is

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[1] In the days of Fitzstephen, Finsbury or Fensbury was one vast lake, and the citizens practised every variety of amusement on the ice. "Some will make a large cake of ice, and, seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hand, and draw him along. Others place the leg-bones of animals under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ancles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward with a velocity equal to a bolt discharged from a crossbow."

We learn from an old ballad called "The Life and Death of the Two Ladies of *Finsbury* that gave *Moorfields* to the city, for the maidens of London to dry their cloaths," that Sir John Fines, "a noble gallant knight," went to Jerusalem to "hunt the Saracen through fire and flood;" but before his departure, he charged his two daughters "unmarried to remain," till he returned from "blessed Palestine." The eldest of the two built a "holy cross at *Bedlam-gate*, adjoining to *Moorfield*;" and the younger "framed a pleasant well," where wives and maidens daily came to wash. Old Sir John Fines was slain; but his heart was brought over to England from the Holy Land, and, after "a lamentation of three hundred days," solemnly buried in the place to which they gave the name of *Finesbury*. When the maidens died "they gave those *pleasant fields* unto the London citizens,

> "Where lovingly both man and wife
> May take the evening air;
> And London dames to dry their cloaths
> May hither still repair!"

immortalised in *Bartholomew Fair* annals) a long narrow slip of greensward, watered on both sides by a tributary streamlet from the river Fleet, on the margin of which grew a line of *osiers*, that hung gracefully over its banks. Smithfield, once "a place for honourable justs and triumphs," became, in after times, a rendezvous for bravoes, and obtained the title of "*Ruffians' Hall.*" Centuries have brought no improvement to it. The modern jockeys and chaunters are not a whit less rogues than the ancient "horse-coursers," and the many odd traits of character that marked its former heroes, the swash-bucklers,[1] are deplorably wanting in the present race of irregulars, who are monotonous bullies, without one redeeming dash of eccentricity or humour. The stream of time, that is continually washing away the impurities of other murky neighbourhoods, passes, without irrigating, Smithfield's blind alleys and the squalid

[1] In ancient times a serving-man carried a buckler, or shield, at his back, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword hanging before him. A "*swash-buckler*" was so called from the noise he made with his sword and buckler to frighten an antagonist.

faces of their inhabitants. Yet was it *Merryland* in the olden time, — and, forgetting the days, when an unpaved and miry slough, the scene of *autos da fé* for both Catholics and Protestants, as the fury of the dominant party rode religiously rampant, as *such* let us consider it. Pleasant is the remembrance of the sports that are past, which

> To all are delightful, except to the spiteful!
> To none offensive, except to the pensive;

yet if the pensiveness be allied to, "a most humorous sadness," the offence will be but small.

At the "Old Elephant Ground over against *Osier Lane*, in Smithfield, during the time of the fair," in 1682, were to be seen "the Famous Indian Water-works, with masquerades, songs, and dances,"—and at the Plough-Musick Booth (a *red flag* being hung out as *a sign*) the fair folks were entertained with antic-dances, jigs, and sarabands; an Indian dance by four blacks; a quarter-staff dance; the merry shoemakers; a chair-dance; a dance by three milkmaids, with the comical capers of *Kit the Cowherd;* the Irish trot; the humours of *Jack Tars* and *Scaramouches;* toge-

ther with good wine, cider, mead, music, and mum.

Cross we over from "Osier Lane-end" (the modern H is an interpolation,) to the King's Head and Mitre Music Booth, "over against Long Lane-end." Beshrew me, Michael Root, thou hast an enticing bill of fare—a dish of all sorts —and how gravely looketh that apathetic Magnifico *William*, by any grace, but his own, "*Sovereign Lord*," at the head and front of thy Scaramouches and Tumblers! To thy merry memory, honest Michael! and may St. Bartlemy, root and branch, flourish for ever!

"Michael Root, from the King's-head at Ratcliff-cross, and Elnathan Root, from the Mitre in Wapping, now keep the King's-head and Mitre Musick-Booth in Smithfield Rounds, where will be exhibited A dance between four *Tinkers* in their proper working habits, with a song in character; Four *Satyrs* in their *Savage Habits* present you with a dance; Two *Tumblers* tumble to admiration; A new Song, called *A hearty Welcome to Bartholomew Fair;* Four *Indians* dance with Castinets; A *Girl* dances with naked rapiers at

her throat, eyes, and mouth; a *Spaniard* dances a saraband incomparably well; a *country-man* and a *country-woman* dance *Billy and Joan;* a *young lad* dances the *Cheshire rounds* to admiration; a dance between two *Scaramouches* and two *Irishmen;* a *woman* dances with sixteen glasses on the backs and palms of her hands, turning round several thousand times; an entry, saraband, jig, and hornpipe; an *Italian* posture-dance; two *Tartarians* dance in their *furious* habits; three antick dances and a *Roman* dance; with *another* excellent *new song*, never before performed at any musical entertainment."

John Sleep, or Sleepe, was a wide-awake man in "mirth and pastime;" famous for his mummeries and mum; of a locomotive turn, and emulated the zodiac in the number of his *signs.* He kept the Gun, in Salisbury Court, and the King William and Queen Mary in Bartholomew Fair; the Rose, in Turnmill Street (the scene, *under the rose!* of Falstaff's early gallantries); and the Whelp and Bacon in Smithfield Rounds. That he was a formidable rival to the Messrs. Root; a "positive" fellow, and a polite one;

teaching his Scaramouches civility, (*one*, it seems, had made a hole in his manners!) and selling "good wines, &c." let his comically descriptive advertisement to "all gentlemen and ladies" pleasantly testify.

"John Sleepe keepeth the sign of the King William and Queen Mary, in Smithfield Rounds, where all gentlemen and ladies will be accommodated with good wines, &c. and a variety of musick, vocal and instrumental; besides all other mirth and pastime that wit and ingenuity can produce.

"A *little boy* dances the Cheshire rounds; a *young gentlewoman* dances the saraband and jigg extraordinary fine, with *French* dances, that *are now in fashion;* a *Scotch dance*, composed by four *Italian* dancing-masters, for three men and a woman; a *young gentlewoman* dances with six naked rapiers, so fast, that it would amaze all beholders; a *young lad* dances an antick dance extraordinary finely; another *Scotch* dance by two men and one woman, with a Scotch song by the woman, so very droll and diverting, that I am *positive* did people know the comick humour of it, they

would forsake all other booths for the sight of them."

In the following bill Mr. Sleep becomes still more "*wonderful and extraordinary*:"—

"John Sleep now keeps the Whelp and Bacon in Smithfield Rounds, where are to be seen, a *young lad* that dances a Cheshire round to the admiration of all people, *The Silent Comedy*, a dance representing the love and jealousy of rural swains, after the manner of the *Great Turk's* mimick dances performed by his *mutes*; a *lad* that tumbles to the admiration of all beholders; a *young woman* that dances with six naked rapiers, to the wonderful divertisement of all spectators; a *young man* that dances after the *Morocco* fashion, to the wonderful applause of all beholders; a *nurse-dance*, by a woman and two drunkards, wonderful diverting to all people; a *young man* that dances a hornpipe the *Lancaster* way, extraordinary finely; a *lad* that dances a *Punch*, extraordinary pleasant and diverting; a *grotesque dance*, called the *Speaking Movement*, shewing in words and gestures the humours of a musick booth, after the manner of the *Venetian Carnival*; and a *new* Scaramouch,

more civil than the *former*, and after a far more ingenious and divertinger way!"

Excellent well, somniferous John! worthy disciple of St. Bartlemy.

Green, at the "Nag's Head and Pide Bull," advertises *eight* "comical and diverting" exhibitions; hinting that he hath "that within which passeth shew;" but declines publishing his "other ingenious pastimes in so small a bill." Yet he contrives to get into this "small bill" as much puff as his contemporaries. His pretensions are as superlative as his Scaramouches, and quite as diverting. "A young man dances with *twelve* naked swords," and "a *young woman* with six naked rapiers, after a more pleasant and far *ingeniuser* fashion than had been danced before."

These Bartholomew Fair showmen are sadly deficient in gallantry. With *them* the "*gentlemen*" always take precedence of the "*ladies*." The Smithfield muses should have taught them better manners.

Manager Crosse[1] "at the Signe of the George,"

[1] Managers Crosse, Powell, Luffingham, &c. Temp. Queen Anne and George I.

advertises a genuine *Jim Crow*, "a *black* lately from the Indies, who dances antic dances after the *Indian* manner." In *those* days the grinning and sprawling of an ebony buffoon were confined to the congenial timbers of Bartlemy fair!

Was the "young gentlewoman with six naked rapiers" ubiquitous, or had she *rivals* in the Rounds? But another lady, no less attractive, "invites our steps, and points to yonder" booth —where,

"By His Majesty's permission, next door to the King's Head in Smithfield, is to be seen a *woman-dwarf*,[1] but three foot and one inch[2] high, born in Somersetshire, and in the fortieth year of her age." And, as if we had not seen enough of "strange creatures *alive*," mark the following "advertisement":—

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[1] "One seeing a Dwarfe at *Bartholomew Fair*, which was sixteen inches high, with a great head, a body, and no thighs, said he looked like a block upon a barber's stall:—'No,' says another, 'when he speaks, he is like the Brazen Head of Fryer Bacon's.'"—*The Comedian's Tales*, 1729.

[2] A few seasons after appeared "The wonderful and surprising English dwarf, two feet eight inches high, born at Salisbury in 1709; who has been shewn to the Royal Family, and most of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain."

"Next door to the Golden Hart, in Smithfield, is to be seen a live Turkey ram. Part of him is covered with black hair, and part with white wool. He hath horns as big as a bull's; and his *tail* weighs sixty pounds! Here is also to be seen alive the famous civet cat, and one of the *holy lambs* curiously spotted all over like a leopard, that us'd to be offered by the Jews for a sacrifice. Vivat Rex."

This *Turkey ram's* tail is a tough tale,[1] even for the *ad libitum* of Smithfield Rounds. Such a tail wagged before such a master must have exhibited the two greatest wags in the fair.

The Roots were under ground, or planted in a cool arbour, quaffing—not Bartlemy "good wines," (*doctors* never take their *own* physic!)—but genuine nutbrown. Their dancing-days were over; for "Root's booth" (temp. Geo.I.) was now tenant-

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[1] "A certain officer of the Guards being at the *New Theatre*, behind the scenes, was telling some of the comedians of the rarities he had seen abroad. Amongst other things, he had seen a pike caught six foot long. 'That 's a trifle,' says the late *Mr. Spiller*, the celebrated actor, 'I have seen half a pike in England longer by a foot, and yet not worth twopence!'"

ed by Powell, the puppet-showman, and one Luffingham, who, fired with the laudable ambition of maintaining the laughing honours of their predecessors, issued a bill, at which we cry "*What next?*" as the sailor did when the conjuror blew his own head off.

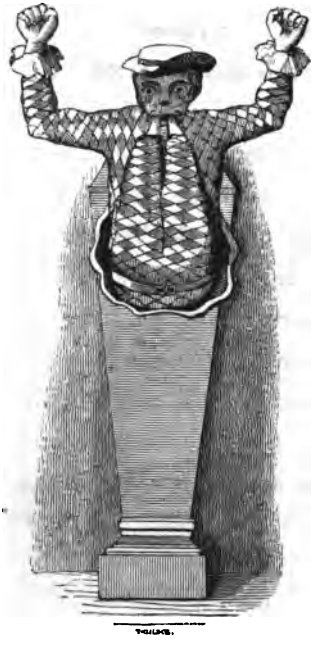
"At Root's booth, Powell from Russell Court, and Luffingham from the Cyder Cellar, in Covent-Garden, now keep the King Charles's Head, and Man and Woman fighting for the Breeches, in Bartholomew Fair, near Long Lane: where two figures dance a *Scaramouch* after a new grotesque fashion; a little boy, five years old, vaults from a table twelve foot high on his head, and drinks the King's health standing on his head, with two swords at his throat; a Scotch dance by three men and a woman; an *Irishwoman* dances the Irish trot; *Roger of Coventry* is danced by one in a countryman's habit; a *cradle dance*, being a comical fancy between a woman and her drunken husband *fighting for the breeches;* a woman dances with fourteen glasses on the back of her hands full of wine. Also several entries, as *Almands Pavans*, *Galliads*, *Gavots*, *English Jiggs*, and the *Sabbot-*

iers dance, so mightily admired at the *King's Playhouse*. The company will be entertained with vocal and instrumental musick, as performed at the late happy Congress at *Reswick*, in the presence of several princes and ambassadors."

Here will I pause. For the present, we have supped full with Scaramouches. "Six naked rapiers" at my throat all night would be a sorry substitute for the knife and fork I hope to play anon, after a "more *pleasant* and far *ingeniuser*" fashion, with some plump roast partridges. A select coterie of Uncle Timothy's brother antiquaries have requested to be enlightened on Bartlemy fair lore. Will you, my friend Eugenio, during the Saint's saturnalia, join us in the ancient "*Cloth quarter*"? On, brave spirit! on. *Rope-dancers* invite thee; *conjurors* conjure thee; *Punch* squeaks thee a screeching welcome; *mountebanks* and *posture-masters*,[1] with every variety of physi-

[1] "From the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet Street, during the fair, is to be seen the famous *posture-master*, who far exceeds *Clarke and Higgins*. He twists his body into all deformed shapes, makes his hip and shoulder-bones meet together, lays his head upon the ground, and turns his body round twice or thrice without stirring his face from the place."—1711.

ognomical and physical contortion, lure thee to their dislocations. *Fawkes's* dexterity of hand; the *moving pictures*; Pinchbeck's *musical clock*; *Solomon's Temple*; the waxwork, *all alive!* the *Corsican fairy*;[1] the dwarf that *jumps down his*



1 "The *Corsican Fairy*, only thirty-four inches high, and weighing but twenty-six pounds, well-proportioned and a perfect beauty. She is to be seen at the corner of Cow-Lane, during Bartholomew Fair."—1743.

own throat![1] the *High German Artist*, born without hands or feet;[2] the cow with *five legs*; the

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[1] "Lately arrived from Italy *Signor Capitello Jumpedo*, a surprising *dwarf*, not taller than a common tobacco-pipe. He will twist his body into ten thousand shapes, and then open wide his mouth, and *jump down his own throat!* He is to be spoke with at the Black Tavern, Golden Lane." January 13, 1749. This is the renowned "*Bottle Conjuror.*" Some such deception was practised either by himself, or an imitator, at *Bartholomew Fair.*

[2] "Mr. Mathew Buchinger, twenty-nine inches high, born without hands or feet, June 2, 1674, in Germany, near Nuremburgh. He has been married four times, and has eleven children. He plays on the hautboy and flute; and is no less eminent for writing and drawing coats of arms and pictures, to the life, with a pen. He plays at cards, dice, and nine-pins, and performs tricks with cups, balls, and live birds." Every Jack has his Jill; and as a partner, not in a *connubial* sense, my little Plenipo! we couple thee with "The *High German Woman*, born without hands or feet, that threads her needle, sews, cuts out gloves, writes, spins fine thread, and charges and discharges a pistol. She is now to be seen at the corner of *Hosier Lane*, during the time of the fair."—Temp. Geo. II.

Apropos of dwarfs—William Evans, porter to King Charles the First, who was two yards and a half in height, "dancing in an antimask at court, drew *little Jeffrey the dwarf* out of his pocket, first to the wonder, then to the laughter of the beholders." Little Jeffrey's height was only three feet nine inches. But even the gigantic William Evans, and George the Fourth's tall porter whom we remember to have seen peep over the gates of Carlton House, were nothing to the modern American, who is *so tall* as to be obliged *to go up a ladder to shave himself!*

hare that *beats a drum*;[1] the Savoyard's *puppet-shew*; the mummeries of *Moorfields*,[2] urge thee forward on thy ramble of two centuries through Bartholomew Fair, which, like

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[1] Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions this singular exhibition having taken place in his time; and Strutt gives a pictorial description of it, copied from a drawing in the Harleian collection (6563) said to be upwards of four centuries old.

[2] Moorfields, spite of its "melancholy *Moor Ditch*," was formerly famous for,

> "Hills and holes, and shops for brokers,
> Open sinners, canting soakers;
> Preachers, doctors, raving, puffing,
> Praying, swearing, solving, huffing,
> Singing hymns, and sausage frying,
> Apple roasting, orange shying;
> Blind men begging, fiddlers drawling,
> Raree-shows and children bawling—
> Gingerbread! and see Gibraltar!
> Humstrums grinding tunes that falter;
> Maim'd and halt aloft are staging,
> Bills and speeches mobs engaging;
> 'Good people, sure de ground you tread on,
> Me did put dis voman's head on!'"

"The *Flying Horse*, a noted victualling house in *Moorfields*, next to that of the *late Astrologer Trotter*, has been molested for several nights past, stones, and glass bottles being thrown into the house, to the great *annoyment and terror* of the family and guests."—*News Letter of Feb.* 25, 1716.

'Th' adventure of the *Bear and Fiddle*
Is sung—but *breaks off in the middle.*'"

As the Laureat closed his manuscript, the door opened, and who should enter but Uncle Timothy.

"Ha! my good friends, what happy chance has brought you to the business abode and town Tusculum of the Boskys for half-a-dozen generations of Drysalters?"

"Something short of assault and battery, fine and imprisonment."

And Mr. Bosky, after helping Uncle Timothy off with his great coat, warming his slippers, wheeling round his arm-chair to the chimney-corner, and seeing him comfortably seated, gave a detail of our late encounter at the Pig and Tinder-Box.

The old-fashioned housekeeper delivered a note to Mr. Bosky, sealed with a large black seal.

"An ominous looking affair!" remarked the middle-aged gentleman.

"A death's head and cross-bones!" replied the Laureat of Little Britain. "'Ods, rifles and triggers! if it should be a *challenge* from the Holborn Hill Demosthenes."

"A challenge! a fiddlestick!" retorted Uncle

Tim, "he 's only a 'tame cheater!' Every bullet that *he* fires I 'll swallow for a forced-meat ball."

Mr. Bosky having broken the black seal, read out as follows:—

"Mr. Merripall presents his respectful services to Benjamin Bosky, Esq. and begs the favour of his company to dine with the *High Cockolorum Club*[1] *of associated Undertakers* at the Death's

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[1] It may be curious to note down some of the *odd clubs* that existed in 1745, *viz.* The Virtuoso's Club; the Knights of the Golden Fleece; the Surly Club; the Ugly Club; the Split-Farthing Club; the Mock Heroes Club; the Beau's Club; the Quack's Club; the Weekly Dancing Club; the Bird-Fancier's Club; the Chatter-wit Club; the Small-coal Man's Music Club; the Kit-cat Club; the Beefsteak Club; all of which and many more, are broadly enough described in "A Humorous Account of all the Remarkable Clubs in London and Westminster." In 1790, among the most remarkable clubs were, The Odd Fellows; the Humbugs, (held at the Blue Posts, Russell Street, Covent Garden,) the Samsonic Society; the Society of Bucks; the Purl-Drinkers; the Society of Pilgrims (held at the Woolpack, Kingsland Road); the Thespian Club; the Great Bottle Club; the Je ne sçai quoi Club (held at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, and of which the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Orleans (*Philip Egalité*), Norfolk, Bedford, &c. &c. were members); the Sons of the Thames Society (meeting to celebrate the annual contest for *Dogget's* Coat and Badge); the Blue-Stocking Club; and the No pay, no liquor Club, held at the Queen and Artichoke, Hampstead Road, where the newly-

Door, Battersea Rise, to-morrow, at four. If Mr. Bosky can prevail upon his two friends, who received such scurvy treatment from a fraction of the *Antiqueeruns*, to accompany him, it will afford Mr. M. additional pleasure."

"An unique invitation!" quoth Uncle Tim.

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admitted member, having paid his fee of one shilling, was invested with the inaugural honours, *viz.* a hat fashioned in the form of a quart pot, and a gilt goblet of humming ale, out of which he drank the healths of the brethren. In the present day, the *Author of Virginius* has conferred classical celebrity on a club called "*The Social Villagers*," held at the Bedford Arms, a merry hostelrie at Camden Town.

It was at one of these festivous meetings that *Uncle Timothy* produced the following Lyric of his own.

Fill, fill a bumper! no twilight, no, no!
Let hearts, now or never, and goblets o'erflow!
Apollo commands that we drink, and the Nine,
A generous spirit in generous wine.

The bard, in a bumper; behold, to the brim
They rise, the gay spirits of poesy—whim!
Around ev'ry glass they a garland entwine
Of sprigs from the laurel, and leaves from the vine.

A bumper! the bard who, in eloquence bold,
Of two noble fathers the story has told;
What pangs heave the bosom, what tears dim the eyes,
When the dagger is sped, and the arrow it flies.

The bard, in a bumper! Is *fancy* his theme?
'Tis sportive and light as a fairy-land dream;

"Gentlemen, you must indulge the *High Cockolorums*, and go by all means."

Mr. Bosky promised to rise with the lark, and be ready for one on the morrow; and, anticipating a good day's sport, we consented to accompany him.

Supper was announced, and we sat down to

Does *love* tune his harp? 'tis devoted and pure;
Or *friendship?* 'tis that which shall always endure.

Ye tramplers on *liberty*, tremble at him;
His song is your knell, and the slave's morning hymn!
His frolicksome humour is buxom and bland,
And bright as the goblet I hold in my hand.

The bard! brim your glasses; a bumper! a cheer!
Long may he live in good fellowship *here*.
Shame to thee, Britain, if ever he roam,
To seek with the stranger a friend and a home!

Fate in his cup ev'ry blessing infuse,
Cherish his fortune, and smile on his muse;
Warm be his hearth, and prosperity cheer
Those he is dear to, and those he holds dear.

Blythe be his autumn as summer hath been;—
Frosty, but kindly, and sweetly serene
Green be his winter, with snow on his brow;
Green as the wreath that encircles it now!

To dear *Paddy Knowles*, then, a bumper we fill,
And toast his good health as he trots down the hill;
In genius he 's left all behind him by goles!
But he won't leave behind him another *Pat Knowles!*

that social meal. In a day-dream of fancy, Uncle Timothy re-peopled the once convivial chambers of the *Falcon* and the *Mermaid*, with those glorious intelligences that made the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the Augustan age of England. We listened to the wisdom, and the wit, and the loud laugh, as Shakspere and "rare Ben,"[1] in the full

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[1] "Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christ'ning, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and ask't him why he was so melancholy? 'No, faith, Ben, (says he,) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last.'—'I pr'y the, what?' says he,—'I' faith, Ben, I 'le e'en give him a douzen good *Lattin* spoones, and thou shalt *translate* them.'"—*L'Estrange*, No. 11. Mr. Dun.—*Latten* was a name formerly used to signify a mixed metal resembling brass. Hence Shakspere's appropriate *pun*, with reference to the learning of Ben Jonson.

Many good jests are told of "rare Ben." When he went to Basingstoke, he used to put up his horse at the "*Angel*," which was kept by *Mrs. Hope*, and her daughter, *Prudence*. Journeying there one day, and finding strange people in the house, and the sign changed, he wrote as follows:—

"When *Hope* and *Prudence* kept this house, the *Angel* kept the door;
Now Hope is dead, the Angel fled, and Prudence turn'd a w——!"

At another time he designed to pass through the *Half Moon in Aldersgate Street*, but the door being shut, he was

confidence of friendship, exchanged "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," so beautifully described by Beaumont in his letter to Jonson.

"What things have we seen
Done at the *Mermaid!* heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!"

Travelling by the swift power of imagination, we looked in at *Wills* and *Buttons;* beheld the honoured chair that was set apart for the use of Dryden; and watched Pope, then a boy, lisping in numbers, regarding his great master with filial reverence, as he delivered his critical aphorisms to

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denied entrance; so he went to the *Sun Tavern at the Long Lane end*, and made these verses:—

"Since the *Half Moon* is so unkind,
To make me go about;
The *Sun* my money now shall have,
And the *Moon* shall go without."

That he was often in pecuniary difficulties the following extracts from Henslowe's papers painfully demonstrate. "Lent un to Bengemen Johnson, player, the 28 of July, 1597, in Redy money, the some of fower powndes, to be payed agayne when so ever ether I, or any for me, shall demande yt,—Witness E. Alleyn and John Synger."—"Lent Bengemyne Johnson, the 5 of Janewary, 1597-8, in redy money, the some of Vs."

the assembled wits. Nor did we miss the *Birch-Rod* that "the bard whom pilfer'd pastoral renown" hung up at *Buttons* to chastise "tuneful Alexis of the Thames' fair side," his own back smarting from some satirical twigs that little Alexis had liberally laid on! We saw St. Patrick's Dean "steal" to his pint of wine with the accomplished Addison; and heard Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, in witty conclave, compare lyrical notes for the Beggar's Opera—not forgetting the joyous cheer that welcomed "King Colley" to his midnight troop of titled revellers, after the curtain had dropped on Fondlewife and Foppington. And, hey presto! snugly seated at the *Mitre*, we found Doctor Johnson, lemon in hand, demanding of Goldsmith,[1]

[1] If ever an author, whether considered as a poet, a critic, an historian, or a dramatist, deserved the name of a *classic*, it was Oliver Goldsmith. His two great ethic poems, "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," for sublimity of thought, truth of reasoning, and poetical beauty, fairly place him by the side of Pope. The simile of the bird teaching its young to fly, and that beginning with "As some tall cliff," have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. For exquisite humour and enchanting simplicity of style, his essays may compare with the happiest effusions of Addison; and his "Vicar of Wakefield," though a *novel*, has advanced the cause of religion and virtue, and may be read with as much

Garrick,[1] Boswell, and Reynolds, "Who 's for *poonch?*"

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profit as the most orthodox sermon that was ever penned. As a dramatist, he excelled all his contemporaries in originality, character, and humour. As long as a true taste for literature shall prevail, Goldsmith will rank as one of its brightest ornaments: for while he delighted the imagination, and alternately moved the heart to joy or sorrow, he "gave ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

A tale of woe was a certain passport to his compassion; and he has given his last guinea to an indigent suppliant.

To Goldsmith has been imputed a vain ambition to shine in company; it is also said that he regarded with envy all literary fame but his own. Of the first charge he is certainly guilty; the second is entirely false; unless a *transient* feeling of bitterness at seeing preferred merit inferior to his own, may be construed into envy. A great genius seldom keeps up his character in conversation: his best thoughts, clothed in the choicest terms, he commits to paper; and with *these* his colloquial powers are unjustly compared. Goldsmith well knew his station in the literary world; and his desire to maintain it in every society, often involved him in ridiculous perplexities. He would fain have been an admirable Crichton. His ambition to rival a celebrated posture-master had once very nearly cost him his shins. These eccentricities, attached to so great a man, were magnified into importance; and he amply paid the tax to which genius is subject, by being envied and abused by the dunces of his day. Yet he wanted not spirit to resent an insult; and a recreant bookseller who had published an impudent libel upon him, he chastised in his own shop. How delightful to contemplate such a character! If ever there was a heart that beat with more than ordinary affection for mankind, it was Goldsmith's.

[1] Garrick was born to illustrate what Shakspere wrote;—to

"And Sir John Hawkins," exclaimed Uncle Timothy, with unwonted asperity, "whose ideas

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him Nature had unlocked all her springs, and opened all her stores. His success was instantaneous, brilliant, and complete. Colley Cibber was constrained to yield him unwilling praise; and Quin, the pupil of Betterton and Booth, openly declared, "That if the *young fellow* was right, *he*, and the *rest of the players*, had been all *wrong*." The unaffected and familiar style of Garrick presented a singular contrast to the stately air, the solemn march, the monotonous and measured declamation of his predecessors. To the lofty grandeur of tragedy, he was unequal; but its pathos, truth, and tenderness were all his own. In comedy, he might be said to act *too much*; he played no less to the eye than to the ear,—he indeed acted *every word*. Macklin blames him for his greediness of praise; for his ambition to engross all attention to himself, and disconcerting his brother actors by "*pawing and pulling them about*." This censure is levelled at his *later* efforts, when he adopted the vice of stage-trick; but nothing could exceed the ease and gaiety of his early performances. He was the delight of every eye, the theme of every tongue, the admiration and wonder of foreign nations; and *Baron*, *Le Kain*, and *Clairon*, the ornaments of the French Stage, bowed to the superior genius of their illustrious friend and contemporary. In private life he was hospitable and splendid: he entertained princes, prelates, and peers—all that were eminent in art and science. If his wit set the table in a roar, his urbanity and good-breeding forbade any thing like offence. Dr. Johnson, who would suffer no one to abuse *Davy* but *himself!* bears ample testimony to the peculiar charm of his manners; and, what is infinitely better, to his liberality, pity, and melting charity. By him was the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund for decayed actors founded, endowed, and incorporated. He cherished its infancy by his munificence and zeal; strength-

of virtue never rose above a *decent exterior* and *regular hours!* calling the author of the Traveller

ened its maturer growth by appropriating to it a yearly benefit, on which he acted himself; and his last will proves that its prosperity lay near his heart, when contemplating his final exit from the scene of life. In the bright sun of his reputation there were, doubtless, spots: transient feelings of jealousy at merit that interfered with his own; arts that it might be almost necessary to practise in his daily commerce with dull importunate playwrights, and in the government of that most discordant of all bodies, a company of actors. His grand mistakes were his rejection of *Douglass* and *The Good Natured Man;* and his patronage of the *Stay-maker*, and the school of *sentiment*. As an author, he is entitled to favourable mention: his dramas abound in wit and character; his prologues and epilogues display endless variety and whim; and his epigrams, for which he had a peculiar turn, are pointed and bitter. Some things he wrote that do not add to his fame; and among them are *The Fribbleriad*, and *The Sick Monkey*. One of the most favourite amusements of his leisure was in collecting every thing rare and curious that related to the early drama; hence his matchless collection of old plays, which, with Roubilliac's statue of Shakspere, he bequeathed to the British Museum: a noble gift! worthy of himself and of his country!

The 10th of June, 1776, was marked by Garrick's retirement from the stage. With his powers unimpaired, he wisely resolved (*theatrically speaking*) to *die* as he had *lived*, with all his glory and with all his fame. He might have, indeed, been influenced by a more solemn feeling—

> ——"Higher duties crave
> Some space between the theatre and grave;
> That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
> I may adjust my mantle, ere I fall."

The

an idiot! It shakes the sides of splenetic disdain

The part he selected upon this memorable occasion was *Don Felix*, in the *Wonder*. We could have wished that, like *Kemble*, he had retired with Shakspere upon his lips; that the glories of the *Immortal* had hallowed his closing scene. His address was simple and appropriate—he felt that he was no longer an *actor;* and when he spoke of the kindness and favours that he had received, his voice faltered, and he burst into a flood of tears. The most profound silence, the most intense anxiety prevailed, to catch every word, look, and action, knowing they were to be his *last;* and the public parted from their idol with tears for his love, joy for his fortune, admiration for his vast and unconfined powers, and regret that *that night* had closed upon them for ever.

Garrick had long been afflicted with a painful disorder. In the Christmas of 1778, being on a visit with Mrs. Garrick at the country seat of Earl Spencer, he had a recurrence of it, which, after his return to London, increased with such violence, that Dr. Cadogan, conceiving him to be in imminent danger, advised him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, to lose no time in dispatching them. Mr. Garrick replied, "that nothing of that sort lay on his mind, and that he was not afraid to die." And *why* should he fear? His authority had ever been directed to the reformation, the good order, and propriety of the Stage; his example had incontestibly proved that the profession of a player is *not* incompatible with the exercise of every Christian and moral duty, and his well-earned riches had been rendered the mean of extensive public and private benevolence. He therefore beheld the approach of death, not with that reckless indifference which some men call *philosophy*, but with resignation and hope. He died on Wednesday, January 20th, 1779, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Sure

to hear this Grub Street chronicler[1] of fiddling and fly-fishing libelling the beautiful intellect of Oliver Goldsmith! Gentle spirit! thou wert beloved, admired, and mourned by that illustrious corner-stone of religion and morality, Samuel Johnson, who delighted to sound forth thy praises while living, and when the voice of fame could no longer soothe 'thy dull cold ear,' inscribed thy tomb with an imperishable record! Deserted is the village; the hermit and the traveller have laid them down to rest; the vicar has performed his last sad office; the good-natured man is no more—He stoops but to conquer!"

The Laureat, well comprehending an expressive

"Sure his last end was peace, how calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft."

On Monday, February 1st, his body was interred with great funeral pomp in Westminster Abbey, under the monument of the divine Shakspere.

[1] The negative qualities of this sober Knight long puzzled his acquaintances (*friends* we never heard that he had any!) to devise an epitaph for him. At last they succeeded—

"Here lies *Sir John Hawkins*,
Without his shoes and stockings!"

look from his Mentor, rose to the pianoforte, and accompanied him slowly and mournfully in

THE POET'S REQUIEM.

Ah! yes, to the poet a hope there is given
In poverty, sorrow, unkindness, neglect,
That though his frail bark on the rocks may be driven,
And founder—not *all* shall entirely be wreck'd;

But the bright, noble thoughts, that made solitude sweet,
His world! while he linger'd unwillingly here,
Shall bid future bosoms with sympathy beat,
And call forth the smile and awaken the tear.

If, man, thy pursuit is but riches and fame;
If pleasure alluring entice to her bower;
The *Muse* waits to kindle a holier flame,
And woos thee aside for a classical hour.

And then, by the margin of Helicon's stream,
Th' enchantress shall lead thee, and thou from afar
Shalt see, what was once in life's feverish dream,
A poor *broken spirit*,[1] a *bright shining star!*

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[1] Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boëthius died in a jail; Tasso was often distressed for a shilling; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself founded; Cervantes died (almost) of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an almshouse; Vaugelas sold his body to the surgeons to support life; Burns died penniless, disappointed, and heart-broken; and Massinger, Lee, and Otway, were "steeped

Hail and farewell! to the Spirits of Light,
Whose minds shot a ray through this darkness of ours—
The world, but for *them*, had been chaos and night,
A desert of thorns, not a garden of flowers!

This was a subject that awakened all Uncle Timothy's enthusiasm!

> "Age could not wither it, nor custom stale
> Its infinite variety."

But it produced fits of abstraction and melancholy; and Mr. Bosky knowing this, would interpose a merry tale or song. Upon the present occasion he made a bold dash from the sublime to the ridiculous, and striking up a comical voluntary, played us out of Little Britain.

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in poverty to the very lips." Yet how consoling are John Taylor the Water Poet's lines! Addressing his friend, Wm. Fennor, he exclaims,

> "Thou say'st that *poetry* descended is
> From *poverty*: thou tak'st thy mark *amiss*—
> In spite of weal or woe, or want of pelf,
> *It is a kingdom of content itself.*"

To the above unhappy list may be added Thomas Dekker the Dramatist. "Lent unto the Company the 4 of February, 1598, to discharge *Mr. Dicker out of the Counter in the Poultry*, the some of Fortie Shillinges." In another place Mr. Henslowe redeems Dekker out of the *Clinke*.

When I behold the setting sun,
And shop is shut, and work is done,
I strike my flag, and mount my tile,
And through the city strut in style;
While pensively I muse along,
Listening to some minstrel's song,
With tuneful wife, and children three—
O then, my love! I think on thee.

In Sunday suit, to see my fair
I take a round to Russell Square;
She slyly beckons while I peep,
And whispers, "down the area creep!"
What ecstacies my soul await;
It sinks with rapture—on my *plate!*
When cutlets smoke at half-past three—
And *then*, my love! I think on thee.

But, see the hour-glass, moments fly—
The sand runs out—and so must I!
Parting is so sweet a sorrow,
I could *manger* till to-morrow!
One embrace, ere I again
Homeward hie to *Huggin Lane;*
And sure as goose begins with G,
I then, my love! shall think on thee.

Mr. William Shakspere says
In one of his old-fashion'd plays,
That true love runs not smooth as oil—
Last Friday week we had a broil.

Genteel apartments I have got,
The first floor down the chimney-pot;
Mount Pleasant! for my love and me—
And soon *one pair* shall walk up *three!*

"Gentlemen," said Uncle Timothy, as he bade us good night, "the rogue, I fear, will be the [8]poil of *you*, as he hath been of *me!*"

CHAPTER III.

WITH the fullest intention to rise early the next morning, without deliberating for a mortal half-hour whether or not to turn round and take t' other nap, we retired to a tranquil pillow.

> But what are all our good intentions?
> Vexations, vanities, inventions!
> Macadamizing what?—a *certain spot,*
> To "ears polite" politeness never mentions—
> Tattoos, t' amuse, from empty drums.
> Ah! who time's spectacles shall borrow?
> And say, be gay to-day—to-morrow—
> When query if to-morrow comes.

To-morrow came; so did to-morrow's bright sun; and so did Mr. Bosky's brisk knock. Good report always preceded Mr. Bosky, like the bounce with which champagne sends its cork out of the bottle! But (there are two sides of the question to be considered—the *inside* of the bed and the *out!*) they found us in much such a brown study as we have

just described. Leaving the Laureat to enjoy his triumph of punctuality, (an "alderman's virtue!") we lost no time in equipping ourselves, and were soon seated with him at breakfast. He was in the happiest spirits. "'Tis your *birthday*, Eugenio! Wear this ring for my sake; let it be friendship's[1] talisman to unite our hearts in one. Here," presenting some *tablets* beautifully wrought, "is Uncle Timothy's offering. Mark," pointing to the following *inscription* engraved on the cover, "by what poetical alchemy he hath transmuted the silver into gold!"

Life is short, the wings of time
Bear away our early prime,
Swift with them our spirits fly,
The heart grows chill, and dim the eye.

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[1] *Bonaparte* did not believe in *friendship*: "Friendship is but a word. I love no one—no, not even my brothers; Joseph, perhaps, a little. Still, if I *do* love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us. *Duroc!* Yes, *him* I certainly love: but why? His character *suits me*: he is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then, *Duroc never weeps!*" *Bonaparte* counted his fortunate days by his *victories*, *Titus* by his *good actions*.

"*Friendship*, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied."—Dr. Johnson.

Seize the moment! snatch the treasure!
Sober haste is wisdom's leisure.
Summer blossoms soon decay;
"*Gather the rose-buds while you may!*"

Barter not for sordid store
Health and peace; nor covet more
Than may serve for frugal fare
With some chosen friend to share!
Not for others toil and heap,
But *yourself* the harvest reap;
Nature smiling, seems to say,
"*Gather the rose-buds while you may!*"

Learning, science, truth sublime,
Fairy fancies, lofty rhyme,
Flowers of exquisite perfume!
Blossoms of immortal bloom!
With the gentle virtues twin'd,
In a beauteous garland bind
For your youthful brow to-day,—
"*Gather the rose-buds while you may!*"

Life is short—but not to those
Who early, wisely pluck the rose.
Time he flies—to us 'tis given
On his wings to fly to Heaven.
Ah! to reach those realms of light,
Nothing must impede our flight;
Cast we all but *Hope* away!
"*Gather the rose-buds while we may!*"

Now a sail up or down the river has always

been pleasant to us in proportion as it has proved barren of adventure. A collision with a coal-barge or steam-packet,—a squall off Chelsea Reach, may do vastly well to relieve its monotony: but we had rather be dull than be ducked. We were therefore glad to find the water smooth, the wind and tide in our favour, and no particular disposition on the part of the larger vessels to run us down. Mr. Bosky, thinking that at some former period of our lives we *might* have beheld the masts and sails of a ship, the steeple of a church, the smoke of a patent shot manufactory, the coal-whippers weighing out their black diamonds, a palace, and a penitentiary, forbore to expatiate on the picturesque objects that presented themselves to our passing view; and, presuming that our vision had extended beyond some score or two of garden-pots "all a-growing, all a-blowing," and as much sky as would cover half-a-crown, he was not over profuse of vernal description. But, knowing that there are as many kinds of minds as moss, he opened his inquisitorial battery upon the waterman. At first Barney Binnacle, though a pundit among the wet wags of Wapping Old Stairs, fought shy; but there

is a freemasonry in fun; and by degrees he ran through all the changes from the simple leer to the broad grin and horse-laugh, as Mr. Bosky "poked" his droll sayings into him. He had his predilections and prejudices. The former were for potations drawn from a case-bottle presented to him by Mr. Bosky, that made his large blue lips smack, and his eyes wink again; the latter were against steamers, the projectors of which he would have placed at the disposal of their boilers! His tirade against the Thames Tunnel was hardly less severe; but he reserved the magnums of his wrath for the Greenwich railroad. What in some degree reconciled us to Barney's anathemas, were his wife and children, to whom his wherry gave their daily bread: and though these gigantic monopolies might feather the nests of wealthy proprietors, they would not let poor Barney Binnacle feather either his nest or his oar.

"There's truth in what you say, Master Barney," observed the Laureat; "the stones went merrily into the pond, but the foolish frogs could not fish out the fun. I am no advocate for the philosophy of expediency."

"Surely, Mr. Bosky, you would never think of putting a stop to *improvement!*"

"My good friends, I would not have man become the victim of his ingenuity—a mechanical suicide! Where brass and iron, hot water and cold, can be made to mitigate the wear and tear of his thews and sinews, let them be adopted as *auxiliaries*, not as *principals*. I am no *political economist*. I despise the muddle-headed dreamers, and their unfeeling crudities. But for *them* the heart of England would have remained uncorrupted and sound.[1] Trifle not with suffering. Impunity has its limit. A flint will show fire when you strike it. In this world ninety-nine persons out of one hundred must toil for their bread before they eat it; *ask leave* to toil,—some philanthropists say,

[1] We quite agree with Mr. Bosky. Cant and utilitarianism have produced an insipid uniformity of character, a money-grubbing, care-worn monotony, that cry aloof to eccentricity and whim. Men are thinking of "stratagems and wars," the inevitable consequence of lots of logic, lack of amusement, and lean diet. No man is a traitor over turtle, or hatches plots with good store of capon and claret in his stomach. Had Cassius been a better *feeder* he had never conspired against Cæsar. Three meals a day, and supper at night, are four substantial reasons for not being disloyal, lank, or lachrymose.

even before they *hunger* for it. I have therefore *yet* to learn how *that* which makes human labour a drug in the market can be called an *improvement*. The stewardships of this world are vilely performed. What blessings would be conferred, what wrongs prevented, were it not for the neglect of opportunities and the prostitution of means. Is it our *own merit* that we have *more?* our *neighbour's delinquency* that he has *less?* The infant is born to luxury;—calculate *his* claims! Virtue draws its last sigh in a dungeon; Vice receives its tardy summons on a bed of down! The titled and the rich, the purse-proud nobodies, the noble nothings, occupy their 'vantage ground, not from any merit of *their own;* but from that lucky or unlucky chance which might have brought them into this breathing world with *two* heads on their shoulders instead of *one!* I believe in the theoretical benevolence, and practical malignity of man."

We never knew Mr. Bosky so eloquent before; the boat became lop-sided under the fervent thump that he gave as a clencher to his oration. Barney Binnacle stared; but with no vacant expression.

His rugged features softened into a look of grateful approval, mingled with surprise.

"God bless your honour!"

"Thank you, Barney Some people's celestial blessings save their earthly breeches-pockets. But a *poor* man's blessing is a treasure of which Heaven keeps the register and the key."

Barney Binnacle bent on Mr. Bosky *another* inquiring look, that seemed to say, "Mayhap I 've got a *bishop* on board."

"If every gentleman was like your honour," replied Barney, "we should have better times; and a poor fellow wouldn't pull up and down this blessed river sometimes for days together, without yarning a copper to carry home to his hungry wife and children." And he dropped his oar, and drew the sleeve of his threadbare blue jacket across his weather-beaten cheek.

This was a result that Mr. Bosky had not anticipated.

"How biting," he remarked, "is the breeze! Egad, my teeth feel an inclination to be so too!"

The fresh air gave him the wind in his stomach; a sufficient apology for the introduction of a cold

pigeon-pie, and some piquant etceteras that he had provided as a whet to the entertainment in agreeable perspective at Battersea Rise. Opining that the undulation of the boat was likely to prevent "good digestion," which—though everybody here helped himself—should "*wait* on appetite," he ordered Barney to moor it in some convenient creek; and as Barney, not having been polished in the Chesterfield school, seemed mightily at a loss how to dispose of his hands, Mr. Bosky, who was well-bred, and eschewed idleness, found them suitable employment, by inviting their owner to fall to. And what a merry party were we! Barney Binnacle made no more bones of a pigeon than he would of a lark; swallowed the forced-meat balls as if they had been not bigger than Morrison's pills; demolished the tender rump-steak and flaky pie-crust with a relish as sweet as the satisfaction that glowed in Mr. Bosky's benevolent heart and countenance, and buzzed the pale brandy (of which he could drink any *given* quantity) like sugared cream! The Laureat was magnificently jolly. He proposed the good healths of Mrs. Binnacle and the Binnacles major

and minor; toasted old Father Thames and his Tributaries; and made the welkin ring with

MRS. GRADY'S SAINT MONDAY VOYAGE TO BATTERSEA.

Six-foot Timothy Glover,
  Son of the brandy-nos'd bugleman,
He was a general lover,
  Though he was only a fugleman;

Ogling Misses and Ma'ams,
  Listing, drilling, drumming 'em—
Quick they shoulder'd his arms—
  Argumentum ad humming 'em!

Mrs. Grady, in bonnet and scarf,
  Gave Thady the slip on Saint Monday,
With Timothy tripp'd to Hore's wharf,
  Which is close to the Glasgow and Dundee.

The river look'd swelling and rough,
  A waterman plump did invite her;
"One heavy swell is enough;
  I'm up to your craft—bring a lighter!"

They bargain'd for skipper and skiff,
  Cry'd Timothy, "This is a windy go!"
It soon blew a hurricane stiff,
  And blue look'd their noses as indigo!

" Lack-a-daisy! we 're in for a souse!
The fish won't to-day see a rummer set;
Land us at Somerset House,
Or else we shall both have a summerset!"

They through the bridge Waterloo whirl'd
To Lambeth, a finer and fatter see!
Their shoulder-of-mutton sail furl'd,
For a shoulder of mutton at Battersea.

Tim then rang for coffee and tea,
Two Sally Luns and a crumpet.
" I don't like *brown* sugar," said he.
" If you don't," thought the lad, " you may *lump* it."

To crown this delightful regale,
Waiter! your stumps, jolly boy, stir;
A crown's worth of oysters and ale,
Ere we give the sail homeward a hoister!"

" Of ale in a boiling-hot vat,
My dear daddy dropp'd, and was, Ah! boil'd."
" A drop I can't relish of that
In which your papa, boy, was parboil'd."

Fresh was the breeze, so was Tim:
How pleasant the life of a Midge is;
King Neptune, my service to him!
But I 'll shoot Father Thames and his bridges!

His levee 's a frosty-faced fair,
  When Jack freezes him and his flounders;
His river-horse is but a may'r,
  And his Tritons are cockney ten-pounders!

" Tim Glover, my tale is a trite 'un;
  I owe you a very small matter, see;
The shot I 'll discharge, my polite 'un,
  You paid for the wherry to Battersea.

" With powder I 've just fill'd my horn;
  See this pocket-pistol! enough is it?
You 'll twig, if a gentleman born,
  And say, ' Mr. Grady, *quant. sufficit.*' "

Mrs. Grady, as other wives do,
  Before my Lord May'r in his glory,
Brought Thady and Timothy too.
  Cry'd *Hobler*, " O what a lame story!

" You cruel Teague, lest there accrue ill,
  We 'll just bind you over, Sir Thady,
To keep the peace."—" Keep the peace, jewel!
  Not that piece of work, Mrs. Grady!"

His Lordship he gaped with surprise,
  And gave the go-by to his gravity;
His cheeks swallow'd up his two eyes,
  And lost in a laugh their concavity

Then Grady gave Glover his fist,
With, " Truce to the shindy between us !"
Each lad, when the ladies had kiss'd,
Cut off with his hatchet-faced Venus !

Ogling misses and ma'ams,
Listing, drilling, drumming 'em—
Quick they shoulder'd his arms—
Argumentum ad humming 'em.

The concluding chorus found us at the end of our excursion. Barney Binnacle was liberally rewarded by Mr. Bosky; to each of his children he was made the bearer of some little friendly token; and with a heart lighter than it had been for many a weary day, he plied his oars homeward, contented and grateful.

" Talk of brimming measure," cried the Laureat exultingly, " I go to a better market. The overflowings of an honest heart for *my* money !"

In former days undertakers would hire sundry pairs of skulls, and row to Death's Door[1] for a

[1] " *The Search after Claret, or a Visitation of the Vintners,*" 4to. 1691, names the principal *London Taverns* and their *Signs*, as they *then* existed. But the most curious account is contained in an *old ballad* called " *London's Ordinary: or every Man in his Humour,*" printed before 1600. There is not only

day's pleasure. Then it was not thought *infra dig.* (in for a dig?) to invite the grave-digger: the mutes were the noisiest of the party; nothing palled on the senses; and to rehearse the good things that were said and sung would add some pungent pages to the variorum editions of Joe Miller. But undertakers are grown gentleman-like and unjolly, and Death's Door exhibits but

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a humorous list of the *taverns* but of the *persons* who frequented them. In those days the *gentry* patronised the *King's Head* (in July 1664, Pepys dined at the "*Ordinary*" there, when he went to Hyde Park to see the cavaliers of Charles II. in grand review); the *nobles*, the *Crown*: the *knights*, the *Golden Fleece*; the *clergy*, the *Mitre*; the *vintners*, the *Three Tuns*; the *usurers*, the *Devil*; the *friars*, the *Nuns*; the *ladies*, the *Feathers*; the *huntsmen*, the *Greyhound*; the *citizens*, the *Horn*; the *cooks*, the *Holy Lamb*; the *drunkards*, the *Man in the Moon*; the *cuckolds*, the *Ram*; the *watermen*, the *Old Swan*; the *mariners*, the *Ship*; the *beggars*, the *Egg-Shell and Whip*; the *butchers*, the *Bull*; the *fishmongers*, the *Dolphin*; the *bakers*, the *Cheat Loaf*; the *tailors*, the *Shears*; the *shoemakers*, the *Boot*; the *hosiers*, the *Leg*; the *fletchers*, the *Robin Hood*; the *spendthrift*, the *Beggar's Bush*; the *Goldsmiths*, the *Three Cups*; the *papists*, the *Cross*; the *porters*, the *Labour in vain*; the *horse-coursers*, the *White Nag*. He that had *no money* might dine at the sign of the *Mouth*; while

> "The *cheater* will dine at the *Checquer*;
> The *pickpocket* at the *Blind Alehouse*;
> 'Till taken and try'd, up *Holborn* they ride,
> And make their end at the gallows."

a skeleton of what it was in the merry old times.

We were cordially received by their president, the comical coffin-maker, who, attired in his "*Entertaining Gown*" (a mourning cloak), introduced us to Mr. Crape, of Blackwall; Mr. Sable, of Blackman-street; Mr. Furnish of Blackfriars; and Mr. Blue-mould, of Blackheath: four truant teetotallers, who had obtained a furlough from their head-quarters, the Tea-Kettle and Toast-Rack at Aldgate pump. Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig, and Mr. Shovelton, hailed us with a friendly grin, as if desirous of burying in oblivion the recent *émeute* at the Pig and Tinder-Box. The club were dressed in black (from Blackwell Hall), with white neckcloths and high shirt-collars; their clothes, from a peculiar and professional cut, seemed all to have been turned out by the same tailor; they marched with a measured step, and looked exceedingly grave and venerable. Dinner being announced, we were placed in the vicinity of the chair. On the table were black game and black currant-jelly; the blackstrap was brought up in the black bottle;

the knives and forks had black handles; and Mr. Rasp, the shroud-maker, who acted as vice, recommended, from his end of the festive board, some black pudding, or polony in mourning. The desert included black grapes and blackberries; the rules of the club were printed in black-letter; the toasts were written in black and white; the pictures that hung round the room were in black frames; a well-thummed Sir Richard Blackmore and Blackwood's Magazine lay on the mantel; the stove was radiant with black-lead; the old clock-case was ebony; and among the after-dinner chants "Black-ey'd Susan" was not forgotten. The host, Mr. Robert Death, had black whiskers, and the hostess some pretty black ringlets; the surly cook looked black because the dinner had been kept waiting; the waiter was a nigger; and the barmaid had given boots (a *ci-devant* blackleg at a billiard-table) a black eye. A black cat purred before the fire; a black-thorn grew opposite the door; the creaking old sign was blackened by the weather; and to complete the sable picture, three little blackguards spent their half-holiday in pelting at it! The banquet came

off pleasantly. Mr. Merripall, whose humour was rich as crusted port, and lively as champagne, did the honours with his usual *suaviter in modo*, and was admirably supported by his two mutes from Turnagain-lane; by Mr. Catchpenny Crambo, the bard of Bleeding-Hart-Yard, who supplied "the trade" with epitaphs at the shortest notice; Mr. Sexton Shovelton, and Professor Nogo, F.R.S., F.S.A., M.R.S.L., LL.B., a learned lecturer on Egyptian mummies.

"*Our* duty," whispered Mr. Bosky, "is to

Hear, see, and say nothing,
Eat, drink, and pay nothing!"

After the usual round of loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Merripall called the attention of the brethren to the standing toast of the day.

"High Cockolorums and gentlemen! 'Tis easy to say '*live and let live*;' but if everybody were to live *we* must die. Life is short. I wish—present company *always* excepted—it was as short as my speech!——*The grim tyrant!*"

Verbum sat.; and there rose a cheer loud enough to have made Death demand what meant those noisy doings at his door.

"Silence, gentlemen, for a duet from brothers Hatband and Stiflegig."

Had toast-master *Toole*[1] bespoke the attention of the Guildhall grandees for the like musical treat from Gog and Magog, we should hardly have been more surprised. Mr. Bosky looked the incarnation of incredulity. After a few preliminary openings and shuttings of the eyes and mouth, similar to those of a wooden Scaramouch when we pull the wires, Brothers Hatband and Stiflegig began (*chromatique*),

HATBAND. When poor mutes and sextons have nothing to do,
What should we do, brother?
STIFLEGIG. Look very blue!
HATBAND. Gravediggers too?
STIFLEGIG. Sigh "malheureux!"
HATBAND. Funerals few?
STIFLEGIG. Put on the screw!
HATBAND. But when fevers flourish of bright scarlet hue,
What should we do, brother?
STIFLEGIG. Dance fillalloo!

[1] This eminent professor, whose sobriquet is "*Lungs*," having to shout the health of "the three *present* Consuls," at my Lord Mayor's feast, proclaimed the health of the "*Three per Cent. Consols.*"

HATBAND. When blows the north-east, and grim death stalks abroad,
What should we do?
STIFLEGIG. Eat and drink like a lord!
HATBAND. When rages cholera?
STIFLEGIG. Sing tol lol lera!
HATBAND. Colds and catarrhs?
STIFLEGIG. Bless lucky stars!
HATBAND. When the bell tolls?
STIFLEGIG. Replenish our bowls!
BOTH.
Bleak winter to us is a jolly trump card,
And a fine hot May makes a fat churchyard!

STIFLEGIG. Should all the world die, what the deuce should we do?
HATBAND. I'll bury you, brother!
STIFLEGIG. I'll bury you!
HATBAND. I'll lay you out.
STIFLEGIG. No doubt! no doubt!
HATBAND. I'll make your shroud.
STIFLEGIG. You do me proud!
HATBAND. I'll turn the screw.
STIFLEGIG. The same to you!
HATBAND. When you're past ailing,
I'll knock a nail in!
Last of the quorum,
Ultimus Cockolorum!

When you're *all* dead and buried, zooks! what shall *I* do?

COCKOLORUMS *in full chorus.*

Sing High Cockolorum, and dance fillalloo!

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Merripall, again rising, "all charged? *Mulligrum's Pill!*"

Doctor Dose, a disciple of that art which is founded in conjecture and improved by murder, returned thanks on the part of Messrs. Mulligrum, Thorogonimble and Co. It was a proud day for the pill; which through good report and evil report had worked its way, and fulfilled his predictions that it would take and be taken. He would *not* ask the Cockolorums to swallow one.—Here the mutes made horribly wry faces, and shook their heads, as much as to say it would be of *very little use* if he *did*.—It was sufficient that the pill bore the stamp of their approbation, and the government three-halfpenny one; and he begged to add, that all pills without the latter, and the initials of Mulligrum, Thorogonimble, and Dose, were counterfeits.

The table sparkled with wit. Mr. Merripall cracked his walnuts and jokes, and was furiously

facetious on Mr. Rasp, a rough diamond, who stood, or rather sat his horse-play raillery with dignified composure. But Lumber Troopers[1] are men, and Ralph Rasp was a past Colonel of that ancient and honourable corps. He grew more rosy about the gills, and discharged sundry short coughs and hysterical chuckles, that betokened a speedy ebullition. His preliminary remark merely hinted that no gentleman would think of firing off Joe Millers at the Lumber Troop:—Ergo, Mr. Merripall was *no gentleman*. The comical coffin-

[1] This club was originally held at the *Gentleman and Porter*, New-street Square, and the *Eagle and Child*, Shoe Lane. The members were an *awkward squad* to the redoubtable City Trained Bands. It being found double hazardous to trust any one of them with a pinch of powder in his cartouch-box, and the points of their bayonets not unfrequently coming in sanguinary contact with each other's noses and eyes, their *muskets* were prudently changed for *tobacco pipes*, and their *cartouches* for papers of right *Virginia*. The privileges of the Lumber Trooper are great and manifold. He may sleep on any bulk not already occupied; he may knock down any watchman, provided the watchman does not knock him down first; and he is not obliged to walk home straight, if he be tipsy. The troop are supported by *Bacchus* and *Ceres*; their crest is an *Owl*; the shield is charged with a *Punch Bowl* between a *moon*, a *star*, and a *lantern*. The *punch* is to drink, and the *moon* and *star* are to light them home, or for lack of either, the *lantern*. Their motto is, *In Nocte Lætamur*.

maker quietly responded that the troop was a *nut* which everybody was at liberty to crack for the sake of the *kernel!* A quip that induced on the part of Mr. Hatband a loud laugh, while the more sombre features of brother Stiflegig volunteered convulsions, as if they had been acted upon by a galvanic battery. Mr. Rasp coolly reminded Mr. Merripall that the grapes were sour, Brother Pledge having black-balled him. This drew forth a retort courteous, delivered with provoking serenity, that the fiction of the *ball* came most opportunely from a gentleman who had always *three blue ones* at everybody's service! The furnace that glowed in Mr. Rasp's two eyes, and the heavings of his bosom discovered the volcano that burned beneath his black velvet vest. His waistband seemed ready to burst. Never before did he look so belicose! Now, Mr. Bosky, who loved fun much, but harmony more, thinking the joke had been carried quite far enough, threw in a conciliatory word by way of soothing angry feelings, which so won the Lumber Trooper's naturally kind heart, that he rose from his seat.

"Brother Merripall, you are a chartered libertine, and enjoy the privilege of saying what you will. But—you were a *little* too hard upon the troop—indeed you were! My grandfather was a Lumber Trooper—my father, too—you knew *my father*, Marmaduke Merripall."

"And I knew a right honourable man! And I know *another* right honourable man, my very good *friend*, his *son!* And—but——"

'Tis an old saying and a true one, that adversity tries friends. So does a momentary quarrel, or what is more germane to our present purpose, a mischievous badinage, in which great wits and small ones too, will occasionally indulge. Mr. Merripall had been wont—good naturedly!—to make Mr. Rasp his butt; who, though he was quite big enough for one, sometimes felt the sharp arrows of the comical coffin-maker's wit a thorn in his "too—too solid flesh." The troop was his tender point.

"And *who* has not his tender point?" said Mr. Bosky, "except the man that caught cold of his own heart, and died of it!"

The hand of Mr. Rasp was instantly stretched forth, and met more than half way by that of Mr. Merripall.

"Brother," said the president, "let me make amends to the troop by requesting you will propose me as a member. Only," and he shot a sly glance from his eye, "save me from the *balls*, black and blue, of that Presbyterian pawnbroker, Posthumus Pledge of Pye-corner."

Mr. Rasp promised to comply, and moreover to set forth his friend's military prowess to the best advantage.

"I think," said he, "your division stormed the Press-yard, and captured the whipping-post, during the Aldersgate Street Volunteer campaigning in 1805."

"Right, brother Ralph, and when the Finsbury awkward squad routed *your* left wing in the City Road, and you all ran helter-skelter into the boiled buttock of beef shop in the Old Bailey, we valiant sharp-shooters protected your flank, and covered your inglorious retreat!" And he entertained the company with this appropriate recitation:—

When all were in alarms,
(Boney threat'ning to invade us,)
And ("See the Conquering Hero comes!")
General Wheeler, general dealer
In coffee, treacle, tea, tobacco, plums,
Snuff, sugar, spices, at wholesale prices,
And figs—(which, 's life!
At Fife
He sold in drums!)—
Would up and down parade us,
And cry, "*Present!*" and "*Shoulder arms!*"

When pert apprentices, God bless us!
And tailors did address and dress us,
With "*Stand at ease!*" (up to your knees
In mud and mire) "*Make ready! Fire!*"
Singeing the curls of Moses Muggs, Esquire—

A Briton, hot for fight and fame,
Burning to give the foes of Bull
Their belly-full,
Limp'd forth—but no admission!—he was *lame.*
"Lame!" cried the Briton; "zounds! I say,
I came to *fight,* and not to *run away!*"

"The red-coat," continued Mr. Merripall, "has no vision beyond '*eyes right!*' He would march till doomsday, unless commanded to halt, and everlastingly maintain the same poker-like position,

if the word were not given him to stand at ease. He goes forth to *kill* at a *great* rate," (*Dr. Dose* pricked up his ears,) "and be *killed* at a *small* one per diem;" (the *mutes* looked glum,) "carrying into battle a heart of oak, and out of it a timber toe!"

"Our visitors," was the next toast.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "we cannot afford the expensive luxury of drinking your *healths;* but we sincerely join in 'my *service* to you.'"

Here Dr. Dose passed over to us his *box*—not for a *pinch*, but a *pill!* which pill, though we might *drink*, we declined to *swallow*. Mr. Rasp was in high feather, and plied the four teetotallers very liberally with wine. Seeing the comical coffin-maker in committee with his two mutes, he chirruped joyously,

Mr. Chairman, I 'll thank you not
  Thus to keep the wine in the pound;
Better by half a cannon shot
  Stop than the bottle!—so push it round.

Summer is past, and the chilling blast
  Of winter fades the red red rose;
But wine sheds perfume, and its purple bloom
  All the year round like the ruby glows!

Fill what you like, but drink what you fill,
Though it *must* be a bumper, a bumper, or nil.
Water congeals in frost and snows,
But summer and winter the red wine flows!

Now, my Cockolorums, for a volley in platoons!

Chorus.

The blossoms fall, and the leaves are sear,
And merry merry Christmas will soon be here;
I wish you, gentles, a happy new year,
A pocket full of money, and a barrel full of beer!

A messenger arrived with a despatch for Mr. Merripall, announcing the demise of Alderman Callipash. There was an immediate movement on the part of the mutes.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "no such violent hurry; the alderman will wait for us. Our parting toast first — *The Dance of Death!* Come, brother Crape, strike up the tune, and lead the carant."

Mr. Crape practised an introductory caper, in the process of which he kicked the shins of one Cockolorum, trod upon the gouty toe of another, and then led off, the club keeping the figure with becoming gravity, and chanting in full chorus:

Undertakers, hand in hand,
Are a jovial merry band;
Tho' their looks are lamentable,
And their outward man is sable,
Who on this side Charon's ferry
Are so blythe as those that bury?

Hark! hark! the Parish Clerk
Tunes his pitch-pipe for a lark!
As we gaily trip along
Booms the bell's deep, dull ding-dong!
Freaking, screaking, out of breath,
Thus we dance the *Dance of Death!*

The cricket cries, the owl it hoots,
Music meet for dancing mutes!

When burns brightly blue the taper,
Sextons, 'tis your time to caper.
Now our song and dance are done,
Home we hasten every one.

Messrs. Crape, Crambo, Sable, Shovelton, Hatband, and Stiflegig, joined a pleasant party outside of a hearse that had been doing duty in the neighbourhood; and an empty mourning-coach accommodated Mr. Rasp, Mr. Bluemould, Dr. Dose, and Professor Nogo. Mr. Furnish, and a few, heated with wine, took water; but as the moon had just emerged from behind a black cloud, and shone with mild lustre, we preferred walking, particularly with the jocular companionship of Mr. Bosky and Mr. Merripall. And Death's door was closed for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

HAD we been inclined to superstition, what a supernatural treat had been the discourse of Mr. Merripall! His tales of "goblins damned" were terrible enough to have bristled up our hair till it lifted our very hats off our very heads. His reminiscences of resurrection men[1] were extensive and curious; he knew their "whereabouts" for

[1] Two resurrection men stumbling over a fellow dead drunk in the kennel, *bagged*, and bore him away to a certain anatomist. The private bell gave a low tinkle, the side-door down a dark court opened noiselessly, the sack was emptied of its contents into the cellar, and the fee paid down. In an hour or two after, the same ceremony (the *subject* being really *defunct*) was repeated. The bell sounded a *third* time, and the anatomical charnel-house received *another* inmate. The tippler, having now slept off his liquor, began to grope about, and finding all dark, and himself he knew not where, bellowed lustily. This was just as the door was closing on the resurrection men, who being asked what should be done with the noisy fellow, answered coolly, "*Keep him till you want him!*"

ten miles round London. We mean not to insinuate that Mr. Merripall had any share in bringing his departed customers to light again. He was a virtuoso, and his cabinet comprised a choice collection of the veritable cords on which the most notorious criminals had made their transit from this world to the next. He was rich in mendacious caligraphy. Malefactors of liberal education obligingly favoured him with autograph confessions, and affectionate epistles full of penitence and piety; while the less learned condescendingly affixed their contrite crosses to any document that autographmania might suggest. The lion of his library was an illustrated copy of the Newgate Calendar, or New Drop Miscellany, and round his study its principal heroes hung — in frames! He boasted of having shaken by the hand—an honour of which Old Bailey amateurs are proudly emulous—all the successful candidates for the Debtors' Door for these last twenty years; and when Mr. Bosky declared that *he* had never saluted a dying felon with "*My dear sir!*" coveted his acquaintance, and craved his autograph, he sighed deeply for the Laureat's want of taste,

grew pensive for about a second, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, we are but a stone's throw from the *Owl and Ivy Bush*, where a society called 'The Blinkers' hold their nightly revels: it will well repay your curiosity to step in and take a peep at them. Their president has one eye permanently shut, and the other partially open; the vice has two open eyes, blinking 'like winkin';' all the members are more or less somniferous; and though none of them are allowed to fall fast asleep at the club, it is contrary to etiquette to be wide awake. Their conversation is confined to monosyllables, their talk, like their tobacco, being short-cut. Their three cheers are three yawns; they sit round the table with their eyes shut, and their mouths open, the gape, or gap, being filled up with their pipes, from which rise clouds of smoke that make their red noses look like lighted lamps in a fog. To the Reverend Nehemiah Nosebags, their chaplain, I owe the honour of becoming a member; for happening to sit under his proboscis and pulpit, my jaws went through such a gaping exercise at his soporific

word of command, that he proposed me as a highly promising probationer, and my election was carried amidst an unanimous chorus of yawns."

"*Here*," exclaimed Mr. Bosky, "is the Owl and Ivy Bush."

"No," rejoined Mr. Merripall, "'tis the Three Jolly Trumpeters. On the *opposite* side of the way is the Owl and Ivy Bush."

Mr. Bosky gazed at the sign, and then, with no small degree of wonderment, at Mr. Merripall. The Laureat of Little Britain looked signs and wonders!

"I 'll take my affidavit to the Owl!" raising his eye-glass to the solemn bird that winked wickedly beneath a newly-varnished cauliflower-wig of white paint; "and though the Ivy Bush looks much more like a birch broom, it looks still less like a Jolly Trumpeter."

"Egad, you 're right!" said the comical coffin-maker; "though, to *my* vision, it seems as if both houses had changed places since I last saw them."

The contents of a brace of black bottles flowing under Mr. Merripall's satin waistcoat, and their

fumes ascending to what lay within the circumference of his best beaver, might possibly account for this phenomenon.

"Hollo!" cried the comical coffin-maker, as an uproarious cheer and the knocking of knuckles upon the tables proclaimed merry doings at the Owl and Ivy Bush, "the Blinkers were not wont to be so boisterous. What a riotsome rattle!—hark!"

And the following chorus resounded through the Owl and Ivy Bush:—

We 're jovial, happy, and gay, boys!
We rise with the moon, which is surely full soon,
Sing with the owl, our tutelar fowl,
Laugh and joke at your go-to-bed folk,
Never think—but what we shall drink,
Never care—but on what we shall fare,—
Turning the night into day, boys!

"What think you of *that*, Mr. Merripall?" said the Laureat of Little Britain.

We entered the room, and a company more completely wide awake it was never our good fortune to behold.

"Surely," whispered Mr. Bosky, "that vo-

ciferous gentleman in the chair can never be your one-eye-shut-and-the-other-half-open president; nor he at the bottom of the table, with his organs of vision fixed, like the wooden Highlander's that stands entry over 'Snuff and Tobacco,' your blinking vice."

Mr. Merripall looked *incredulus odi*, and would have made a capital study for Tam O'Shanter.

"Have the kindness to introduce me to the Rev. Nehemiah Nosebags," said Mr. Bosky, again addressing his mute and mystified companion.

"Why not ask me to trot out the Pope?" replied the somewhat crotchety and comical coffin-maker.

A peal of laughter and huzzas echoed from the twin tavern over the way, and at the same moment mine host, who was very like a China joss, puffed up stairs, looking as wild as "a wilderness of monkeys," with the astounding news that a trick had been played upon himself and brother publican by Lord Larkinton, Sir Frederick Fitzfun, and the Honourable Colonel Frolick, who had taken the liberty of transposing their respective signs. Hence a straggling party of the *Peep*

o' day Boys, whose proper location was the Three Jolly Trumpeters, had intruded into the taciturnity and tobacco of the Owl and Ivy Bush. This unravelled the cross purposes that at one time seemed to call in question the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" of Mr. Merripall.

"Many men," addressing Mr. Bosky, as they jogged out of the Three Jolly Trumpeters, "like to enjoy a reputation which they do not deserve; but"—here Mr. Merripall looked serious, and in right earnest—"to be thought *tipsy*, my good friend, without having had the gratification of *getting so*, is,

> 'Say what men will, a pill
> Bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion.'"

And the Laureat of Little Britain fully agreed with the axiom so pertinaciously and poetically laid down by the comical coffin-maker.

The three practical jokers now emerged from their ambush to take a more active part in the sports. With the Peep o' day Boys they would have stood no chance, for each member carried in his hand an executive fist, to which the noble

tricksters were loth to cotton, for fear of being worsted. Lord Larkinton led the van up the stairs of the Owl and Ivy Bush, and dashing among the Blinkers, selected their president for his partner; Colonel Frolick patronized the vice; and Sir Frederick Fitzfun made choice of the Rev. Nehemiah Nosebags. The rest of the club were arranged to dance in pairs,—a very stout member with a very lean one, and a very short one with a very tall one, — so that there was variety, without being charming. Each danced with his pipe in his mouth. It was no pipe no dance.

They led off in full puff, dancing about, upon, and on all-fours under the tables. The fire-irons were confided to a musical brother, with instructions to imitate the triangles; and as the company danced round the room, — the room, returning the compliment, danced round *them.*

The club having been capered within an inch of their lives, Lord Larkinton begged Mr. Bopeep to favour them with Jim Crow, consenting to waive the *jump obligato*, in consideration of his previous exertions. But he must sing it *in character;* and in the absence of lamp-black and

charcoal, the corks were burnt, to enable Sir Frederick Fitzfun and Colonel Frolick (my Lord holding his partner's physiognomy between his palms like a vice — the vice and Mr. Nosebags looking ruefully on) to transform Mr. Bopeep into a negro chorister. His sable toilet being completed, the president opened with "*Jim Crow;*" but his memory failing, he got into "*Sich a gittin' up stairs.*" At fault again, he introduced the "*Last rose of summer,*" then "*The boaty rows,*" "*Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row,*" "*Old Rose and burn the bellows,*" "*Blow high, blow low,*" "*Three Tooley Street Tailors,*" "*By the deep nine,*" "*I know a bank,*" and "*You must not sham Abraham Newland,*"— all of which he sang to the same tune, "*Jim Crow*" being the musical bed of torture to which he elongated or curtailed them. As an accompaniment to this odd medley, the decanters and tumblers flew about in all directions, some escaping out at window, others irradiating the floor with their glittering particles. Colonel Frolick, brandishing a poker, stood before the last half inch of a once resplendent mirror contemplating his handiwork and mustaches, and

ready to begin upon the gold frame. Every square of crown glass having been beaten out, and every hat's crown beaten in, Lord Larkinton politely asked the Rev. Nehemiah Nosebags to crown all with a song. The chaplain, looking as melancholy as the last bumper in a bottle before it 's buzzed, snuffled, in a Tabernacle twang,

"The-e bir-ird that si-ings in yo-on-der ca-age."

"Make your bird sing a little more lively," shouted my Lord, "or we shan't get out of the *cage* to-night!"

Many a true word spoken in jest; for mine host, thinking his Lordship's *next* joke might be to unroof, batter down, or set fire to the Owl and Ivy Bush, rushed into the room marshalling a posse of the police, when a battle royal ensued, and sconces and truncheons, scraping acquaintance with each other, made "a ghostly rattle." Disappointed of Mr. Nosebags' stave, and having no relish for those of the constables, we stole away, leaving Colonel Frolick beating a tattoo on some dozen of oil-skin hats; Lord Larkinton and Sir Frederick Fitzfun pushing forward the affrighted

Bopeep and his brethren to bear the brunt of the fray; an intolerable din of screaming, shouting servants, ostlers and helpers; and the barking of a kennel of curs, as if "the dogs of three parishes" had been congregated and let loose to swell the turmoil.

"The sons of care are always sons of night." Those to whom the world's beauteous garden is a cheerless desert hide their sorrows in its friendly obscurity. If in *one* quarter the shout of revelry is heard, as the sensualist reels from his bacchanalian banquet,—*in another*, the low moan of destitution and misery startles night's deep silence, as they retire to some bulk or doorway to seek that repose which seldom lights but "on lids unsullied with a tear." We had parted with our merry companions, and were hastening homeward, when, passing by one of those unsightly pauper prison-houses that shame and deface our land, we beheld a solitary light flickering before a high narrow casement, the grated bars of which told a mournful tale, that the following melody, sang with heart-searching pathos, too truly confirmed:—

A wand'rer, tho' houseless and friendless I roam,
Ah! stranger, I once knew the sweets of a home;
The world promised fair, and its prospects were bright,
My pillow was peace, and I woke to delight.

Do you know what it is from loved kindred to part?
The sting of the scorpion to feel in your heart?
To hear the deep groan of an agonised sire?
To see, broken-hearted, a mother expire?

To hear bitter mockings an answer to prayer?
Scorn pointing behind, and before you despair!—
To hunger a prey, and to passion a slave,—
No home but the outcast's, no rest but the grave!

To feel your brain wander, as reason's faint beam
Illumines the dark, frenzied, sorrowful dream;
The present and past!—See! the moon she rides higher
In mild tranquil beauty, and shoots sparks of fire!

The music ceased, the pauper-prison door opened, and a gentle voice, addressing another, was heard to say, "Tend her kindly—my purse shall be yours, and, what is of far higher import, though less valued *here*, God's holiest blessing. Every inmate of these gloomy walls has a claim upon your sympathy; but *this* hapless being demands the most watchful solicitude. She is a bruised reed

bowed down by the tempest,—a heart betrayed and bleeding,—a brow scathed by the lightning of heaven! I entered upon this irksome duty but to mitigate the cruel hardships that insolent authority imposes upon the desolate and oppressed. With my associates in office I wage an unequal warfare; but *my* humble efforts, aided by *yours*, may do much to alleviate sufferings that we cannot entirely remove. She has lucid intervals, when the dreadful truth flashes upon her mind. Smooth, then, the pillow for her burning brow, bind up her broken heart, and the gracious Power that inflicts this just, but awful retribution will welcome you as an angel of mercy, when mercy, and *mercy only*, shall be your passport to his presence! Good night."

The door closed, and the speaker—unseeing, but *not unseen*—hurried away. It was *Uncle Timothy!*

Bulky as a walrus, and as brutal, out-frogging the frog in the fable, an over-fed, stolid, pudding-crammed libel upon humanity, sailing behind his double chin, and with difficulty preserving his equilibrium, though propped up by the brawny

arm of Catspaw Crushem, Mr. Poor Law Guardian Pinch—a hiccup anticipating an oath—commanded us to "move on."

Addressing his relieving officer, he stammered out, *en passant*, "Hark'e, Catspaw, don't forget to report that crazy wagrant to the *Board* tomorrow. We'll try whether cold water, a dark crib, and a straight jacket won't spoil her caterwauling. The cretur grows quite obstroperous upon our *gruel*." (!!!)

O *England!* merrie *England!*
Once nurse of thriving men;
I 've learn'd to look on many things,
With other eyes since *then!*

CHAPTER V.

In the narrowest part of the narrow precincts of Cloth Fair there once stood a long, rambling, low-roofed, gable-fronted hostelrie, with carved monsters frightfully deformed, and of hideous obesity, grinning down upon the passengers from every side. Its exterior colour was a dingy yellow; it had little antique casements, casting "a dim," if not a "religious light," within; the entrance was by a low porch, with seats on each side, where, on summer days, when leaves are green, the citizen in the olden time might breathe the fresh air of the surrounding meadows, and rest and regale himself! The parlour was panelled with oak, and round it hung The March to Finchley, the Strolling Players, and Southwark Fair, half obscured by dust, in narrow black frames, with a tarnished gold beading. An ancient clock

ticked (like some of the customers!) in a dark corner; on the high grotesquely carved mantelpiece piped full-dressed shepherds and shepherdesses, in flowery arbours of Chelsea china; from the capacious ingle projected two wooden arms, on which the elbows of a long race of privileged old codgers had successively rested for more than three centuries; the egg of an ostrich tattooed by the flies, and a silent aviary of stuffed birds, (monsters of fowls!) which had been a roost for some hundreds of generations of spiders, depended from a massy beam that divided the ceiling; a high-backed venerable arm-chair, with Robin Hood and his merry men in rude effigy, kept its state under an old-fashioned canopy of faded red arras; a large fire blazed cheerfully, the candles burned bright, and a jovial party, many of whose noses burned blue, were assembled to celebrate for the last time their nocturnal merriments under the old roof, that on the morrow (for *improvement* had stalked into the Fair!) was to be levelled to the ground.

"Gentlemen," said the President, who was a rosy evergreen, with "fair round belly," and a

jolly aspect, "man and boy, for forty years, have I been a member of the *Robin Hood*, and fanned down my punch in this room! What want we with mahogany, French-polished, and fine chimney-glasses? Cannot every brother see his good-looking face in a *glass of his own?* Or a gas-lamp before the door, with a dozen brass burners? Surely our 'everlasting bonfire lights' will show us the way in! This profanation is enough to make our jovial predecessors, the heroes of the Tennis Court, the Mohocks, and Man-hunters of Lincoln's Inn Fields tremble in their tombs!—But I don't see Mr. Bosky."

It would have been odd if the President *had* seen Mr. Bosky; for he sat wedged betwixt two corporation members, whose protuberances, broad shoulders, and dewlaps effectually obscured him from view.

"Here am I, Mr. President."

"But where is Uncle Timothy?"

"That," replied the Laureat, "can my cousin's wife's uncle's aunt's sister best say. Three hours ago I left him on the top of St. Paul's; by this

time he may be at the bottom of the Thames Tunnel, or at Madame Tussaud's, *tête-à-tête* with Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, and Young Oxford."

A murmur of disappointment rose from the brethren, with a benediction on distant relations that did not keep a hundred miles off.

"Gentlemen," resumed the President, "'if sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked!' Since we cannot have Uncle Timothy's good *company*, we will have his good *health*. Uncle Timothy, with three!"

A heartfelt cheer made the old hostelrie ring again.

Uprose the Laureat—but a twinkle from the eye of the President to a covey of intelligent cronies, on whom the scarlet rays of his countenance more intensely fell, produced a supplementary cheer that shook the Cloth-quarter.

Mr. Bosky was thrown a little off his balance. He paused—flushed—but his heart having left his mouth, he replenished the vacuum with a bumper, assuring the company that they might as soon expect from him a *long face* as a long

speech. For their kind wishes to Uncle Timothy he thanked them from the bottom of his soul—and glass!

"Gentlemen, when the money-grub retires, no regrets follow him to his unsociable crib; nothing misses him but the everlasting counter, to which cupidity has so long nailed his bird-limed fingers. How different with a generous spirit! with whom are associated the remembrance of happy hours snatched from the dull realities of life! This day terminates the mercantile career of our worthy President. May he be blest in his retirement! Gentlemen, the health of Mr. Deputy Double-chin — (no skylights, Brother Blizzard!) — up-standing, with all the honours!"

The two corporation members having taken "their whack," were not to be roused without a smart thump on the shoulder. The deputy returned thanks in a pleasant vein.

"My friends," he added, "short reckonings—you know the old adage—I am a *song* in your debt, and as the one I now volunteer will be the last of the many I have sung in this cosey corner, my vocal *Vale* shall be our tutelary freebooter."

And with "full-throated ease" this jovial impersonation of John Bull chanted—

ROBIN HOOD.

Robin Hood! Robin Hood! a lawgiver good,
Kept his High Court of Justice in merry Sherwood.
No furr'd gown, or fee, wig, or bauble had he;
But his bench was a verdant bank under a tree!

And there sat my Lord of his own good accord,
With his Peers of the forest to keep watch and ward;
To arbitrate sure between rich and poor,
The lowly oppress'd and the proud evil doer.

His nobles they are without riband or star,
No 'scutcheon have they with a sinister bar;
But Flora with leaves them a coronet weaves,
And their music is—hark! when the horn winds afar.

The chaplain to shrive this frolicsome hive
Is a fat curtail Friar, the merriest alive!
His quarter-staff, whack! greets a crown with a crack!
And, 'stead of rough *sackcloth,* his penance is *sack!*

The peerless in beauty receives their fond duty,
Her throne is the greensward, her canopy flowers!
What huntress so gay as the *Lady of May?*
The Queen of the Woodlands, King Robin's, and ours!

His subjects are we, and 'tis centuries three
Since his name first re-echo'd beneath this roof-tree!

With Robin our King let the old rafters ring!
They have heard their last shout! they have seen their
last spring!

And though we may sigh for blythe moments gone by,
Yet why should we sorrow, bold foresters, why?
Since those who come after their full share of laughter
Shall have, when death's sables have veil'd you and I.

As the club was literary as well as convivial, such of the members as the gods had made poetical, critical, or historical, favoured the company at these appointed meetings with their lucubrations. Uncle Timothy's had been antiquarian and critical, Mr. Bosky's facetious and vocal:—

A *merry song* is better far
Than sharp lampoon or witty libel.

One brother, Mr. Boreum, who had got the scientific bee in his bonnet, was never so happy as when he could detect a *faux pas* in the sun's march, discover a new mountain in the moon, or add another stick to the bundle that has been so long burthensome to the back of the man in it! and Mr. Pigtail Paddlebox, a civil engineer, maintained, by knock-me-down-proof-positive, that Noah's Ark was an antediluvian steamer of some

five hundred horse-power! The evening's contribution was Uncle Timothy's, The Second Part of the *Merrie Mysteries of Bartlemy Fair*, which Mr. Bosky having promised to read with good emphasis and discretion, the President's hammer commanded silence, and he proceeded with his task.

CHAPTER VI.

THE world is a stage; men and women are the players; chance composes the piece; Fortune (blind jade!) distributes the parts; the fools shift the scenery; the philosophers are the spectators; the rich occupy the boxes; the powerful, the pit; and the poor, the gallery. The forsaken of Lady Fortune snuff the candles,—Folly makes the concert,—and Time drops the curtain!

In a half sportive, half melancholy mood, we record this description of the tragi-comedy of human life. To weep, like Heraclitus, might exalt us to philanthropists; to make the distresses of mankind a theme of derision would brand us as buffoons. Though inclining to the example of Democritus,—for life is too short *seriously* to grapple with the thousand absurdities that daily demand refutation,—we take the middle course.

Far be from us the reproach of having no regard for our fellow-men, or pity for their errors!

Every one views a subject according to his particular taste and disposition.[1] Some happy fancies can find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Such would draw a truth from a tumbler, and a moral from a mountebank!

"Look through *my* glass," says the philosopher; — "Through *mine*," says the metaphysician. "Will your honour please to take a peep through *my* glass?" inquires the penny showman. The penny showman's glass for our money!

We are not to be hoodwinked by high-sounding authorities, who, like Tom Thumb, *manufacture* the giants they take the credit of killing! Bernier

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[1] To view Niagara's Falls one day
A *Priest* and *Tailor* took their way;
The *Parson* cried, while wrapt in wonder,
And listening to the cataract's thunder,
"Lord! how thy works amaze our eyes,
And fill our hearts with vast surprise!"
The *Tailor* merely made this note:—
"*Lord!* what a place to sponge a coat!"

tells us, that whenever the Great Mogul made a remark, no matter how commonplace, the Omrahs lifted up their hands and cried "*Wonder! wonder! wonder!*" And their proverb saith, If the King exclaims at noon-day, "*It is night*," you are to rejoin, "*Behold the moon and stars!*"

Curious reader, picture to yourself a town-bred bachelor, with flowing wig, brocaded waistcoat, rolled silk stockings, and clouded cane, marching forth to take a survey of Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1701. Fancy the prim gentleman describing what he saw to some inquiring country kinsman in the following laconic epistle, and you will have a lively *contemporary* sketch of Smithfield Rounds.

COUSIN CORYDON,

Having no business of my own,[1] nor any desire to meddle with other people's, no wife to chin-music me, no brats to torment me, I dispelled the megrims by a visit to St. Bartholomew. The

[1] "A Walk to Smith-field; or, a True Description of the Humours of *Bartholomew Fair*. 1701."

fair resembled a camp; only, instead of standing rank and file, the spectators were shuffled together like little boxes in a sharper's *Luck-in-a-Bag*. With much ado I reached *Pye-Corner*, where our *English Sampson* exhibited. Having paid for a seat three stories high in this wooden tent of iniquity, I beheld the renowned *Man of Kent*,[1] equipped like an Artillery Ground champion at the mock storming of a castle, lift a number of weights, which hung round him like bandaliers about a Dutch soldier.

"He fired a cannon, and with his own strength
Lifted it up, although 'twas of great length;
He broke a rope which did restrain two horses,
They could not break it with their two joint forces!'

I then jostled to a booth, in which was only a

[1] "The English Sampson, William Joy, aged twenty-four years, was born in the Isle of Thanet, in Kent. He is a man of prodigious strength, of which he hath given proofs before his Majesty King William the Third, at Kensington, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and most of the nobility, at the Theatre Royal in Dorset Garden. A°. 1699."

"James Miles, from Sadler's Wells in Islington, now keeps the *Gun* Musick Booth in *Smithfield Rounds* where the Famous *Indian* Woman lifts six hundred weight with the hair of her head, and walks about the booth with it." Topham

puppet-show,[1] where, for twopence, I saw *Jeptha's rash Vow; or, The Virgin's Sacrifice.* In I went, almost headlong, to *Pinkethman's Medley*,[2] to see the *Vaulting of the horse*, and the famous wooden

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Topham, the Strong Man, lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 lbs. the 28th of May 1741, in honour of *Admiral Vernon*, before thousands of people, in Bath Street, Cold-Bath-Fields. In his early years he exhibited at Bartholomew Fair. He united the strength of twelve men. The ostler of the Virgin's Inn having offended him, he took one of the spits from the kitchen and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the iron cravat excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie it. He died by his own hand, on the 10th August 1749, the victim of his wife's infidelity.

"The Wonderful Strong and Surprising Persian Dwarf, three feet six inches high. He is fifty-six years old, speaks eighteen languages, sings Italian songs, dances to admiration, and with ropes tied to his hair, when put over his shoulders, lifts the great stone A." This "great stone" is half as big as the little Sampson himself!

[1] *Only* a Puppet-show!—Marry-come-up! Goodman Chronicler, doth not the mechanist, a very Prometheus, give life, spirit, and motion to what was a *mopstick* or the *leg of a joint-stool?*

[2] "At Pinkethman, Mills, and Bullock's booth, over-against the Hospital Gate, will be presented The Siege of Barcelona, or the Soldier's Fortune; containing the comical exploits of Captain Blunderbuss and his man Squib; his adventures with the Conjuror, and a surprising scene where he and Squib are enchanted. Also the Diverting Humours of Corporal Scare-Devil. To which will be added, The wonderful Performance of Mr. Simpson, the vaulter, lately arrived from Italy. The

puppets dance a minuet and a ballet. At the *Dutch Woman's* booth,[1] the *Wheelbarrow dance*, by a little Flemish girl ten years old, was in truth a miracle! A bill having been thrust into my hand, of a man and woman fighting for the breeches,[2] I had the

musick, songs, and dances are by the best performers, whom Mr. Pinkethman has entertained at extraordinary charge, purely to please the town."

[1] "You will see the famous Dutch Woman's side-capers, upright-capers, cross-capers, and back-capers on the tight rope. She walks, too, on the slack rope, which no woman but herself can do."—"Oh, what a charming sight it was to see Madam What-d'ye-call-her swim it along the stage between her two gipsy daughters! You might have sworn they were of right *Dutch* extraction."—A Comparison between the Two Stages, 1702.

Dancing on the rope was forbidden by an order of Parliament, July 17, 1647. The most celebrated rope-dancer on record is *Jacob Hall*, who lived in the reign of King Charles the Second. His feats of agility and strength, and the comeliness of his person, gained him universal patronage, and charmed, in particular, that imperious wanton, the Duchess of Cleveland. Henry the Eighth, in one of his "Progresses" through the city of London, "did spye a man upon the uppermost parte of St. Powle's Church: the man did gambol and balance himself upon his head, much to the fright and dismay of the multitude that he might breake his necke. On coming down, he did throw himselfe before the King beseechingly, as if for some reward for the exployt; whereupon the King's highness, much to his surprise, ordered him to prison as a roge and sturdy vagabonde."—Black-Letter Chronicle, Printed in 1565.

[2] Our facetious friends, Messrs. Powell and Luffingham, at "*Root's Booth.*"

curiosity to look at this family picture, which turned out to be the *Devil and Doctor Faustus*,[1] the *wife* representing the *Devil*, and the *husband* the *Doctor!* The tent of the English rope-dancers[2] the rabble took by storm; but myself and a few heroes stood the brunt of the fray,

[1] In a Bartlemy Fair bill, temp. James II. after the representation of "*St. George for England*," wherein is shown how the valiant "saint slew the venomous Dragon," the public were treated with "the Life and Death of *Doctor Foster*, (Faustus?) with such curiosity, that his very *intrails* turns into *snakes and sarpints!*"

[2] On the top of the following bill is a woodcut of the "*Lad-*

and saw the *Ladder Dance*, and excellent vaulting on the slack and tight rope, by *Mr. Barnes* and the *Lady Mary*.[1] I had a month's mind to a *musick booth*; but the *reformation of manners* having suppressed them all but one, I declined going thither, for fear of being thought an immoral person, and paid my penny to take a peep at the *Creation of the World*. Then

"To the *Cloisters*[2] I went, where the gallants resort,
And all sorts and sizes come in for their sport,
Whose saucy behaviour and impudent air
Proclaim'd them the subjects of *Bartlemy Fair!*
There strutted the sharper and braggart, (a brace!)
And there peep'd a goddess with mask on her face!

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der Dance," and the "two Famous High German children" vaulting on the tight rope. "At *Mr. Barnes's* Booth, between the *Crown Tavern* and the *Hospital Gate*, with the *English Flag* flying on the top, you will see Mr. Barnes dancing with a child standing upon his shoulders; also tumbling through hoops, over halberds, over sixteen men's heads, and over a horse with a man on his back, and two boys standing upright upon each arm! With the merry conceits of *Pickle Herring* and his son *Punch*."

[1] The *Lady Mary*, the daughter of a noble Italian family, was born in Florence, and immured in a nunnery, but eloped with a *Merry Andrew*, who taught her his professional tricks. She danced with great dexterity on the rope, from which (when urged by the avarice of her inhuman partner to exhibit during a period of bodily weakness) she fell, and died instantaneously.

[2] "The *Cloister* in Bartholomew Fair, a poem, London

I view'd all the shops where the gamblers did raffle,
And saw the young ladies their gentlemen baffle;
For though the fine sparks might sometimes have good fate,
The shop had the money, the lass had the plate."

Thus ends the ramble, Cousin Corydon! of
(Thine, as thy spouse's own,)
INGLEBERRY GRISKIN.

Thanks! worthy chronicler of ancient St. Bartlemy.

Will Pinkethman was a first-rate comedian. The biographer of his contemporary, *Spiller*, says, "the managers of the Haymarket and Drury Lane always received too much profit from *Pinkey's phiz*, to encourage anybody to put *that* out of countenance!" And Pope refers to one popular qualification that he possessed, viz. *eating* on the *stage* (as did *Dicky Suett*, in after days, *Dicky Gossip*, to wit!) with great comic effect.

"And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor *Pinkey eat* with vast applause!"

He was celebrated for speaking prologues and

1707," is a highly coloured picture of the irregularities there committed.

epilogues.[1] He realised a good fortune by his *Puppet-show*, and kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair. Two volumes of "*Jests*"[2] bear his name. Many of them are as *broad* as they are long. His love-letter to Tabitha, the fair Quakeress, signed "*Yea and Nay*, from thy brother in the light," is wickedly jocose.

Thus Bartholomew Fair, in 1701, boasted its full complement of mimes, mountebanks, vaulters, costermongers,[3] gingerbread women, ("ladies of the basket!") puppet-shows,[4] physiognoscopogra-

[1] Particularly "The New Comical Epilogue of *Some-Body and No-Body*, spoken by way of Dialogue between *Mr. Pinkethman and Jubilee Dicky*." (Norris, so christened from his playing *Beau Clincher* in Farquhar's Trip to the Jubilee.)

[2] "Pinkethman's Jests, or Wit Refin'd, being a new year's gift for young gentlemen and ladies, 1721, First and Second Parts." A fine mezzotinto portrait of Pinkethman, represents him in a laced coat and a flowing wig, holding in his hand a scroll, on which is inscribed, "*Ridentibus arrident Vultus*."

[3] Archdeacon Nares defines a costard-monger, or coster-monger, to be "a seller of apples, one who generally kept a stall."

[4] "Here are the rarities of the whole Fair,
Pimperle-Pimp, and the wise Dancing Mare;
Here 's Vienna besieg'd, a rare thing,
And here 's Punchinello, shewn thrice to the King.
Ladies mask'd to the *Cloisters* repair,
But there will be no raffling, a pise on the May'r!"
From Playford's Musical Companion, 1701.

phy, Punches, and Roast Pig.[1] But its *Drama* was in abeyance.[2] The *élite* of Pye-Corner, Giltspur Street, and the Cloth-quarter, preferred Pinkethman's Medley and Mr. Barnes's Rope-dancers, to "The Old Creation of the World New Revived, with the intrigues of Lucifer in the Garden of Eden, and Adam and Eve driven out of Para-

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[1] "A Catch—Mr. Henry Purcell—

Here 's that will challenge all the Fair:
Come buy my nuts and damsons, my Burgamy Pear.
Here 's the *Whore of Babylon*, the *Devil and the Pope*:
The girl is just going on the rope.
Here 's *Dives and Lazarus*, and the *World's Creation*:
Here 's the *Dutch Woman*, the like 's not in the nation.
Here is the booth where the *tall Dutch Maid is*,
Here are the *bears* that dance like any ladies.
Tota, tota, tot goes the little *penny trumpet*,
Here 's your *Jacob Hall*, that can jump it, jump it.
Sound trumpet: a silver spoon and fork;
Come, here 's your dainty *Pig and Pork*."

[2] "The old *Droll Players' Lamentation*, being very pleasant and diverting. 1701."

"Oh! mourn with us all you that live by play,
The *Reformation* took our gains away:
We are as good as dead now money 's gone,
No *Droll* is suffer'd, not a single one!
Jack Pudding now our grandeur doth exceed,
And grinning granny is by fates decreed
To laugh at us, and to our place succeed.
But after all, these times would make us rave,
That won't let 's play the *Fool* as well as Knave!"

dise,"—"Judith and Holofernes,"[1]—"Dives and Pauper,"—the "Humours of Noah's Ark, or the Drolleries of the Deluge,"—"Jeptha's Rash Vow,"—and "The Pleasant Conceited History of Abraham and Isaac!" These Mysteries[2] were only endured when tacked to "a Comick Dance of gigantic automatons;" the "merriments of Sir John Spendall and Punchinello; Pickle-Herring and Punch." Of the multifarious and ludicrous *literature* of the "Rounds" little remains. The serious portion consisted, as we have shown, of such representations taken from Bible History, after the manner of the Chester and Coventry Monks, and the ancient Parish Clerks of Clerkenwell, as were most likely to beget an awful attention in the audience; and the comic, of detached scenes of low humour from Shakspere, and Beaumont and Fletcher, like "*The Wits*,[3] *or Sport upon Sport*,"

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[1] "To be sold in the Booth of Lee and Harper, and only printed for, and by G. Lee, in Blue Maid Alley, Southwark."

[2] Spence, in his anecdotes, describes a *Mystery* he saw at Turin, "where a damned female soul, in a gown of flame-coloured satin, intreats, as a *favor*, to be handed over to the fires of purgatory, for *only* as many years as there are drops of water in the ocean!"

[3] "The Wits, or Sport upon Sport: being a curious col-

and "*The Stroller's Pacquet Open'd*," — except when a Smithfield bard, "bemus'd in beer," ventured upon originality, and added "*Robin Hood*,[1] an Opera," and "*The Quaker's Opera*,"[2] to the

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lection of several Drolls and Farces, as they have been sundry times acted at *Bartholomew* and *other Fairs*, in *halls* and *taverns*, on mountebanks' stages at *Charing Cross*, *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, and other places, by *Strolling Players*, *Fools*, *Fiddlers*, and *Zanies*, with loud laughter and applause. Now newly collected by your old friend, *Francis Kirkman*, 1673." The author says, in his preface to the Second Part, "I have seen the *Red Bull Playhouse*, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and as meanly as you may think of these *Drolls*, they were acted by the *best comedians* then, and now in being. I once saw a piece at a *country inn*, called '*King Pharaoh*,' with *Moses*, *Aaron*, and some others; to explain which figures was added this piece of poetry,

Here Pharaoh, with his goggle eyes, does stare on
The High Priest Moses, with the Prophet Aaron.
Why, what a rascal
Was he that would not let the people go to eat the Pascal!

I believe he who pictured King Pharaoh had never seen a king in his life; for all the majesty he was represented with was *goggle eyes*, that his picture might be answerable to the verse."

[1] "*Robin Hood*, an opera, as it is performed at Lee and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1730."

[2] "*The Quaker's Opera*, as it is performed at Lee and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth in *Bartholomew Fair*, 1728." This is the story of *Jack Sheppard* dramatised and set to *rough music!* It may be gratifying to the curious to see how the adventures of this house and prison-breaker were "*im-*

classical press of Bartholomew Fair. Good company has occasionally visited the "Rounds." *Evelyn* [1] went there, but it was to gape and grumble. In the year 1670 (see "Some Account of Rachel Lady Russell,") *Lady Russell*, with her

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proved" (!!) by a *Methodist Preacher* under the *Piazza of Covent Garden.* "Now, my beloved, we have a remarkable instance of man's care for his tabernacle of clay in the notorious malefactor *Jack Sheppard!* How dexterously did he, with a nail, pick the padlock of his chain! how manfully burst his fetters; climb up the chimney; wrench out an iron bar; break his way through a stone wall, till he reached the leads of the prison! and then fixing a blanket through the wall with a spike, he stole out of the chapel! How intrepidly did he descend from the top of the Turner's house! and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street-door! *Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!* Let me exhort ye, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; to burst asunder the fetters of your beloved desires; to mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair; raise yourselves to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the conventicle; let yourselves down the Turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility; so shall you come to the door of deliverance, from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner, the devil."

[1] "1648. 28 Aug^{t}: Saw y^{e} celebrated follies of *Bartholomew Fair.*" Which *follies* were more harmless, in *those days*, than the solemn and sinister mummery of a *Brownist's conventicle*, a *Presbyterian Synod*, and a *Quakers' meeting.*

sister, *Lady Northumberland*, and *Lady Shaftsbury*, returned from Bartholomew Fair loaded with *fairings* for herself and children! Sept. 1, 1730, the "*Four Indian Kings*" visited Pinkethman and Giffard's booth, and saw *Wat Tyler* and *Jack Straw*. *Sir Robert Walpole*,[1] when Prime Minister, starred and gartered, graced the fair with his presence. *Frederick Prince of Wales*, in 1740, attended by a party of the Yeomen of the Guard with lighted flambeaux, contemplated its pantomimical wonders, with *Manager Rich* for his cicerone; as, in after times, did *David Garrick* and his lady, marshalled by the bill-sticker of Old Drury! On tendering his *tester* at the Droll Booth, the cashier, recognising the fine expressive features and far-beaming eye of Roscius, with a patronising look and bow, refused the proffered fee, politely remarking, "Sir, we never take money from *one another!*"

Pinkethman's "*Pantheon*, or Temple of the Heathen Gods, consisting of five curious pictures,

[1] A coloured print of *Bartholomew Fair* in 1721, copied from a painting on an old fan mount, represents Sir Robert Walpole as one of the spectators.

and above one hundred figures that move their heads, legs, and fingers, in character," long continued the lion of Bartholomew and Southwark fairs.[1] On the 19th August, 1720, great preparations were made against the approaching festival. Stables were transmogrified into palaces for copper kings, lords, knights, and ladies! and cock-lofts and laystalls into enchanted castles and Elysium bowers! The ostlers beguiled the interval by exercising their pampered steeds, and levying contribution on such as happened to be enjoying the pure air of *Hounslow Heath* and *Finchley Common*! Mob quality in hackney coaches, and South-Sea squires in their own, resorted to Pinkethman's booth to divert themselves with his "*comical phiz*, and newly-imported *French dancing dogs!*" The mountebanks were all alive and merry, and a golden harvest was reaped in the Rounds.

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[1] Sept. 13, 1717. Several constables visited Pinkethman's booth in *Southwark Fair*, and apprehended *Pinkethman*, with others of his company, just as they had concluded a play, in the presence of near 150 *noblemen and gentlemen* seated on the stage. They were soon liberated, on making it appear that they were the *King's Servants*. The *Prince* visited the booth.

Other *exhibitions* has the saint had beside his own. Exhibitions, as a nuisance,[1] from that *corpus sine pectore*, the London common council! "*Do thou amend thy face!*" was the reply of Falstaff to Bardolph, when the owner of the "fiery trigon" inflicted a homily on that "sweet creature of bombast." How much more needful, sons of repletion! is reform to *you*, than the showman, who seldom sees any punch but *his own;* the Jack-Pudding, who grins wofully for a slice of his *namesake;* and the "strong man," who gets little else between his teeth but his *table!* Why not be merry your *own way*, and let mountebanks be merry *theirs?* Are license and excess to be *entirely* on the side of "*robes and furr'd gowns?*" The amendment of Bardolph's face (*nose!*) *per se*, was not a crying case of necessity; a burning

[1] In "A Pacquet from Wills, 1701," an actress of "the Playhouse," writing to "a Stroller in the Country," says, "My dear *Harlequin*, I hoped, *according to custom*, at the grand revels of St. Bartholomew to have solaced ourselves with *roast pig* and a bottle. But the master of that great bee-hive, the *city*, to please the *canting, zealous horn-heads*, has buzzed about an order there shall be *no fair!* The chief cause, say the reformers, is the *profane drolls* (*Whittington* to wit) that

shame to be extinguished with a zeal hot as the "fire o' juniper." It only *became so* in conjunction with the reformation of Falstaff's *morals!*[1] Be

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ridicule the city's majesty, by hiring a paunch-bellied porter at half-a-crown a day, to represent an *Alderman in a scarlet gown!* when a lean-ribbed scoundrel in a blue jacket, for mimicking a *fool*, shall have forty shillings!" In 1743, 1750, 1760, 1798, 1825, and 1840, further attempts were made to put down the fair. In 1760 one *Birch*, (for whom St. Bartholomew had a rod in pickle!) bearing the grandiloquent title of *Deputy City Marshal* (!!) lost his life in a fray that broke out between the suppressing authorities and the fair folk.

[1] If every man attended to his own affairs, he would find little time to pry into those of others. An idle head is the devil's garret. Your intermeddler is one who has either nothing to do, or having it to do, leaves it undone. It is good to reform others; 'tis better to begin with ourselves. He who censures most severely the faults of his neighbour is generally very merciful to his own. "One day judgeth another," says old *Stow*, "and the last judgeth all."

We laugh at the hypocrite when caught in his own snare—when guilty of the *suppressio veri*, he is openly detected in the *suggestio falsi*, and made to pay the penalty of his duplicity. An ancient beau, bounding with all the vigour and alacrity that age, gout, and rheumatism usually inspire, cuts not a more ridiculous figure!

Hermes, or Mercury, was a thief, and the god of thieves; Venus, a gay lady; Bacchus, a wine-bibber; and Juno, a scold. And what apology offers sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, for *his* infirmities? He lets judgment go by default! "Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam

your grace[1] short, and your meals long. Abate not one slice of venison, one spoonful of turtle. Be the fat, white and green, all your own![2] But war not with *Punch*—

"Let the poor devil *eat;* allow him *that!*"

Curtail not our holiday Septembrisers of their fair proportion of fun.

"To those sentiments," exclaimed Deputy Doublechin, "I most heartily respond!"

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fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in these days of villany?"

This is truth as deep as the centre. Whoever shall cast a pebble at old Jack after this, must have his conscience Macadamised!

[1] The *Rev. R. C. Dillon* (Lord Mayor's *chaplain* in 1826) published in 1830 a "*Sermon* on the *evil* of *fairs* in general, and *Bartholomew Fair* in particular." Who would have thought that this pious functionary had been so great a foe to *the fair?*

The following odd combinations occur in the *title* of a *sermon* published in 1734. "The *deformity* of sin cured; a sermon preached at St. Michael's *Crooked* Lane, before the Prince of Orange, (the *Prince* was not quite *straight!*) by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks.* Sold by Matthew Denton at the *Crooked* Billet, near *Cripple*gate."

[2] A physician once observed that he could tell of what *country* a man was by his *complaint.* If it laid in the *head,* he was a *Scotchman;* if in the *heart,* he was an *Irishman;* if in the *stomach,* he was an *Englishman.*

And as the worshipful deputy's responses, six days out of the seven, were *wet* ones, the punch and a glee went merrily round.

Punchinello's a jolly good fellow!
Making us merry, and making us mellow.
In the *bowl*, in the *fair* too, a cure for dull care too;
All ills that we find flesh or skin and bone heir to!
Verily he is the spirit of glee,
So *in* him drink *to* him with three times three!
Hip! hip! once, twice, thrice, and away!
Punchinello, *mon ami! a votre santé.*

CHAPTER VII.

"AND so, Mr. M'Sneeshing, you never heard of the ingenious *ruse* played off by Monsieur Scaramouch?" said the Laureat, as he refreshed his nostrils with a parsimonious pinch from the mull of sandy-poled Geordie, conchologist and confectioner, from the land o' cakes. And while Deputy Doublechin was busy admiring a grotesque illumination in Uncle Timothy's *Merrie Mysteries*, Mr. Bosky favoured the company with

THE UP-TO-SNUFF FRENCH SCARAMOUCH.

Monsieur *Scaramouch*, sharp-set enough,
At a Paris dépôt for tobacco and snuff,
Accosted the customers every day
With "*Pardonnez moi, du Tabac, s'il vous plâit!*"

He look'd such a gentleman every inch,
The Parisians all condescended a pinch;
Which, taken from Bobadils, barbers, and beaux,
Went into his *pocket*—instead of his *nose!*

Scaramouch sold, with a merry ha! ha!
Ev'ry pinch to his friend, *le marchand de tabac:*
Then buyer and seller the price of a franc
To the *noses* of all their contributors drank!

From boxes supplies came abundant enough,
He breakfasted, dined, and drank tea upon snuff!
It found him in fuel, and lodging, and cloaths—
He pamper'd the palate by pinching the nose!

An ell he would take if you gave him an inch,
In the shape of a very exorbitant pinch—
The proverb, All's fish to the net that shall come,
Duly directed his finger and thumb.

One day a dragoon *en botine*, and three crosses,
With a pungent *bonne bouche* came to treat his proboscis;
Our Scaramouch, sporting his lowest *congée*,
Smil'd, "*Pardonnez moi, du Tabac, s'il vous plâit!*"
"*Volontiers*," and his box, which, containing a pound,
A reg'ment of noses might titillate round,
Mars offer'd to Scaramouch quick, with a bounce;
Whose pinch very soon made it minus an ounce!
"*Coquin!*" and a cane, that he kept for the nonce,
Of Scaramouch threaten'd the perriwigg'd sconce;
Who, fearing a crack, while 'twas flourishing quick,
Cut in a crack the dragoon and his stick!

"Had the vay-gabond served *me* the like o' *that*," droned Mr. M'Sneeshing, suddenly rapping down the lid of his mull, and looking suspiciously

about him, to see if there was a *Scaramouch* among the party! "I'd ha' crack'd his croon!"

Mr. Bosky's reply all but tripped off his tongue.

'Twas caviare to the Scotchman, so he suppressed it, and proceeded with the *Merrie Mysteries*.

St. Bartholomew was not to be driven from his "Rounds" by the meddling citizens. He kept, on a succession of brilliant anniversaries from 1700 to 1760, his state at his fair. The *Smithfield drama* had revived under the judicious management of popular actors;[1] the art of *legerdemain* had reached perfection in the "surprising performances" of Mr. Fawkes;[2] *wrestling*,[3] *fencing*, and *single-stick*

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[1] "There is one great playhouse erected in the middle of Smithfield for the *King's Players*. The booth is the largest that was ever built."—*Dawkes's News-letter*, 1715.

[2] "Feb. 15. 1731. The Algerine Ambassadors went to see *Fawkes*, who showed them a prospect of Algiers, and raised up an apple-tree which bore ripe apples in less than a minute's time, of which the company tasted."— *Gentleman's Mag.* Fawkes died May 25, 1731, worth ten thousand pounds. *John White*, author of "Arts Treasury, and Hocus Pocus; or a Rich Cabinet of Legerdemain Curiosities," was a noted conjuror contemporary with Fawkes.

[3] Stow, lamenting the decline of *wrestling*, that used to be the pride and glory of Skinners-Well and Finsbury Fields, says, "But now of late yeeres, the *wrestling* is only practised on *Bartholomew-day* in the afternoone."

fought their way thither from Stokes's[1] amphitheatre in Islington Road, and Figg's[2] academy for full-grown gentlemen in Oxford Street, then "Marybone *Fields!*" *Powell's puppet-show* still gloried in its automaton wonders; *Pinchbeck's musical clock* struck all beholders with admiration; and *Tiddy Doll*[3]

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[1] "At Mr. Stokes's amphitheatre, Islington Road, on Monday, 24th June, 1733, I John Seale, *Citizen of London*, give this invitation to the celebrated *Hibernian* Hero, Mr. Robert Barker, to exert his utmost abilities with me: And I Robert Barker accept this invitation; and if my antagonist's courage equal his menaces, glorious will be my conquest! Attendance at two; the Masters mount at five. *Vivat Rex et Regina.*"

"This is to give notice, that to-morrow, for a day's *diversion* (!!) at Mr. Stokes's Amphitheatre, a mad bull, *dressed up with fireworks*, will be baited; also cudgel-playing for a silver cup, and wrestling for a pair of buckskin breeches. Sept. 3rd, 1729. Gallery seats, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*"

[2] Messrs. Figg and Sutton fought the "two first and most profound" fencers in the kingdom, Messrs. Holmes and Macquire: Holmes coming off with a cut on his metacarpus from the sword of Mr. Figg. On the 3rd Dec. 1731, a prize was fought for at the French Theatre in the Haymarket, between Figg and Sparks, at which the Duke of Lorraine and Count Kinsi were present; the Duke was much pleased, and ordered them a liberal gratuity.

[3] A vendor of gingerbread cakes at Bartholomew and May Fairs. His song of "*Tiddy doll lol lol!*" procured him his popular *sobriquet*.

with his gingerbread cocked hat garnished with Dutch gold, the prime oddity of the fair, made the "Rounds" ring with his buffooneries. Among

the galaxy of Bartholomew Fair stars that illumined this flourishing period was The Right Comical Lord Chief Joker, *James Spiller*, the *Mat o' the*

Mint of the Beggar's Opera, the airs of which he sang in a "truly sweet and harmonious tone." His convivial powers were the delight of the merry butchers of Clare-Market, the landlord of whose house of call, a quondam gaoler, but a humane man, deposed the original sign of the "*Bull and Butcher*," and substituted the *head of Spiller*. His *vis comica*, leering at a brimming bowl, is prefixed to his Life and Jests, printed in 1729. A droll story is told of his stealing the part of the *Cobbler of Preston* (written by Charles Johnson,) out of Pinkethman's pocket, after a hard bout over the bottle, and carrying it to Christopher Bullock, who instantly fell to work, and concocted a farce with the same title a fortnight before the rival author and theatre could produce theirs! The dissolute Duke of Wharton, one night, in a frolic, obliged each person in the company to disrobe himself of a garment at every health that was drank. Spiller parted with peruke, waistcoat, and coat, very philosophically; but when his *shirt* was to be relinquished, he confessed, with many blushes, that he had *forgot* to put it on! He was a careless, wild-witted companion, often a

tenant of the Marshalsea; till his *own* "*Head*" afforded him in his latter days a safe garrison from the harpies of the law. He died Feb. 7, 1729, aged 37. A poetical butcher of Clare-Market[1] would not let him descend to the grave "without the meed of one melodious tear."

Other luminaries shed a radiance on the "Rounds." *Bullock* (who, in a merry epilogue, tripped up Pinkethman by the heels, and bestrode him in triumph, Pinkey returning the compliment by throwing him over his head). *Mills* (familiarly called "honest Billy Mills!" from his

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[1] "Down *with* your marrow-bones and cleavers all,
And *on* your marrow-bones ye *butchers* fall!
For prayers from you, who never pray'd before,
Perhaps poor *Jemmy* may to life restore.
What have we done? the wretched *bailiffs* cry,
That th' only man by whom we liv'd, should die!
Enrag'd, they gnaw their wax, and tear their writs,
While butchers' wives fall in hysteric fits;
For sure as they 're alive, poor *Spiller's* dead;
But, thanks to *Jack Legar*! we 've got his *head*.
He was an inoffensive, merry fellow,
When sober, hipp'd; blythe as a bird, when mellow."

For Spiller's *benefit ticket*, engraved by Hogarth, twelve guineas have been given! There is *another*, of more *dramatic* interest, with portraits of himself and his wife in the Cobbler of Preston.

kind disposition). *Harper* (a lusty fat man, with a countenance expressive of mirth and jollity, the rival of Quin in Falstaff, and the admirable Jobson to Kitty Clive's inimitable Nell). *Hippisley* (whose first appearance the audience always greeted with loud laughter and applause). *Chapman* (the Pistol and Touchstone of his day). *Joe Miller*[1] (whose name is become synonymous with good and bad jokes; a *joke* having ironically been christened a *Joe Miller*, to mark the wide

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[1] This reputed wit was, after all, a moderately dull fellow. His book of *Jests* is a joke not *by* him, but *upon* him: a joke by Joe being considered *la chose impossible*. As an *actor*, he never rose to particular eminence. His principal parts were *Sir Joseph Wittol* and *Teague*. There are two *portraits* of him. One, in the former character, prefixed to some editions of his *Jests*; and a mezzotinto, in the latter, an admirable likeness, full of force and expression. The *first* and *second* editions of "*Joe Miller's Jests*" appeared in 1739. They are so scarce that four guineas have been given for a copy at book auctions. From a slim pamphlet they have increased to a bulky octavo! He died August 15, 1738, at the age of 54, and was buried on the east side of the churchyard of St. Clement Danes. We learn from the inscription on his tombstone (now illegible) that he was "a *tender husband*, a *sincere friend*, a *facetious companion*, and an *excellent comedian*." *Stephen Duck*, the favourite bard of "good Queen Caroline," wrote his epitaph.

contrast between *joking* and *Joe!*). *Hallam*[1] (whom Macklin accidentally killed in a quarrel about a *stage wig*). *Woodward*, *Yates*, *Shuter*,[2]

[1] A very rare portrait of *Hallam* represents him standing before the stage-lights, holding in one hand a *wig*, and pointing with the other to "*An infallible receipe to make a wicked manager of a theatre*," (a merciless satire on *Macklin*,) dated "*Chester*, *Aug.* 20, 1750." A *stick* is thrust into his left eye by one behind the scenes. For this accident, which caused his death, Macklin was tried at the Old Bailey in May, 1735, and found guilty of *manslaughter*.

[2] When actors intend to *abridge* a piece they say, "We will *John Audley* it!" It originated thus. In the vear 1749, *Shuter* played drolls at *Bartholomew Fair*, and was wont to lengthen the exhibition until a sufficient numbe of people were collected at the door to fill his booth. The event was signified by a Merry Andrew crying out from the gallery, "*John Audley!*" as if in the act of inquiry after such a person,

and very early in life, little *Quick*.[1] Ned had a sincere regard for *Mr. Whitfield*, and often attended his ministry at Tottenham Court Chapel.

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though his intention was to inform *Shuter* there was a fresh audience in high expectation below! In consequence of this hint, the droll was cut short, and the booth cleared for the new crop of impatient expectants! *Shuter* occasionally spent his evenings at a certain "Mendicants' convivial club," held at the *Welch's Head*, Dyott Street, St. Giles's; which, in 1638, kept its quarters at the *Three Crowns* in the Vintry.

[1] During one of *Quick's* provincial excursions the stage-coach was stopped by a highwayman. His only fellow traveller, a taciturn old gentleman, had fallen fast asleep. "*Your money*" exclaimed *Turpin's* first cousin. Quick, assuming the dialect and manner of a raw country lad, replied with stupid astonishment, "Mooney, zur! *uncle* there (pointing to the sleeping beauty,) pays for I, *twinpikes* and all!" The highwayman woke the dozer with a slap on the face, and (in classical phrase) cleaned him out, leaving our little comedian in quiet possession of the golden receipts of a bumper.

Upon *one* occasion he played *Richard III.* for his benefit. His *original* intention was to have acted it with becoming seriousness; but the public, who had anticipated a *travestie*, would listen to nothing else; and Quick (with the best *tragic* intentions!) was *reluctantly* obliged to humour them. When he came to the scene where the crook-back'd tyrant exclaims,

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Quick treated his friends with a *hard hit*, and by way of putting a finishing stroke to the fun, added, with a voice, look, and gesture perfectly irresistible,

"And if you can't get a *horse*, bring a *jackass?*"

One Sunday morning he was seated in a pew opposite the pulpit, and while that pious, eloquent, but eccentric preacher, was earnestly exhorting sinners to return to the fold, he fixed his eyes full upon *Shuter*, adding to what he had previously said, "And thou, poor *Ramble*, (*Ramble* was one of *Ned's* popular parts,) who hast so long *rambled*, come *you* also! O! end your *ramblings* and return." Shuter was panic-struck, and said to Mr. Whitfield after the sermon was over, "I thought I should have fainted! How could you use me so?"

Cow-Lane and Hosier-Lane "Ends" were great monster marts. At the first dwelt an Irish giant, Mr. Cornelius M'Grath, who, if he "lives three years longer, will peep into garret windows from the pavement:" and the "Amazing" Corsican Fairy. "Hosier-Land End" contributed "a tall English youth, eight feet high;" two rattle-snakes, "one of which rattles so loud that you may hear it a quarter of a mile off;" and "a large piece of water made with white flint glass," containing a coffee-house and a brandy-shop, running, at the word of command, hot and cold fountains

of strong liquor and strong tea! The proprietor *Mr. Charles Butcher's* poetical invitation ran thus:—

"Come, and welcome, my friends, and taste ere you pass,
'Tis but sixpence to see it, and two-pence each glass."

The "German Woman that danced over-against the Swan Tavern by Hosier Lane," having "*run away* from her mistress," diminished the novelties of that prolific quarter. But the White Hart, in Pye-Corner, had "A little fairy woman from Italy, two feet two inches high;" and *Joe Miller*, "over-against the Cross-Daggers," enacted "A new droll called the Tempest, or the Distressed Lovers; with the Comical Humours of the Inchanted Scotchman; or Jockey and the three witches!"

Hark to yonder scarlet beefeater, who hath cracked his voice, not with "hallooing and singing of anthems," but with attuning its dulcet notes to the deep-sounding gong! And that burly trumpeter, whose convex cheeks and distended pupils look as if, like Æolus, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to dis-

charge a hurricane! Listen to their music, and you shall hear that *Will Pinkethman* hath good store of merriments for his laughing friends at "Hall and Oates's Booth next Pye-Corner," where, Sept. 2, 1729, will be presented The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol; "a diverting" Opera, called The Country Wedding; and the Comical Humours of Roger.—The Great Turk by Mr. Giffard, and Roger by Mr. Pinkethman.

Ha! "lean Jack," jolly-fac'd comedian, *Harper*, thou body of a porpoise, and heart of a tittlebat! that didst die of a round-house fever;[1] and *Lee*,[2] rosy St. Anthony! thy rival trumpeter,

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[1] *Harper*, being an exceedingly timid man, was selected for prosecution by Highmore, the Patentee of Drury Lane, for joining the revolters at the Haymarket. He was imprisoned, but though soon after released by the Court of King's Bench, he died in 1742, of a fever on his spirits.

[2] *Anthony Lee*, or Leigh, (famous for his performance of *Gomez*, in Dryden's play of the Spanish Friar,) and *Cave Underhill*, diverting themselves in *Moorfields*, agreed to get up a sham quarrel. They drew their swords, and with fierce countenances advanced to attack each other. Cave (a very lean man) retreated over the rails, followed by Lee (a very fat man); and after a slight skirmish, retired to the middle of the field. Tony puffed away after him; a second encounter took place; and, when each had paused for awhile to take breath, a third; at the end of which, there being a saw-pit, near them,

with his rubicund physiognomy screened beneath the umbrage of a magnificent bowsprit, proclaim at the Hospital Gate "The Siege of Berthulia; with the Comical Humours of Rustego and his man Terrible."

What an odd-favoured mountebank! "a thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller, a needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch," with a nose crooked as the walls of Troy, and a chin like a shoeing

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they both jumped into it! The mob, to prevent murder, scampered to the pit, when to their great surprise they found the redoubtable heroes hand in hand in a truly comical posture of reconciliation, which occasioned much laughter to some, while others (having been made fools of!) were too angry to relish the joke. The mock combatants then retired to a neighbouring tavern to refresh themselves, and get rid of a troublesome tumult.—*The Comedian's Tales*, 1729.

horn; those two features having become more intimately acquainted, because his teeth had fallen out! Behold him jabbering, gesticulating, and with auricular grin, distributing this Bartholomew Fair bill.

"Sept. 3, 1729. At *Bullock's* Great Theatrical Booth will be acted a Droll, called Dorastus and Faunia, or the Royal Shepherdess; Flora, an opera; with Tollet's Rounds; the Fingalian Dance, and a Scottish Dance, by Mrs. Bullock."

Thine, *Hallam*, is a tempting bill of fare. "The Comical Humours of Squire Softhead and his man Bullcalf, and the Whimsical Distresses of Mother Catterwall!" With a harmonious concert of "violins, hautboys, bassoons, kettle-drums, trumpets, and French horns!" Thine, too, *Hippisley*, immortal Scapin! transferring the arch *fourberies* of thy hero to Smithfield Rounds. At the George Inn, where, with *Chapman*, thou keepest thy court, we are presented with "Harlequin Scapin, or the Old One caught in a sack; and the tricks, cheats, and shifts of Scapin's two companions, Trim the Barber, and Bounce-about the Bully." The part of Scapin by thy comical self.

At this moment a voice, to which the neigh of Bucephalus was but a whisper, announced that the unfortunate owner had lost a leg and an arm in his country's service, winding up the catalogue with some minor dilapidations, all of which are more or less peculiar to those patriots who during life find their reward in hard blows and poverty, and in death receive a polite invitation to join a water party down the pool of oblivion! The Laureat paused.

Mr. M'Sneeshing. "Lost his leg in battle!—ha! ha! ha!—a gude joke! He means in a man-trap! I should be glad to know what business a pauper body like *this* has blathering abroad? Are there not almshouses, and workhouses, and hospitals, for beggars and cripples? Though I perfectly agree wi' *Sandy M'Grab, Professor*[1] *of Humanity*, that sic like receptacles, and the *anti-Presbyterian* abomination of alms-giving are only so many premiums for roguery and vay-gabondism. Let every one put his shoulder to the wheel, his

[1] At *Oxford* and *Cambridge* they write L.*L*.D.—in *Scotland*, L.S.D. *viz.* 35*s.* 3*d.* for the *diploma!*

nose to the grindstone, and make hay while the sun shines."

MR. BOSKY. But are there not many on whom the sun of prosperity *never* shone?

MR. M'SNEESHING. Their unthriftiness and lack of foresight alone are to blame!

MR. BOSKY. Is to want a shilling, to want every virtue? Men think highly of those who rapidly rise in the world; whereas nothing rises quicker than *dust*, *straw*, and *feathers!* Would you provide *no* asylum for adversity, sickness, and old age?

MR. M'SNEESHING. Hard labour and sobriety (tossing off his heeltap of toddy) will ward off the two first, and old age and idleness (yawning and stretching himself in his chair) deserve to——

MR. BOSKY. Starve?

MR. M'SNEESHING. To have just as much—and *nae mair!*—as will keep body and soul together! Would you not *revile*, rather than *relieve*, the lazy and the improvident?

MR. BOSKY. Not if they were hungry and poor![1]

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[1] "In the daily eating *this* was his custom. (*Archbishop*

Mr. M'Sneeshing. Nor cast them a single word of reproach?

Mr. Bosky. I would see that they were *fed* first, and then, *if* I reproved, my reproof should be no pharisaical diatribes. The bitterest reproaches fall short of that pain which a wounded spirit suffers in reflecting on its own errors; a lash given to the soul will provoke more than the body's most cruel torture.

Mr. M'Sneeshing. Vera romantic, and in the true speerit of——

Mr. Bosky. *Charity*, I hope.

Mr. M'Sneeshing. Chay-ri-ty? (putting his hand into his coat-pocket.)

Parker's, temp. *Elizabeth.*) The steward, with the servants that were gentleman of the better rank, sat down at the tables in the hall on the right hand; and the almoner, with the clergy, &c., sat on the other side, where there was plenty of *all sorts of provision.* The daily fragments thereof did suffice to *fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people* that waited at the gate. And moreover it was the *Archbishop's command* to his servants, that all strangers should be receive d and treated with all manner of *civility and respect.*"

The *poor and hungry fed* and treated with "*civility and respect!*" What a poser and pill for *Geordie M'Sneeshing* and *Professor M'Grab!*

MR. BOSKY. Don't fumble; the word is *not* in *M'Culloch!*

MR. M'SNEESHING. Peradventure, Mr Bosky, you would build a *Union poor-house* (sarcastically).

MR. BOSKY. I would not.

MR. M'SNEESHING. An *Hospital?* (with a sardonic grin!)

MR. BOSKY. I would!

MR. M'SNEESHING. Where?

MR. BOSKY. In the *Human Heart!* You may not know of *such a place*, Mr. M'Sneeshing. *Your* hospital would be where some countrymen of yours build castles, in *Sky* and *Ayr!*"

And the Laureat abruptly quitted the room, leaving Mr. M'Sneeshing in that embarrassing predicament, "*Between the de'il and the deep sea!*"

But his mission was soon apparent. "*Three cheers for the kind young gentleman!*" resounded from the holiday folks, and a broadside of blessings from the veteran tar! This obfuscated conchologist Geordie, and he was about to launch a *Brutum fulmen*, a speech *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, as the magging mouthpiece of Professor

M'Grab; when, to the great joy of Deputy Doublechin, the miserable drone-pipe of this leather-brained, leaden-hearted, blue-nosed, frost-bitten, starved nibbler of a Scotch kail-yard, was quickly drowned in the sonorous double-bass of our salt-water Belisarius.

My foes were my country's, my messmates the brave,
My home was the deck, and my path the green wave;
My musick, loud winds, when the tempest rose high—
I sail'd with bold *Nelson*, and heard his last sigh!

His spirit had fled—we gaz'd on the dead—
The sternest of hearts bow'd with sorrow, and bled.
As o'er the deep waters mov'd slowly his bier,
What victory, thought we, was ever so dear?

Far Egypt's hot sands have long since quench'd my sight—
To these rolling orbs what is sunshine or night?
But the full blaze of glory that beam'd on thy bay,
Trafalgar! still pours on their darkness the day.

An ominous tap at the window—the "*White Serjeant's!*" invited Geordie to a *tête-à-tête* with a singed sheep's head, and the additional treat of a curtain-lecture, not on *political* but *domestic* economy, illustrated with sharp etchings by Mrs. M'Sneeshing's *nails*, of which his physiognomy had

occasionally exhibited proof impressions! To his *modern Athenian* (!) broad brogue, raised in defiance of the applauding populace outside, responded the polite inquiry, "*Does your mother know you're out?*" [1] and other classical interrogatories. The return of Mr. Bosky was a signal for cheerfulness, mingled with deeper feelings; during which were not forgotten, "*Old England's wooden walls?*" and "*Peace to the souls of the heroes!*"

"Hail! all hail! the warrior's grave,
Valour's venerable bed,—
Hail! the memory of the Brave!
Hail! the Spirits of the Dead!

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[1] Certain cant phrases strike by their odd sound and apposite allusion. "*No mistake!*" "*Who are you?*" "*Cut my lucky!*" "*Does your mother know you're out!*" "*Hookey!*" &c. &c. are terms that metaphorically imply something comical. Yet oblivion, following in the march of time, shall cast its shadows over their mysterious meanings. On "*Hookey!*" the bewildered scholiast of future ages will hang every possible interpretation but the right one; with "*Blow me tight!*" he will give a loose to conjecture; and oft to Heaven will he roll his queer eye, the query to answer, "*Who are you?*"

CHAPTER VIII.

"And hail to the *living!*" exclaimed Lieutenant O'Larry, the *Trim* of the Cloth Quarter,—"To them give we a *trophy*, time enough for a tomb!" And having knocked out the ashes of his pipe, he tuned it, and (beating time with his wooden leg) woke our enthusiasm with

WATERLOO.

And was it not the proudest day in Britain's annals bright?
And was he not a gallant chief who fought the gallant fight?
Who broke the neck of tyranny, and left no more to do?—
That chief was *Arthur Wellington!* that fight was *Waterloo!*

O, when on bleak *Corunna's* heights he rear'd his banner high,
Britannia wept her gallant *Moore;* her scatter'd armies fly—

To raise her glory to the stars, and kindle hearts of flame,
The mighty victor gave the word, the master-spirit came.

Poor *Soult*, like Pistol with his leek! he soon compell'd to yield;
And then a glorious wreath he gain'd on *Talavera's* field.
See! quick as lightning, flash by flash! another deed is done—
And *Marmont* has a battle lost, and *Salamanca's* won.

The shout was next "*Vittoria!*"—all Europe join'd the strain.
Ne'er such a fight was fought before, and ne'er will be again!
Quoth *Arthur*, "With 'th' *Invincibles*' another bout I 'll try;
And show you when 'the *Captain*' comes a *better* by and by!"

But lest his sword should rusty grow for want of daily use,
He gave the twice-drubb'd *Soult* again a settler at *Toulouse*.
His Marshals having beaten all, and laid upon the shelf,
He waits to see "the *Captain*" come, and take a turn himself.

Now *Arthur* is a gentleman, and *always keeps his word;*
And on the *eighteenth day of June* the cannons loud were heard;

The flow'r of England's chivalry their conq'ror rallied round;
A sturdy staff to cudgel well "the *Captain*" off the ground!

"Come on, ye fighting vagabonds!" amidst a show'r of balls,
A shout is heard; the voice obey'd—the noble *Picton* falls!
On valour's crimson bed behold the bleeding *Howard* lies—
Oh! the heart beats the muffled drum when such a hero dies!

The *cuirassiers* they gallop forth in polish'd coats of mail:
"*Up, Guards, and at 'em!*" and the shot comes rattling on like hail!
A furious charge both man and horse soon prostrates and repels,
And all the cuirassiers are cracked like lobsters in their shells!

Where hottest is the fearful fight, and fire and flame illume
The darkest cloud, the dunnest smoke, *there* dances *Arthur's* plume!
That living wall of British hearts, that hollow square, in vain
You mow it down—see! Frenchmen, see! the phalanx forms again.

The meteor-plume in majesty still floats along the plain—
Brave, bonny Scots! ye fight the field of Bannockburn again!
The Gallic lines send forth a cheer; its feeble echoes die—
The British squadrons rend the air—and "*Victory!*" is their cry.

'T was helter-skelter, devil take the hindmost, *sauve qui peut,*
With "*Captain*" and "*Invincibles*" that day at *Waterloo!*
O how the *Belges* show'd their backs! but not a Briton stirr'd—
His warriors kept the battle-field, and *Arthur kept his word.*

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

When the cheering had subsided,

"Good morning (bowed Mr. Bosky) to your conjuring cap, *Wizard of St. Bartlemy!* Namesake of *Guido*, in tatterdemalion dialect, '*Old Guy!*' who, had he possessed your necromantic art, would have transformed his *dark* lantern into a *magic* one, and ignited his powder without lucifer or match; yourself and art being a match for Lucifer! What says that mysterious scroll?

adorned with 'lively sculptures' of Mr. Punch's scaramouches, (formerly *Mrs. Charke's*,[1]) and illuminated with your picture in a preternatural (*pretty natural?*) wig, every curl of which was woven by the fairy fingers of Queen Mab!"

"Mr. *Fawkes*, at his booth over-against the King's Head, exhibits his incomparable dexterity of hand, and Pinchbeck's musical clock, that plays several fine tunes, imitates the notes of different birds, and shews ships sailing in the river. You will also be entertained with a surprising tumbler just arrived from Holland, and a Lilliputian posture-master, only five years old, who performs such wonderful turns of body, the like of which

[1] The deserted daughter of Colley Cibber, of whose erratic life some passages are recorded in her autobiography. 1755.

was never done by a child of his age and bigness before."—1730.

At the Hospital Gate, ("all the scenes and decorations entirely new,") *Joe Miller*,[1] "honest *Billy Mills*," and *Oates*, invite us to see a new opera, called The Banished General, or the Distressed Lovers; the English Maggot, a comic dance; two harlequins; a trumpet and kettle-drum concert and chorus; and the comical humours of Nicodemus Hobble-Wollop, Esq. and his Man Gudgeon! Squire Nicodemus by the facetious *Joe*. And at the booth of *Fawkes*, *Pinchbeck* and *Terwin*, "distinguished from the rest by bearing *English colours*," will be performed Britons Strike Home;[2] "Don Superbo

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[1] As if to redeem the habitual dulness of Joe Miller, *one* solitary joke of his stands on respectable authority. Joe, sitting at the window of the Sun Tavern in Clare Street, while a fish-woman was crying, "*Buy my soles! Buy my maids!*" exclaimed, "Ah! you wicked old creature; you are not content to sell your *own soul*, but you must sell your *maid's* too!"

[2] The commander of the General Ernouf (French sloop of war) hailed the Reynard sloop, Captain Coghlan, in English, to *strike*. "*Strike!*" replied the Briton, "*that I will*, and very hard!" He struck so *very* hard, that in thirty-five minutes

Hispaniola Pistole by *Mr. C—b—r*, and Donna Americana by *Mrs. Cl—ve*, the favourite of the town!" Dare Conjuror *Fawkes* insinuate that *Cibber*, if he did not actually "wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair," still put on the livery of St. Bartholomew, in the Brummagem Don Pistole? That *Kitty Clive*, the termagant of Twickenham! with whom the fastidious and finical Horace Walpole was happy "to touch a card," bedizened in horrible old frippery, rioted it in the "Rounds?" If *true*, what a standing joke for David Garrick, in their "combats of the tongue!" If *false*, "surprising and incomparable" must have been thy "dexterity of hand," base wizard! which shielded that bold front of thine from the cabalistic retribution of her nails!

Leverigo the Quack, and his Jack Pudding Pinkanello, have mounted their stage; and, hark! the Doctor (*Leveridge*, famous for his "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*") tunes his manly

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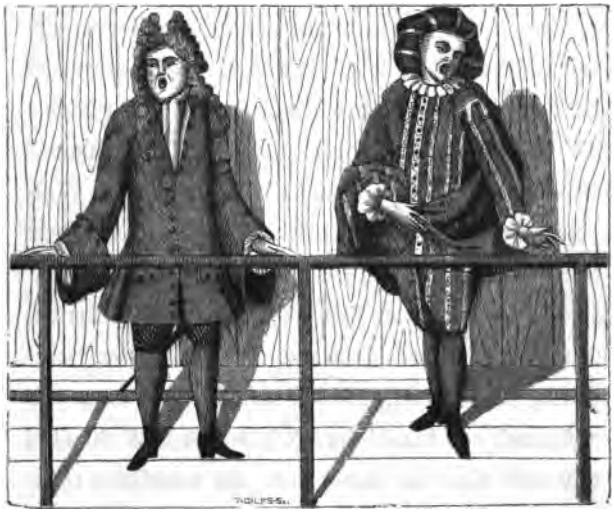
his shot set the enemy on fire, and in ten minutes more she blew up! Captain Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavouring to rescue his vanquished foe; and, by great exertions, fifty-five out of a crew of one hundred were saved.

pipes, accompanied by that squeaking Vice! for the *Mountebank's song*.[1] In another quarter,



[1] "Here are people and sports of all sizes and sorts,
Cook-maid and squire, and mob in the mire;
Tarpaulins, Frugmalions, Lords, Ladies, Sows, Babies,
And Loobies in scores:
Some howling, some bawling, some leering, some fleering;
While Punch kicks his wife out of doors!
To a tavern some go, and some to a show,
See poppets, for moppets; Jack-Puddings for Cuddens;
Rope-dancing, mares prancing; boats flying, quacks lying;
Pick-pockets, Pick-plackets, Beasts, Butchers, and Beaux;
Fops prattling, Dice rattling, Punks painted, Masks fainted,
In Tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths!"

Jemmy Laroch[1] warbles his *raree-show ditty;* while *Old Harry* persuades the gaping juveniles

[1] Here 's de *English* and *French* to each other most civil,
Shake hands and be friends, and hug like de devil!
O Raree-show, &c.

Here be de *Great Turk*, and the great *King of no land*,
A galloping bravely for *Hungary* and *Poland*.
O Raree-show, &c. Here 's

to take a peep at his gallant show.[1] *Duncan Macdonald*[2] "of the Shire of Caithness, Gent.,"

Here 's de brave *English Beau* for the Packet Boat tarries,
To go his campaign vid his tailor to *Paris*.
O Raree-show, &c.

Here be de *English ships* bringing plenty and riches,
And dere de *French* caper a-mending his breeches!
O Raree-show, &c.

[1] "Old Harry with his Raree-show." A print by Sutton Nicholls, with the following lines.

"Reader, behold the Efigie of one
Wrinkled by age, decrepit and forlorne,
His tinkling bell doth you together call
To see his *Raree-show*, spectators all,
That will be pleas'd before you by him pass,
To put a farthing, and look through his glass.
'Tis so long since he did himself betake
To show the louse, the flea, and spangled snake.
His *Nippotate*, which on raw flesh fed,
He *living* shew'd, and does the same now 's *dead*.
The *bells* that he when living always wore,
He wears about his neck as heretofore.
Then buy *Old Harry*, stick him up, that he
May be remember'd to posterity."

[2] "With a pair of French post boots, under the soles of which are fastened quart-bottles, with their necks downwards, *Mr. Macdonald* exhibits several feats of activity on the slack wire; after this he poises a wheel on his right toe, on the top of which is placed a spike, whereon is balanced by the edge a pewter-plate; on that a board with sixteen wine-glasses; and on the summit a glass globe, with a wheaten straw erect on the same. He then fixes a sharp-pointed sword on the tip of his

tells, how having taken part in the Rebellion of 1745, he fled to France, where, being a good

dancer, he hoped to get a living by his heels.

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nose, on the pommel of which he balances a tobacco-pipe, and on its bowl two eggs erect! With his left forefinger he sustains a chair with a dog sitting in it, and two feathers standing erect on the nobs; and to shew the strength of his wrist, there are two weights of 100lbs. each fastened to the legs of the chair!" &c. &c.

first sight.[1] The *Midas-eared Musician* scrapes

[1] "Sept. 8, 1757. Daily Advertiser. If the *lady* who stood near a *young gentleman* to see the *Dwarf Man and the Black in Bartholomew Fair*, on Wednesday evening, is single and will inform the gentleman (who means the strictest *honour*) where he may once more have the happiness of meeting her, she will be waited on by a person of fortune. The lady wore a black satin hat, puffed inside and out, a black cardinal, and a genteel sprigged gown."

on his violincello a teeth-setting-an-edge voluntary. *John Coan*,[1] the *Norfolk Pigmy*, motions us to his booth; and *Hale the Piper*[2] dancing his "*hornpipe*," bagpipes us a welcome to the fair!

"What," exclaimed the Laureat, "has become of this century of mountebanks? Ha! not one moving—still as the grave!"

Mr. Bosky was not often pathetic; but, being suddenly surprised into sentimentality, it is impossible to say what melancholy reflections might have resulted from the *Merrie Mysteries*, had not the landlord interrupted him by ushering into the room Uncle Timothy.

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[1] This celebrated dwarf exhibited at *Bartholomew Fair*, Aug. 17, 1752.

[2] Under an engraving of *Hale the Piper*, by Sutton Nicholls, are the *music* to his *hornpipe*, and the following lines.

"Before three monarchs I my skill did prove,
Of many lords and knights I had the love;
There's no musician e'er did know the peer
Of *Hale the Piper* in fair *Darby Shire*.
The consequence in part you here may know,
Pray look upon his *hornpipe* here below."

Hail! modest piper, and farewell!

"Welcome, illustrious brother!" shouted Deputy Doublechin. "Better late than never!"

Uncle Timothy greeted the President, nodded to all around, and shook hands with some old stagers nearest the chair.

"Gentlemen," continued the enthusiastic deputy, brimming Uncle Tim's glass, "our noble Vice drinks to all your good healths. Bravo! this looks like the merry old times! We have not a moment to lose. To-morrow prostrates this ancient roof-tree! Shall it be sawed asunder unsung? No, Uncle Timothy,—no! rather let it tumble to a dying fall!"

The satirical-nosed gentleman would as soon have been suspected of picking a pocket as eschewing a pun.

"Your eloquence, Mr. Deputy, is irresistible,—"*Man* anticipates *Time* in the busy march of destruction. His own mortal frame, broken by intemperance, becomes a premature ruin; he fells the stately oak in the towering majesty of its verdure and beauty; he razes the glorious temple *hallowed by Time!* and the ploughshare passes over the sacred spot it once dignified and adorned!

Man is ever quarrelling with *Time*. *Time* flies too swiftly; or creeps too slowly. His distempered vision conjures up a dwarf or a giant; hence *Time* is too short, or *Time* is too long! Now *Time* hangs heavy on his hands; yet for most things he cannot find *Time!* Though *time*-serving, he makes a lackey of *Time;* asking *Time* to pay his debts; *Time* to eat his dinner; *Time* for all things! He abuses *Time*, that never gave him a hard word; and, in a fit of *ennui*, to *get rid of himself*, he kills *Time;* which is never recovered, but lost in *Eternity!*" And Uncle Timothy, keeping time and the tune, sang his retrospective song of

OLD TIME.

From boyhood to manhood, in fair and rough weather,
Old Time! you and I we have jogg'd on together;
Your touch has been gentle, endearing, and bland;
A fond *father* leading his *son* by the hand!

In the morning of life, ah! how tottering my tread—
(True symbol of age ere its journey is sped!)
But *Time* gave me courage, and fearless I ran—
I held up my head, and I march'd like a man!

Old Time brought me friendship, and swift flew the hours;
Life seem'd an Elysium of sunshine and flowers!

The flowers, but in memory, bear odour and bloom ;
And the sun set on friendship, laid low in the tomb !

Yet, *Time*, shall I blame thee, tho' youth's happy glow
Is fled from my cheeks, that my locks are grey ?—No !
What more can I wish (not abusing my prime)
To pilot me home, than a friend like *Old Time* ?

CHAPTER IX.

"QUITE *at home*" is a comfortable phrase! A man may be in his own house, and "*not at home*;" or a hundred miles away from it, and yet "*quite at home.*" "*Quite at home*" denotes absence of restraint (save that which good breeding imposes), ostentatious display, affected style, and the petty annoyances of your small gentry, who clumsily ape their betters. Good entertainment, congenial company, pleasant discourse, the whole seasoned with becoming mirth, and tempered with elegance and refinement, make a man "*Quite at home.*" "*Not at home*" is when *Mister* mimics Captain Grand, and *Madam* is in her tantrums; when our reception is freezing, and the guests are as sour as the wine; when no part or interest is taken in our pursuits and amusements; when frowns and discouragements darken our

threshold; when the respect that is paid us by others is coldly received, or wilfully perverted by those whose duty it is to welcome to our hearth the grateful tribute; and when we are compelled to fly *from* home in order to be *at* home. "*Quite at home*" is quite the contrary! Then are affection, cheerfulness, mutual confidence, and sympathy, our household gods: every wish is anticipated, every sorrow soothed, and every pleasure shared!

Mr. Bosky, in his snug dining-parlour, entertaining a small party, was "*Quite at home!*" There were present, Mr. Merripall, Deputy Doublechin, Mr. Crambo the Werter-faced young gentleman, who looked (as the comical coffin-maker hinted) "in prime twig to take a journey down a pump!" Mr. Titlepage of Type Crescent; Mr. Flumgarten (who had left his "*Hollyhock*" to "waste her sweetness" on *Pa*, *Ma*, and *Master Guy Muff!*); and Borax Bumps, Esq. the craniologist. 'Tis an easy thing to collect diners-out. High-feeding; the pleasure of criticising the taste of our host; quizzing his cuisine, and reckoning to a shade the expence of taking "the shine"

out of him when *we* have our revenge! never fail to attract a numerous gathering. "Seeing company," in the *fashionable* sense of the word, is a series of attempts to eclipse those who are civil or silly enough to entertain us. Extremes belong to man only. There are some niggards who shut out all society; fasting themselves and making their doors fast!

Plentiful cheer, good humour, and a hearty welcome enlivened Mr. Bosky's table, the shape of which was after the fashion of *King Arthur's*, and the beef (this Mr. Bosky called having a *round* with his friends!) was after the fashion of the table. The party would have been a round dozen, but for the temporary absence of Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig, who stood sentinel at a couple of door-posts round the corner, and were not expected to be off guard until a few glasses had gone round. The conversation was various and animated. Deputy Doublechin, who had a great genius for victuals, declaimed with civic eloquence upon the *on*-and-*off*-the-river champagne, white bait, venison and turtle treats, for which Gog and Magog, and the City Chamber

"*stood Sam;*" the comical coffin-maker rambled on a pleasant excursion to the cemeteries; Mr. Titlepage discoursed fluently upon waste demy; Mr. Bumps examined the craniums of the company, commencing with the "*destructive,*" "*adhesive,*" "*acquisitive,*" "*imaginative,*" and "*philo-progenitive*" developements of Deputy Doublechin; Mr. Flumgarten, who was "*Quite at home!*" proved himself a master of every subject, and was most facetious and entertaining; and the Bard of Bleeding Hart Yard, after reciting a couplet of his *epitaph* upon an heroic young gentleman who was hung in chains,

"My uncle's son lies here below,
And rests at peace—when the wind don't blow!"

sang, *moderato con anima*, his

LEGEND OF KING'S-CROSS.

Those blythe Bow bells! those blythe Bow bells! a merry peal they ring,
And see a band of beaux and belles as jocund as the spring;
But who is she with gipsy hat and smart pink satin shoes?
The lily fair of *Jockey's Fields*, the darling of the *mews*.

But where is jimmy Ostler John, whom folks call "stable Jack"?
Alas! he cannot dance the hey, his heart is on the rack.
The Corp'ral 's cut him to the core, who marries Betsy Brown;
The winter of his discontent he spends at Somers' Town.

A pot of porter off he toss'd, then gave his head a toss,
And look'd cross-buttocks when he met his rival at King's-Cross;
The Corp'ral held right gallantly to widows, maids, and wives,
A bunch of roses in his fist, and Jack his bunch of fives.

Cry'd Betsy Brown, "All Troy I 'll to a tizzy bet, 'tis he!
I never thought to see you more, methought you went to sea:
That you, the crew, and all your togs, (a mouthful for a shark!)
Good for nothing, graceless dogs! had perish'd in a bark."

"I 'm him as was your lover true, O perjur'd Betsy Brown!
Your spark from Dublin up, I 'll soon be doubling up in town!
If, Pat, you would divine the cause, behold this nymph divine;
You 've won the hand of Betsy Brown, now try a taste of *mine!*"

The Corp'ral laid a bet he'd beat, but Betsy held her rib—
" Be aisy, daisy !—Lying lout ! we 'll see which best can fib !
A trick worth two I 'll shew you, by St. Patrick, merry saint !"
Poor Betsy fainted in his arms—the Corp'ral made a feint.
Jack ey'd the pump, and thither hied, and filled a bucket quick,
And chuck'd it o'er his chuck, for fear she should the bucket kick ;
Then gave a tender look, and join'd a tender in the river—
What afterwards became of him we never could *diskiver*.

" The City of London and the trade thereof," and other standing toasts, having been drunk with the accustomed honours, Uncle Timothy addressed Mr. Bosky,

" Thy *Epilogue*, Benjamin. Drop we the curtain on this mountebank drama, and cry quittance to conjurors."

Mr. Bosky. But what is an *Epilogue* without a dress coat, a *chapeau bras*, black velvets and paste buckles ? *Nous verrons !*

And the Laureat rose, put on a stage face, stood tea-pot fashion, and poured out his soul.

MR. BOSKY. Knights of the *Table Round!* in verse sublime,
I fain would tell how once upon a time,
When *George the Second*, royally interr'd,
Resign'd his sceptre to *King George the Third*——

UNCLE TIM. *Bosky*, dismounting *Pegasus*, suppose
You sit, and speak your *epilogue* in *prose*,
Not in falsetto flat, and thro' the nose,
Like those
Who warble "knives to grind," and cry
"old clothes!"

Mr. Bosky (resuming his seat and natural voice). The *monarch*, glorying in the name of *Briton*, assumed the imperial diadem amidst the acclamations of his loyal subjects; the *mime*, though *not* Briton born, but *naturalized*, had done nothing to alienate his right comical peers, or diminish his authority in the High Court and Kingdom of Queerummania. But *Punch* had fallen on evil times and tongues. A few sticks of the rotten edifice of *utilitarianism* had been thrown together; men began to prefer the dry, prickly husks of disagreeable truths, to the whipt-syllabubs of pleasant fiction; all recreations were

resolving themselves in "*Irishman's Holiday;*" (*change of work!*) the vivacity of small beer, and the strength of workhouse gruel! an unjolly spirit had again come over the nation; and people thought that by making this world a hell upon earth, they were nearer on their road to heaven! The contemporaries of *Punch*, too, had declined in respectability. A race of inferior conjurors succeeded to the cups and balls of *Mr. Fawkes;* the equilibrists and vaulters[1] danced more like a pea on a tobacco-pipe, than artists on the wire; and a troop of barn-door fowls profaned the classic

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[1] "Mr. Maddox balances on his chin seven pipes in one another; a chair, topsy-turvy, and a coach-wheel. Also a sword on the edge of a wine-glass; several glasses brim full of liquor; two pipes, cross-ways, on a hoop; a hat on his nose; and stands on his head while the wire is in full swing, without touching it with his hands." These performances he exhibited at Sadler's Wells, the Haymarket Theatre, &c. from 1753 to 1770.

"At the New Theatre Royal in the Haymarket this day, the 24th October, 1747, will be performed by a native Turk, Mahommed Caratha, the most surprising equilibres on the slack-rope, without a balance.

"Perhaps where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance."

boards on which *Dogget*, *Pinkethman*, and *Spiller*, once crowed so triumphantly. Dame *Nature*, whose freaks in former times had contributed much to the amusement of the fair, turned spiteful—for children were born perversely well-proportioned; so that a dwarf ("*Homunculi quanti sunt cum recogito!*") became a great rarity in the monster market; giants, like ground in the city, fetched three guineas a foot; humps rose, and the woods and forests were hunted for wild men. The same contradictory spirit ruled the animal creation. Cows had heretofore been born with a plurality of heads; and calves without tails were frequently retailed in the market. The pig, whose aptitude for polite learning had long been proverbial, sulked over his A B C, and determined to be a dunce; the dog[1] refused to be

[1] In the year 1753, "Mrs. Midnight's company" played at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. A monkey acted the part of a waiter; and three dogs, as *Harlequin*, *Pierrot*, and *Columbine*, rivalled their two-legged competitors; a town was besieged by dogs, and defended by monkeys, the latter tumbling their assailants over the battlements. The dogs and monkeys performed a grand ballet; and a couple of dogs, booted and spurred, mounted a brace of monkeys, and gallopped off in Newmarket style. We are not quite certain

taught to dance; and the monkey,[1] at all times a trump-card, forswore spades and diamonds. There was a mortality among the old dwarfs and Merry Andrews;[2] and the glory of Bartlemy Fair, *Roast Pig*, had departed! That

whether Mrs. Midnight and her comedians travelled so far east as Smithfield Rounds.

[1] Spinacuta's monkey amused the French King and Court by dancing and tumbling on the slack and tight rope; balancing a chandelier, a hoop, and a tobacco-pipe, on the tip of his nose and chin, and making a melodramatic exit in a shower of fireworks. He afterwards exhibited at Sadler's Wells and Bartholomew Fair.

[2] "August 31, 1768. Died Jonathan Gray, aged nearly *one hundred years*, the famous *Merry Andrew*, who formerly exhibited at the *fairs* about London, and gained great applause by his acting at *Covent Garden Theatre*, in the entertainment called *Bartholomew Fair*."

"October 3, 1777. Yesterday, died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Thomas Carter, the *dwarf*, who was exhibited at last

crackling dainty, which would make a man *manger son propre père!* gave place to horrible fried sausages, from which even the mongrels and tabbies of Smithfield instinctively turned aside with anti-cannibal misgivings! Unsavoury links! fizzing, fuming, bubbling, and squeaking in their own abominable black broth! "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten mine imagination!" Your Bartlemy Fair kitchen is not the spice islands.

In 1614 one of *Dame Ursula's* particular orders to *Mooncalf* was to froth the cans well. In 1655,

> "For a *penny* you may see a fine puppet play,
> And for *two-pence* a rare piece of art;
> And a *penny* a can, I dare swear a man
> May put *six* (!) of 'em into a *quart*."

Only six! Mark to what immeasurable enormity these subdivisions of cans had risen fifty years after. Well might *Roger in Amaze*[1] exclaim,

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Bartholomew Fair. He was about 25 years of age, measuring only three feet four inches high. It is supposed that *over drinking* at the fair caused his death."

[1] "Roger in Amaze; or the Countryman's Ramble through Bartholomew Fair. To the tune of the *Dutch Woman's Jigg*. 1701."

"They brought me cans which cost a *penny* a piece, adsheart,
I 'm zure *twelve* (!!) ne'er could fill our country *quart*."

"Remember twelve!" Yet these were days of comparative honesty—"a ragged virtue," which, as better clothes came in fashion, was cast off by the drawers, and an indescribable liquid succeeded, not in a great measure, but "small by degrees and beautifully less," to the transcendant tipple of *Michael Roots*. From the wry faces and twinges of modern drinkers (it seems impossible to stand *upright* in the presence of a Bartlemy Fair brewing!) we guess the tap has not materially improved. The advance of prices on the "*fine puppet play*"[1] and the two-penny "*rare piece of art*," were not resisted; the O.P.'s were

[1] "Let me never live to look so high as the *two-penny* room again," says Ben Jonson, in his prologue to Every Man out of his Humour, acted at the Globe, in 1599. The price of the "*best rooms*," or *boxes*, was *one shilling*; of the lower places *two-pence*, and of some places only *a penny*. The *two-penny* room was the *gallery*. Thus Decker, "Pay your *two-pence* to a player, and you may sit in the *gallery*."—Bellman's Night Walk. And Middleton, "One of them is a nip, I took him once into the *two-penny gallery* at the Fortune." In Every Man out of his Humour there is also mention of "*the lords' room over the stage*." The "*lords' room*" answered to the present *stage-boxes*. The price of them was originally *one*

made to mind their P's and Q's by the terrors of the Pied Poudre.

For many dismal seasons the fair dragged on from hand to mouth, hardly allowing its exhibitors (in the way of refection) to put the one to the other. And though my Lord Mayor[1] and the keeper of Newgate might take it cool, (in a tankard!) it was no laughing matter to the hungry mountebank, who could grin nobody into his booth; to the thirsty musician (who had swallowed many a butt!) grinding on his barrel; and the starved balladmonger (corn has ears, but not for music!) singing for his bread. We hasten to more prosperous times. "Another glass, and then." Yet, ere the sand of the present shall have run out, good night to St. Bartholomew! We cannot say with *Mr. Mawworm*, "We likes to be despised!" nor are we emulous of "*crackers*," unless they appertain unto wine and walnuts. But, sooner than

shilling. Thus Decker, in his Gull's Hornbook, 1609, "At a new play you take up the *twelve-penny room* next the stage, because the *lords* and you may seem to be hail fellow, well met."

[1] On the morning the fair is proclaimed, according to ancient custom, his Magnificence the Mayor drinks "*a cool tankard*," (*not* of *aqua pura*,) with that retentive knight, the keeper of Newgate.

our grotesque friends shall want a chronicler, we will apostrophise the learned pig, the pig-faced lady, and the most delicate monster that smokes his link for a cigar, picks his teeth with a hay-fork, and takes his snuff with a fire-shovel. Not that we love *Sir Andrew* less, but that we love *St. Bartlemy* more.

Higman Palatine[1] in 1763 delighted the court at Richmond Palace, and the commonalty at the "Rounds," with his "surprising deceptions;" and, gibing his heel, followed the toe of *Mr. Breslaw.*[2]

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[1] "Mr. Palatine exhibits with pigeons, wigs, oranges, cards, handkerchiefs, and pocket-pieces; and swallows knives, forks, punch-ladles, and candle-snuffers."

[2] In 1775, Breslaw performed at Cockspur Street, Haymarket, and in after years at Hughes's Riding School and Bartholomew Fair. Being at Canterbury with his troop, he met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens, and promised to give the profits of a night's conjuration to the *poor*, if the parish would pay for hiring a room, &c. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts. "I have already disposed of dem," said Breslaw,—"de profits were for de *poor*. I have kept my promise, and given de money to *my own people*, who are de *poorest* in dis parish!"—"Sir!" exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a *trick!*"—"I know it," replied Hocus Pocus,—"I live by my *tricks!*"

In after years there fell on *Mr. Lane*[1] ('tis a long lane that has never a turning!) a remnant of *Fawkes's* mantle. But was not our conjuror ("you must borrow me the mouth of *Gargantua!*") and his "*Enchanted Sciatoricon*," a little too much in advance of the age? The march of intellect[2] had not set in with a very strong

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[1] "Grand Exhibition by Mr. Lane, first performer to the King, opposite the Hospital Gate. His *Enchanted Sciatoricon* will discover to the company the exact time of the day by any watch, though the watch may be in the pocket of a person five miles off. The *Operation Palingenesia:* any spectator sending for a couple of eggs, may take the choice of them, and the egg, being broke, produces a living bird of the species desired, which in half a minute receives its full plumage, and flies away. The other egg will, at the request of the company, leap from one hat to another, to the number of twenty." Then follow "His *Unparalleled Sympathetic Figures*," "*Magical Tea Caddie*," and above one hundred other astonishing tricks for the same money.

[2] This is the age of progression. Intellect and steam are on the quick march and full gallop. Butchers' boys, puffing cigars, and lapping well-diluted caldrons of "Hunt's Roasted," illuminate with penny lore the hitherto unclassic shambles of Whitechapel and Leadenhall. The mechanic, far advanced in intelligence and gin, roars "*animal parliaments, universal suffering, and vote by bullet.*" And the Sunday School Solomon, on being asked by *meo magister*, "Who was *Jesse?*" lisps "*the Flower of Dumblain!*"—"When was *Rome* built, my little intelligence?"—"In the *night*, sir."—"Eh! How?"—

current. The three R's (*reading*, *'riting*, and *'rithmetic!*) comprehended the classical attainments of a City Solon and a Tooley Street Socrates. But we have since advanced to the learning of *Mr. Lane;* like the lady, who complained to the limner that her portrait looked too ancient for her, and received from Mr. Brush this pertinent reply, "Madam, you will grow more and more like it every day!" *Ingleby*,[1] "emperor of conjurors," (who let his magic cat out of the bag in a printed book of legerdemain,) and Gyngell played, only with *new variations*, the same old sleight-of-hand tricks over again. The wizard's art is down among the dead men.

As "dead men" died on the Laureat's lips, the

"Because I've heerd grandmother say, *Rome* warn't built in a *day!*"—"*Avez vous du mal, monsieur?*" was the question put to a young Englishman, after a turn over in the French diligence.—"*Non,*" replied the *six-lessons linguist*, "*Je n'ai qu'un portmanteau!*"

[1] "*Theurgicomination!* or New Magical Wonders, by Sieur Ingleby. He plays all sorts of tricks upon cards; exhibits his *Pixidees Metallurgy*, or tricks upon medals; and *Operation in Popysomance*, being the art of discovering people's thoughts. Any gentleman may cut off a cock's head, and at the Sieur's bidding it shall leap back to its old quarters, chanticleer giving three crows for its recovery!"

joyous presence was announced of Mr. Hercules Hatband and Mr. Stanislaus Stiflegig. Uncle Timothy proposed a glass round; and to make up for lost time (in a libation to mountebanks), tumblers for the mutes.

"Our nephew 'is fat, and scant of breath;' we will give him a few minutes to recruit. Marmaduke Merripall, I call upon you for a song."

"An excellent call! Uncle Timothy," shouted Deputy Doublechin.

Up jumped Borax Bumps, Esq. and running his shoulder of mutton palms with scientific velocity over the curly-wigged cranium of the comical coffin-maker, he emphatically pronounced the "*organ of tune*" to exhibit a musical Pelion among its intellectual nodosities.

"I should take your father, sir, to have been a parish clerk, from this mountainous developement of Sternhold and Hopkins."

"My *song* shall be a *toast*," said the comical coffin-maker:

"TOASTED CHEESE!"

Taffy ap-Tudor he couldn't be worse—
The Leech having bled him in person and purse,
His cane at his nose, and his fee in his fob,
Bow'd off, winking *Crape* to look out for a job.

"Hur Taffy will never awake from his nap!
Ap-Tudor! ap-Jones! oh!" cried nurse Jenny-ap-
Shenkin ap-Jenkin ap-Morgan ap-Rice—
But Taffy turn'd round, and call'd out in a trice,

"Jenny ap-Rice, hur could eat something nice,
A dainty Welch rabbit—go toast hur a slice
Of cheese, if you please, which better agrees
With the tooth of poor Taffy than physic and fees."

A pound Jenny got, and brought to his cot
The prime double Glo'ster, all hot! piping hot!
Which being a bunny without any bones,
Was custard with mustard to Taffy ap-Jones.

"Buy some leeks, Jenny, and brew hur some caudle—
No more black doses from Doctor McDawdle!"
Jenny stew'd down a bunch into porridge, (Welch punch!)
And Taffy, Cot pless him! he wash'd down his lunch.

On the back of his hack next morn Doctor Mac
Came to see Jenny preparing her black!
Ap answer'd his rap in a white cotton cap,
With *another* Welch rabbit just caught in his trap!

"A gobbling? you ghost!" the Leech bellow'd loud,
"Does your mother know, Taffy, you're out of your shroud?"
"Hur physic'd a week—at hur very last squeak,
Hur try'd toasted cheese and decoction of leek."

"I'm pocketting fees for the self-same disease
From the dustman next door — I'll prescribe toasted cheese
And leek punch for lunch!" But the remedy fails—
What *kills* Pat from *Kilmore*, *cures* Taffy from *Wales*.

CHAPTER X.

"In the year 1776," continued the Laureat, "*Mr. Philip Astley*[1] transferred his equestrian troop to the 'Rounds.' To him succeeded *Saunders*,[2] who brought forward into the 'circle' that 'wonderful child of promise,' his *son*, accompanied by *the tailor riding to Brentford!* To thee, *Billy Button!* and thy '*Buffo Caricatto*,' *Thompson*, the tumbler, we owe some of the heartiest laughs of our youthful days. Ods 'wriggling, giggling, galloping, galloway,' we have made merry in St. Bartlemy!"

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[1] In the early part of his career Mr. Astley paraded the streets of London, and dealt out his hand-bills to the *servants* and *apprentices* whom his *trumpet* and *drum* attracted to the doors as he passed along.

[2] "Master Saunders, only seven years old, jumps through a hoop, and brings it over his head, and dances a hornpipe on the saddle, his horse going three-quarters speed round the circle! The Tailor riding to Brentford, by Mr. Belcher.—Bartholomew Fair, 1796."

There were grand doings at the fair in 1786, 87 and 88. *Palmer*, "at the Greyhound," placarded Harlequin Proteus, and the Tailor done over. At the George Inn, *Mr. Flockton* exhibited the Italian Fantoccini, and the Tinker in a bustle. *Mr. Jobson*[1] put his puppets in motion; *Mrs. Garman's* caravan, with the classical motto, *Hoc tempus et non aliter*, advertised vaulting by the juvenile imp. "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen," cried *Mr. Smith*, near the Swan Livery Stables; "and be enchanted among the rocks, fountains, and waterfalls of art!" *Patrick O'Brien* (o'ertopping *Henry Blacker*,[2] the seven feet four inches giant of 1761,) arrived in his tea-kettle. A *goose*, instructed by a *poll parrot*, sang

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[1] *Mr. Jobson* added the following verses to his bill:

"Prithee come, my lads and lasses,
Jobson's oddities let 's see;
Where there 's mirth and smiling faces,
And good store of fun and glee!
Pleasant lads and pretty lasses,
All to *Jobson's* haste away;
Point your toes, and brim your glasses!
And enjoy a cheerful day."

[2] "*Mr. O'Brien* measures eight feet four inches in height, but lives in hopes of attaining *nine* feet," the family altitude!

several popular songs. Three *turkeys* danced cotillons and minuets. The military *ox* went through his manual exercise; and the *monkey* taught the *cow* her horn-book. *Ive's* company of comedians played "The Wife well managed," to twenty-eight different audiences in one day! The *automaton Lady;* the *infant musical phenomenon without arms*, and another *phenomenon*, equally infantine and musical, *without legs;* a *three-legged heifer*, with four nostrils; a *hen web-footed*, and a *duck* with a *cock's* head, put forth their several attractions. *Messrs. White*, at the Lock and Key, sold capital *punch; savoury sausages* (out-frying every other fry in the fair,) fizzed at "the *Grunter's Ordinary* or *Relish-Warehouse*, in Hosier Lane; and Pie-Corner rang with the screeching drollery of *Mr. Mountebank Merry Andrew Macphinondraughanarmonbolinbrough!* The "wonderful antipodean," *Sieur Sanches*, who walked against the ceiling with his head downwards, and a flag in his hand; *Louis Porte*[1] ("Hercule du Roi!") a French equili-

[1] *Louis Porte* was an inoffensive giant. Not so our *English* monsters. On the 10th of Sept. 1787, a *Bartlemy Fair*

brist; *Pietro Bologna*, a dancer on the slack-wire; *Signor Placida* ("the Little Devil!"); "*La Belle Espagnole*" (on the tight-rope); the "real wild man of the woods;"[1] the dancing-dogs of *Sieur Scaglioni*;[2] *General Jacko*,[3] and *Pidcock's*[4] menagerie, (to which succeeded those

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Giant was brought before Sir William Plomer at Guildhall, for knocking out two of his manager's fore-teeth, for which the magistrate fined him two guineas per tooth! In March 1841, a *giantess*, six feet nine inches high, from Modern Athens and Bartholomew Fair, killed her husband in a booth at Glasgow; and in the same year, at Barnard-Castle Easter Fair, a *giant* stole a change of linen from a hedge, for which he was sent to prison for three months.

On the 26th May, 1555, (see Strype's Memorials,) there was a May-game at St. Martin's in the Fields, with *giants* and hobby-horses, drums, guns, morris-dancers, and minstrels.

[1] "This *Ethiopian savage* has a black face, with a large white circle round it. He sits in a chair in a very pleasing and majestic attitude; eats his food like a Christian, and is extremely affable and polite."

[2] These dogs danced an allemand, mimicked a lady spinning, and a deserter going to execution, attended by a chaplain, (a dressed-up puppy!) in canonicals.

[3] "June 17, 1785, at Astley's, *General Jacko* performs the broad-sword exercise; dances on the tight-rope; balances a pyramid of lights; and lights his master home with a link." In the following September the General opened his campaign at *Bartholomew Fair*.

[4] "Were you to range the mighty globe all o'er,
From east to west, from north to southern shore;

of *Polito* and *Wombwell*,) one and all drove a roaring trade at Bartholomew Fair.

We chronicle not the gods, emperors, dark bottle-green demons, and indigo-blue nondescripts that have *since* strutted their hour upon the boards of "Richardson's Grand Theatrical Booth."[1] They, like every dog, have had their day; and comical dogs were most of them!

Of the modern minstrelsy of the "Rounds," the lyrics of *Mr. Johannot*, *Joe Grimaldi*, and the very merry hey down derry, "*Neighbour Prig*" song of *Charles Mathews*,[2] are amusing specimens.

Under the line of torrid zone to go,—
No deserts, woods, groves, mountains, more can shew
To you, than *Pidcock* in his forest small—
Here, at one view, you have a sight of all."

[1] In Sept. 1806, *Mr. and Mrs. Carey* (the reputed father and mother of *Edmund Kean*, the tragedian,) played at Richardson's Theatre, *Bartholomew Fair*, the *Baron Montaldi* and his *daughter*, in a gallimaufry of love, murder, brimstone, and blue fire, called "*The Monk and Murderer, or the Skeleton Spectre!*"

[2] *Mathews* was the Hogarth of the stage; his characters are as finely discriminated, as vigorously drawn, as highly finished, and as true to nature, as those of the great painter of mankind. His perception of the eccentric and outré was intuitive;—his range of observation comprehended human nature

What more than a hasty glance can we afford

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in all its varieties; he caught not only the *manner*, but the *matter* of his originals; and while he hit off with admirable exactness the peculiarities of individuals, their very turn of thought and modes of expression were given with equal truth. In this respect he surpassed *Foote*, whose mimicry seldom went beyond personal deformities and physical defects,—a blinking eye, a lame leg, or a stutter. He was a satirist of the first class, without being a caricaturist; exhibiting folly in all its Protean shapes, and laughing it out of countenance,—a histrionic Democritus! His gallery of faces was immense. He had as many physiognomies as Argus had eyes. The extraordinary and the odd, the shrewd expression of knavish impudence, the rosy contentedness of repletion, the vulgar stare of boorish ignorance, and the blank fatuity of idiocy, he called up with a flexibility that had not been witnessed since the days of Garrick. Many of his most admired portraits were creations of his own: the old Scotchwoman, the Idiot playing with a Fly, Major Longbow, &c. &c. The designs for his "At Homes" were from the same source; meaner artists filled in the back-ground, but the figures stood forth in full relief, the handiwork of their unrivalled impersonator. Who but remembers his narration of the story of the *Gamester*, his Monsieur Mallét, and particular parts of Monsieur Morbleu?—Nothing could be more delightful than his representation of the "*pauvre barbier.*" He had the air, the biensèance of the *Chevalier*, who had danced a minuet at the "*Cour de Versailles.*" His *petit chanson*, "*C'est l' Amour!*" and his accompanying capers, were exquisitely *French*. His transitions from gaiety to sadness—from restlessness to civility—his patient and impatient shrugs, were admirably given.

In legitimate comedy, his old men and intriguing valets were excellent; while Lingo, Quotem, Nipperkin, Midas

the *Wild Indian Warriors*; the *Enchanted Ske-*

Sharp, Wiggins, &c. &c. in farce, have seldom met with merrier representatives. His broken English was superb; his country boobies were unsophisticated nature; and his Paddies the richest distillation of whisky and praties. He was the finest burletta singer of his day, and in his patter songs, his rapidity of utterance and distinctness of enunciation were truly wonderful.

His Dicky Suett in pawn for the cheesecakes and raspberry tarts at the pastry-cook's, in St. Martin's Court, was no less faithful than convulsing; Tate Wilkinson, Cooke, Jack Bannister, and Bensley, were absolute resurgams; and if he was not the identical Charles Incledon, "there's no purchase in money."

He was the first actor that introduced *Jonathan* into England, for the entertainment of his laughter-loving brothers and sisters. The vraisemblance was unquestionable, and the effect prodigious.

A kindred taste for pictures, prints, and theatrical relics, often brought the *writer* into his company. At his pleasant Thatched Cottage at Kentish Town, rising in the midst of green lawns, flower-beds, and trellis-work, fancifully wreathed and overgrown with jasmine and honey-suckles! was collected a more interesting museum of dramatic curiosities than had ever been brought together by the industry of one man. Garrick medals in copper, silver, and bronze; a lock of his hair; the garter worn by him in Richard the Third; his Abel Drugger shoes; his Lear wig; his walking-stick; the managerial chair in which he kept his state in the green-room of Old Drury; the far-famed *Casket* (now in the possession of the writer) carved out of the mulberry-tree planted by *Shakspere*; the sandals worn by John Kemble in Coriolanus on the last night of that great actor's performance, and presented by him to his ardent admirer on that memorable occasion,

leton; Comical Joe on his Piggy-Wiggy; the

were all regarded by Mathews as precious relics. He was glad of his sandals, he wittily remarked, since he never could hope to stand in his shoes! The Penruddock stick, and Hamlet wig were also carefully preserved. So devoted was he to his art, and so just and liberal in his estimation of its gifted professors, that he lost no opportunity of adding to his interesting store some visible tokens by which he might remember them.

He was the friendliest of men. The facetious companion never lost sight of the gentleman; he scorned to be the buffoon—the professional lion of a party, however exalted by rank. It was one of his boasts—a noble and a proud one too!—that the hero of a hundred fights, the conqueror of France, the Prince of Waterloo! received him at his table, not as *Punch*, but as a private gentleman. He had none of the low vanity that delights to attract the pointed finger. He was content with his supremacy on the stage—an universal imitator, himself inimitable!

In the summer of 1830, we accompanied him to pay the veteran *Quick* a visit at his snug retreat at Islington. *Tony Lumpkin* (then in his seventy-fifth year), with little round body, flaring eye, fierce strut, turkey-cock gait, rosy gills, flaxen wig, blue coat, shining buttons, white vest, black silk stockings and smalls, bright polished shoes, silver buckles, and (summer and winter) blooming and fragrant bouquet! received us at the door, with his comic treble! The meeting was cordial and welcome. No man than Quick was a greater enthusiast in his art, or more inquisitive of what was doing in the theatrical world. Of Ned Shuter he spoke in terms of unqualified admiration, as an actor of the broadest humour the stage had ever seen; and of Edwin, as a surpassing Droll, with a *vis comica* of extraordinary power. He considered Tom Weston, though in many respects a glorious actor, too rough a

and *Corder's*[1] execution "done to the *life!*" the *Indian Jugglers*; the *Reform Banquet*; *Mr. Haynes*, the fire-eater;[2] the *Chinese Conjuror*, who swallows fifty needles, which, after remaining some time in his throat, are pulled out threaded; the chattering, locomotive, laughing, lissom, light-heeled *Flying Pieman*; and the diverting humours of Richardson's clown, *Rumfungus Hookumsnookumwalkrisky?* This ark of oddities[3] must—

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[1] A *countryman* from Hertford, being in the gallery of Covent Garden Theatre, at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and hearing *Duncan* demand of *Malcolm*,

"Is execution done on *Cawdor?*"

exclaimed, "Yes, your honour? he was *hanged* this morning."

[2] June 7, 1826 at the *White Conduit House*, Islington, *Mons. Chabert*, after a luncheon of phosphorus, arsenic, oxalic acid, boiling oil, and molten lead, walked into a hot oven, preceded by a leg of lamb and a rumpsteak. On the two last, when properly baked, the spectators dined with him. An ordinary most extraordinary! Some wags insinuated that, if the *Salamander* was not "*done brown*," his *gulls* were!

[3] The following account of Bartlemy Fair *receipts*, in 1828, may be relied on:—*Wombwell's Menagerie*, 1700*l.*; *Atkins' ditto*, 1000*l.*; and *Richardson's Theatre*, 1200*l.*; the price of admission to each being sixpence. *Morgan's Menagerie*, 150*l.*; admission *threepence*. *Balls*, 80*l.*; *Ballard*, 89*l.*; *Keyes*, 20*l.*; *Frazer*, 26*l.*; *Pike*, 40*l.*; *Pig-faced Lady*, 150*l.*; *Corder's Head*, 100*l.*; *Chinese Jugglers*, 50*l.*; *Fat*

"Come like shadows, so depart."

MR. TITLEPAGE. With a little love, murder, larceny, and lunacy, Mr. Bosky, your monsters with two heads would cut capital figures on double crown.

MR. CRAMBO. If *I* had their drilling and dovetailing, a pretty episode should they make to my forthcoming Historical Romance of *Mother Brownrigg!* I've always a brace of plots at work, an upper and an under one, like two men at a saw-pit! Indeed, so horribly puzzled was I how to get decently over the *starvation* part of my story, till I hit upon the notable expedient of joining Mrs. B. in holy matrimony to a *New Poor Law Commissioner*, that it was a toss-up whether I hanged *myself* or my *heroine! That* union happily solemnised, and a few liberal drafts upon *Philosophical Necessity*, by way of floating capital, my plots, like Johnny Gilpin's wine-bottles, hung on each side of my Pegasus, and preserved my equipoise as I galloped over the course!

Boy and Girl, 140*l.*; *Salamander*, 30*l.*; *Diorama Navarin*, 60*l.*; *Scotch Giant*, 20*l.* The admission to the last twelve shows varied from twopence to one halfpenny.

By suspending the good lady's suspension till the end of vol. three (I don't cut her down to a single one), the interest is never suffered to drop till it reaches the *New* one. Or, as I 'm *doing* the *Newgate Calendar*, (I like to have two strings to my bow!) what say you, gents? if, in my fashionable novel of *Miss Blandy* (the Oxford lass, who popped off in her pumps for dosing —"*poison in jest!*"—her doting old dad,) St. Bartlemy and his conjurors were made to play first fiddle! D' ye think, friend Merripall, you could rake me up from your rarities a sketch of *Mother Brownrigg* coercing her apprentices? (*There* I am fearfully graphic! You may count every string in the lash, and every knot in the string!) A print of her execution? (*There* I melt Jack Ketch, and dissolve the turnkeys.) Or, an inch of the identical twine (duly attested by the *Ordinary!*) that compressed the jugular of *Miss Mary?*"

Mr. Merripall. I promise you all three, Mr. Crambo. Let the flogging and the finishing scene be engraved in mezzotinto, and the rope in line.

Uncle Timothy. Many years since I accom-

panied my old friend, *Charles Lamb*, to Bartholomew Fair. It was his pet notion to explore the droll-booths; perchance to regale in the "pens:" indeed, had *roast pig* ("a Chinese and a female," dredged at the critical moment, and done till it crackled delicately,) continued one of its tit-bits, he had bargained for an ear! "In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb," the game of jostling went on merrily; and when the nimble fingers of a *chevalier d'industrie* found their way into his pocket, he remarked that the poor rogue only wanted "*change!*" As little heeded he the penny rattles scraped down his back, and their frightful harmony dinned in his ears. Of a black magician, who was marvellously adroit with his daggers and gilt balls, he said, "That fellow is not only a *Negro man*, *sir*, but a *necromancer!*" He introduced himself to *Saunders*, whose fiery visage and scarlet surtout looked like Monmouth Street in a blaze! and the showman suspended a threatened blast from his speaking-trumpet to bid him welcome. A painted show-cloth announced in colossal capitals that a two-headed cow was to be seen at sixpence a head.

Elia inquired if it meant at per *our* heads or the *cow's?* On another was chalked "*Ladies and gentlemen*, two-pence; *servants*, one penny." *Elia* subscribed us the exhibitor's "most obedient *servants*," posted our plebeian pence, and passed in. We peeped into the puppet-shows; paid our respects to the wild animals; visited Gyngell and Richardson; patronised ("nobly daring!") a puff of the Flying Pieman's; and, such was his wild humour, all but ventured into a swing! This was a perilous joke! His fragile form canted out, and his neck broken! Then the unclassical evidence of the Bartlemy Fair folk at the "Crowner's 'quest." What a serio-comic chapter for a posthumous edition of *Elia's Last Essays!* Three *little sweeps* luxuriating over a dish of fried sausages caught his eye. *This* time he *would* have his way! We entered the "*parlour*," and on a dingy table-cloth, embroidered with mustard and gravy, were quickly spread before us, "hissing hot," some of "the best in the fair." His olfactory organs hinted that the "*odeur des graillons*" which invaded them was not that of *Monsieur Ude;* still he inhaled it

heroically, observing that, not to argue *dog*-matically, yet *cat*-egorically speaking, it reminded him of *cur*-ry. "Lunch time with us," quoth *Elia*, "is past, and dinner-time not yet come," and he passed over the steaming dish to our companions at the *table d'hôte*, with a kind welcome, and a winning smile. They stared, grinned, and all three fell to. We left them to their enjoyments; but not before *Elia* had slipped a silver piece into their little ebony palms. A copious libation to "*rare Ben Jonson*" concluded the day's sports. I never beheld him happier, more full of antique reminiscences, and gracious humanity.

"The peace of heaven,
The fellowship of all good souls go with him!"

Uncle Timothy rose to retire.

"One moment, sir," said the Laureat; "we have not yet had Mr. Flumgarten's song."

"My *singing* days, Cousin Bosky, are over," replied the ill-matched hubby of the "*Hollyhock*;" "but, if it please the company, I will tell them a *tale*."

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Merripall, having gathered that the tale was of a *ghostly* character, would not suffer the candles to be snuffed, but requested his mutes to sprinkle over them a pinch or two of salt, that they might burn appropriately *blue*. He would have given his gold repeater for a *death-watch;* and when a *coffin* bounced out to him from the fire (howbeit it might be carrying coals to Newcastle!) he hailed it as a pleasant omen. Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig, catching the jocular infection, brightened up amazingly.

Three Churches all of a row.

Fytte I.

If you journey westward—ho,
Three churches all of a row,
Ever since the days of the Friars,
Have lifted to Heaven their ancient spires.
The bells of the third are heard to toll—

For *Pauper, Dives?*
Pastor, Cives?
For a rich or a poor man's soul?

Winding round the sandy mound
Coaches and four, feathers and pall,
Startle the simple villagers all!
Sable mutes, death's recruits!
Marshall the hearse to the holy ground.
Eight stout men the coffin bear—
What a creak is here! what a groan is there!
As the marching corps toil through the church door—
For the rich dead must be buried in lead;
Their pamper'd forms are too good for the worms!
They cheat in dust, as they cheated before.
Mumbles the parson, and mumbles the clerk,
Prayer, response,
All for the nonce!
Who shall shrive the soul of a shark?

Slides the coffin deep in the ground;
Earth knocks the lid with a hollow sound!
It lies in state, and the silver'd plate
Glares in the ghastly sepulchre round!
Death has his dole!
At last, at last the body's nail'd fast!
But *who* has the soul?

See a *mourner* slowly retire,
With a conscience ill at ease
For opening graves and burial fees,

He hath yet to pay *his* debt,—
Tho' Heaven delays, can Heaven forget?
Forget? As soon as the sun at noon,
That gilds yon spire,
Shall cease to roll—or *that mourner's* soul
Itself expire!

Fytte II.

Swift the arrow, eagle's flight,
Thought, sensation, sound, and light!
But swift *indeed* is the spirit's speed
To the glory of day, or the darkness of night!

Who knocks at the brazen gate? A fare
By the ferryman row'd to the gulf of despair!

With hissing snakes twisted into a thong,
(" I drove you *on earth*, I drive you *below*,
Gee up! gee up! old *Judas*, gee ho!")
A furious crone whipp'd a spirit along!—
Her blood-shot sight
Caught the ferryman's sprite;
" Welcome! welcome!" she shriek'd with delight,—
" Thy *father* is *here* for his gifts to me,
And here am *I*, his torment to be "—
(And the cruel crone
Lash'd out a groan!
A deep-drawn breath
From the ribs of death,

Where the undying worm gnaw'd the marrowless bone!)
" For what I have given *thy brethren* and *thee!*
Gold was to keep up our *family name.*"

SPIRIT.

A penny-wise fame!
It *has* kept it up! for 'tis written in shame
On earth: and, behold! in *that* bright shining flame!

OLD MAN.

Death so soon to knock at thy door!
And send thee hither at forty and four.

SPIRIT.

My sire! my sire! unholy desire,
The hypocrite's guile,
Mask'd under a smile!
And avarice made me a pillow of fire;
The *ill-gotten* purse has carried its curse——

OLD MAN.

Hath *Jacob* done better?

SPIRIT.

Nor better nor worse!
Losses and crosses, and sorrow and care
Have furrowed his cheeks and whitened his hair.
Betray'd in turn by the heart *he* betray'd,
Exalting his horn
To the finger of scorn,
He lies in the bed that his meanness has made.

OLD MAN.—CRONE.

Our *gold!* our *gold!* ten thousand times told!
Thus to fly from the family fold.

SPIRIT.

Father! mother! my spirit is wrung:
Water! water! for parch'd is my tongue.
Is this fiery lake ne'er to be cross'd?
Are those wild sounds the shrieks of the lost?
And that stern angel sitting alone,
Lucifer crown'd, on his burning throne?

OLD MAN.

But how fares *Jonathan,* modest and meek?
My *Meeting-House* walking-stick thrice in the week!
Ere *wife* and *cough*
Carried me off,—
Instead of heathenish *Latin* and *Greek,*
I early taught him *my* maxims true,—
Do unto all as you'd have others do
To yourself, good *Jonathan? Certainly not!*
But *learning never will boil the pot;—*
A penny sav'd is a penny got;—
A groat per year is per day a pin;—
Let those (the lucky ones!) laugh that win;—
Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you!
Grasps his clutch little or much?
Has his good round sum rolled into a plum?
A voice spake in thunder—"*His time is not come!*"

Fytte III.

There is an *eye* that compasses all,
Good and ill in this earthly ball;
That pierces the dunnest, loneliest cell,
Where wickedness hides, and marks it well!
Years have wheeled their circles round,
And the ancient sexton *re-opens* the ground;
A weary man at the end of his span,—
Again the bell tolls a funeral sound,
And the nodding plumes pass down the hill,—
'Tis the time of the year when the buds appear,
And the blackbird pipes his music shrill;
On the breeze there is balm, and a holy calm,
Whispers the troubled heart, "Be still!"

Ah! how chang'd since we saw him last,
That mourner of twenty long winters past!
He halts and bends as he slowly wends—
Bereft! bereft! *what* hath he done?
That death should smite his *only* son!

Fix'd to the sod,
Bitter tears his cheeks bedew;
His broken heart is buried too!
With gentle hand, and accents bland,
The man of God
Leads him forth—'tis silence deep,—
And fathers, mothers, children weep.

Fytte IV.

For what man gives the world, he learns
Too late, how little it returns!
Nor counts he, till the funeral pall
Has made a shipwreck of his all,
His pleasures, pains; his losses, gains;
And finds that, bankrupt! naught remains.
In the watches of the night
E'en our very thoughts affright—
And see! before the mourner's sight
A dark and shadowy form appears;
Hark! a voice salutes his ears,
"Hush thy sorrow, dry thy tears!
Father! 'twas to save *thy son*
From av'rice, cunning, passion, pride,
That he hath left the path untried,
The crooked path that worldlings run,
And, happy spirit! early died.
If thou couldst know *who* dwell below
In deep unutterable woe;
Or wing with *me* thy journey far
Above, where shines the morning star;
And hear the bright angelic choirs
(Casting their crowns before His feet,)
In choral hymns His praise repeat,
And strike their golden lyres—
Another sun would never rise,
And gild the azure vault of heaven,
Ere thy petition reach'd the skies
To be forgiven."

Was it a dream?—The mournful man
Next morn his alter'd course began.
To his kindred he restor'd
What *unjustly* swell'd his hoard.
With a meek, contented mind,
He liv'd in peace with all mankind;
And thus would gratefully prolong
To heaven his morn and evening song;—
I have no time to *pray*, to plead
For all the blessings that I need;
For what *I have*, a patriarch's days
Would only give me time to *praise!*—
He died in hope. Yon narrow cell
Guards his sleeping ashes well.
The *rest* can holy angels tell! . . . .

"This will I carry with me to my pillow," said Uncle Timothy. "My friends, good night."

CHAPTER XII.

A CHUBBY young gentleman, a "little *Jack Horner* eating his Christmas pie," abutting from "*The Fortune of War*," at Pie-Corner, marks the memorable spot where the Great Fire of London concluded its ravages. The sin of *gluttony*,[1] to which, in the original inscription (now effaced,)

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[1] "There was excessive spending of *venison*, as well as other victuals, in the *halls*. Nay, and a great consumption of *venison* there was frequently at *taverns* and *cooks' shops*, insomuch that the *Court* was much offended with it. Whereupon, anno 1573, that the *City* might not continue to give the *Queen and nobility* offence, the Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Ducket, and Aldermen, had by act of Common Council forbidden such feasts hereafter to be made; and restrained the same only to necessary meetings, in which, also, *no venison* (!!) was permitted." —STOW.

Venison was also prohibited in the *taverns and cooks' shops*. Our modern civic *gourmands* and *gourmets*, wiser grown! have propitiated the *Court* by occasional invitations to take part in their gluttony.

the fire was attributed, is still rife; a considerable trade in eatables and drinkables being driven, and corks innumerable drawn, in defiance, under the chubby young gentleman's bottle nose. A Bartlemy Fair shower of rain overtook us while we were contemplating the dilapidated mansion of the *Cock Lane Ghost;* and, as it never rains in Bartlemy Fair, but it pours, we scudded along to the parlour of *The Fortune of War*, as our nearest shelter; where we beheld Mr. Bosky, though he beheld not *us*, bombarding his little body with cutlets and bottled beer, in company with a tragedy queen; a motion-master; and a brace of conjurors, Mr. Rumfiz and Mr. Glumfiz. Mr. Rumfiz was a merry fellow, who had fattened on blue fire, which he hung out for a sign upon his torrid nose; with Mr. Glumfiz dolor seemed to wait on drinking, and melancholy on mastication; for he looked as if he had been regaling on fish-hooks and castor-oil, instead of Mr. Bosky's bountiful cheer.

"'Tis hard to bid good-b'ye to an old friend that we may *never* see again! Heigho! I'm sorry and sick; as cross and as queer as the hat-

band of Dick! Good-b'ye to St. Bartholomew."

This was sighed forth by the lean conjuror, who, as he emitted a cloud of tobacco-smoke, seemed ready to pipe his eye, and responded to by the tragedy queen with a look ultra tragical!

"Bah!" chuckled the corpulent conjuror, "*à bas* the blue devils! If *ruin* must come, good luck send that it may be *blue*. Though poor in purse, let me be rich in nose! Saint Bartlemy in a consumption—ha! ha! Pinched for standing-room, the comical old grig laughs and lies down! and, so droll he looks in dissolution, that I must have my lark out, though one of his boa-constrictors should threaten to suck me down in a lump. He dies full of years and fun, the patriarch of posture-masters and puppet-showmen! Merry be his memory! and Scaramouches eternal caper round his sarcophagus! Shall we cry him a canting canticle? Rather let us chant a rattling roundelay!"

Major Domo's a comical homo!
Sic transit gloria mundi;
Highty-tighty! frolicksome, flighty!
Soon will *Bartlemy Fair* and fun die

Coat of *motley*, *cap* and *bells*,
O'er his bier shall dolefully jingle ;
Conjurors all shall bear his pall,
And *mountebanks* follow it, married and single !

Giants, *dwarfs* in sable scarfs,
Merry mourners ! will not tarry one ;
Humps, *bumps* shall stir their stumps !
And *toes of timber* dot and carry one !

Harlequin droll the bell shall toll,
Mister Punch shall shrive and bury him ;
Tumblers grin while they shovel him in,
And Charon send *Joe Grim* to ferry him !

B'ye, b'ye ! we all must die ;
Ev'ry day with death's a dun day ;
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday !

Nothing could resist the hilarity of Mr. Rumfiz. The tragedy queen gave a lop-sided smile from under the ruins of a straw-bonnet ; the motion-master grinned approbation ; Mr. Glumfiz was tumultuously tickled. At this moment an infantine tumbler, dressed in a tinselled scarlet jacket dirty-white muslin-fringed trousers, and yellow leather pumps, made a professional entry on his head and hands, to summon the two conjurors from their cups to their balls.

"Keep the blue fire *hot* till I come, Mr. Glumfiz!" said the Laureat.

"It won't cool," replied the lean conjuror.

The tragedy queen now received a call from Cardinal Wolsey, to relieve Miss Narcissa Nimblepins on the Pandean pipes and double drum. The little Melpomene assured Mr. Bosky of her high consideration, and, leaning on the mountebank messenger's arm, bobbed and backed out of the parlour very gracefully. But the motion-master would have been immoveable, had not his tawdry better-half, who had nothing of a piece but her tongue, hurried in with the news that their stage-manager, having spitefully cut the wires, puppets and trade were at a stand-still.

The Laureat being left solus, exhibited a disposition to compose himself over a cigar, an indulgence at which his eyes sympathetically winked. Should we draw aside the curtain between *his* box and *ours?*

A note from Mr. Bosky's nose
Seem'd to say,
"*Away! away!*
Leave me, leave me to repose!"

Our glasses were empty, and the fair was filling; so we took the hint and our hats, and were soon among the lions.

An *Ancient Pistol*-looking scarecrow with a cockaded *something*, between an old cocked hat, and an old hat cocked, on his shaggy pole; a black patch over one eye; a sham lame left leg; half a pair of half boots, and a jacket without sleeves, brandishing harlequin's wooden sword, and belabouring a cracked drum, beat up for recruits, and thus accompanied his tattoo.

With his brigade of brags
Captain Bobadil comes;
Soldiers furl your flags,
Crape and muffle your drums!

Let John Bull and the bell
Both be dismally told!
One, for a funeral knell;
One, the reward of the bold.

From *Harry* to *Arthur*, you
Britons! would conquer or die—
'Pon my soul it's true;
What will you lay it 's a lie?

Bobadil trump'd up a story—
"Fighting 's the time o' day!

All for honour and glory,
Provender, plunder, and pay.

It vastly better, by Jove, is
To be for liberty bang'd;
Than for prigging, my covies,
To stay behind and be hang'd!

Every man in his shoe
Looks as if he would die—
'Pon my soul it's true;
What will you lay it 's a lie?

Limping London on pegs,
Crown'd with victory's palms,
Heroes without their legs
Now are asking for alms;

Cursing their liberal lot,
And *Bob's* grandiloquent whims;
Deuce in their locker a shot;
Tho' lots, alas! in their limbs!

We hardly know which to do;
Whether to laugh or to cry—
'Pon my soul it's true;
What will y ou lay it 's a lie?

Read me a comical riddle,
Paddy will say it comes pat—
Some men dance to the *fiddle;*
Bob's men dance to the *cat.*

Fine and flourishing speeches
Lads like Wellington, scoff;
They lead their troops *on* the breaches;
Bobadil, he pulls 'em *off*!

Give the Devil his due,
Bob's a garrulous Guy—
'Pon my soul it 's true;
What will you lay it 's a lie?

"Well, I never *see* such a low, frothy, horrid, awful, dandified, grandified, twistified, mystified, play-going, pleasure-taking, public-house set as these rubbishing Scaramouches! It would be quite a *charity* to send 'em all to the Treadmill, or there 's no mystery in mousetraps!"

"That little woman's tender mercies are cruel!" responded a voice behind, and leading captive a personage, who seemed to "wonder how the devil he got there!"—a fierce, fidgety flounced madam, bounced past us with an air of inconceivable grandeur. It was Mrs. Flumgarten hooked on to the arm of Brummagem Brutus.

A sudden rush, from a "conveyancer" being escorted to the *Pied Poudre*,[1] brought us to that ancient seat of justice.

[1] Held at the *Hand and Shears*, the corner of Middle Street

Some minor cases having been disposed of, Counsellor Rumtum rose, put on his green spectacles and "twelve children phisiognomy," (a most imposing gravity!) and opened his pleadings

"Gentlemen of the Jury, the plaintiff is Miss Andromache the Goddess of Wisdom, commonly called Minerva; the defendant is Mr. Andrew Macky, Merry Andrew and Bearward, who boasts the largest menagerie of well-educated monkeys in the fair. The plaintiff seeks to recover damages for an assault, perpetrated by the defendant's servant *Jamboa*, a belligerent baboon with a blue face. The Goddess had been stationed, like the Palladium of Troy, in a temple adjoining the defendant's caravan. The watchful

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and King Street, Cloth Fair. The *Pied Poudre* was originally instituted to determine disputes regarding debts and contracts, when the churchyard of the ancient Priory contained the booths and standings of the *Drapers and Clothiers.* The beadle of Cloth Fair received the annual fee of 3s. and 4d. for measuring the yard-sticks. The *officers* of the *Pied Poudre* are two Serjeants at Mace for the Lord Mayor, two for the Poultry, and two for Giltspur Street Compters, and a constable appointed by the steward of Lord Kensington, to attend the court in his behalf. There was formerly an *Associate,* (the Common Serjeant, or one of the attorneys of the Lord Mayor's Sheriffs' Court,) but this officer has not attended for the last hundred and fifty years.

cock was perched on her helmet, a waving plume descended to her heels, a magnificent breast-plate and royal robe adorned her imperial person, and armed with a spear and a shield, she presented all the fascinations which the ancients have attributed to Pallas. It is not in evidence, whether Miss Andromache had been transported by heroes like Diomedes and Ulysses; but it may be presumed that curiosity induced her to descend from her own palace to take a peep at Andrew Macky's menagerie. The Goddess was charmed with the intelligent visage and tall stately figure of the wild man of the woods, who sat quietly in a corner, leaning on his staff; and being desirous of ascertaining his exact altitude, (Wisdom, Gentlemen of the Jury, is ever on the look-out for new discoveries,) she roused him from his reverie, by propelling the sharp point of her spear to Jamboa's dextral hip-joint, to make him jump. Starting up furiously, he struck her immortal Ægis to the ground, inflicted with his grinders terrible havoc on her gorgeous trappings, smashed ferociously her invincible breast-plate; and imprinted on her royal person evident proofs of the piquant condition of his nails. For this

assault and battery Andromache claims of Andrew Macky ample and liberal compensation; which, Gentlemen of the Jury, (here Counsellor Rumtum, tried the "*soft sawder!*") with your wonted gallantry, you will doubtless award her."

The Court, however, expressed an opinion, that the Goddess of Wisdom, by making an unprovoked sortie on so respectable a baboon, had not acted with her usual discretion, and directed Minerva to be nonsuited.

Look at the gay caps and bonnets in yonder balcony; and hark to the fifes and fiddles, accelerating the sharp trot to a full gallop! And now the volunteer vocalist, having frowned into nothingness a St. Cecilian on the salt-box, demands silence for this seasonable chant.

Don't you remember the third of September?
Fun's Saturnalia, Bartlemy fair!
Punch's holiday, O what a jolly day!
When we fiddled and danced at the Bear.

Romping, reeling it, toe and heeling it,
Ham and vealing it, toddy and purl—
Have you forgot that *I* paid the shot
I have not! my adorable gir

With ranters and roysters we push'd thro' the cloisters,
Had plenty of oysters, of porter a pot;
I treated my Hebe with brandy, not (B. B!)
And sausages smoking, and gingerbread hot.

She whisper'd, "How nice is fried bacon in slices,
And eggs"—What a crisis!—Love egg'd me on—
"My dearest," said I, "I wish I may die
If we don't have a fry to-night at the Swan."

How we giggled when Pantaloon wriggled,
And led a jig with Columbine down;
How we roar'd when Harlequin's sword
Conjur'd Mother Goose into the Clown!

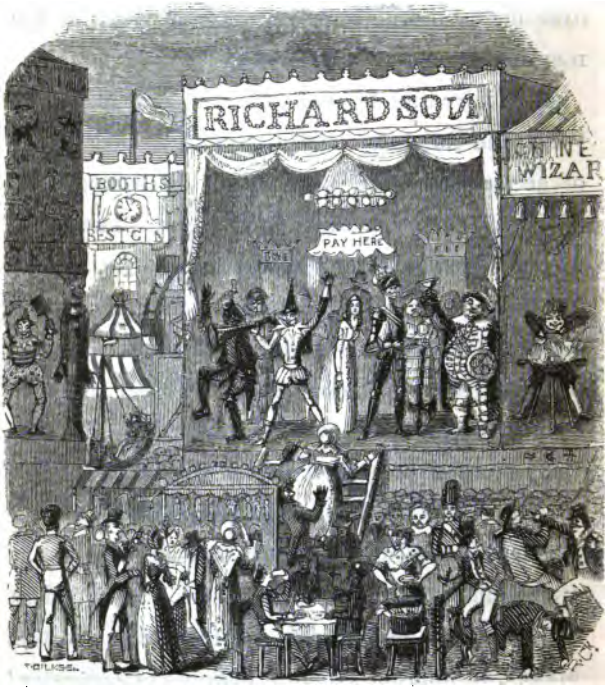
To Saunders's booth I toddled my Ruth,
Saw *Master* and *Miss* romp and reel on the rope—
And it was our faults if we didn't both waltz,
My eye! with old Guy, Old Nick and the Pope.

Rigging 's rife again, fun 's come to life again,
Punch and his wife again, frolicksome pair,
Footing it, crikey! like Cupid and Psyche,
Summon each rum 'un to Bartlemy fair.

Trumpets blowing, roundabouts going,
Toby the Theban, intelligent Pig!
His compliments sends, inviting his friends
To meet the Bonassus to-night at a jig.

"Now my little lads and lasses! Shut one eye, and don't breathe on the glasses! Here 's Nero

vigour; the Conjuror would have coined his copper nose, only, winked the wag, "I knows and *you*



knows *Je n'ose pas!*" the lions and tigers roared "Now or never!" and amidst this oratorio of

discord and din, Harlequin, Othello, Columbine, Sir John Falstaff, Desdemona, Jim Crow, Cardinal Wolsey, and Scaramouch quadrilled on the outside platform of Richardson's Grand Booth, the gong (his prompter's tintinabulum !) sounding superabundant glorification.

We hastened to this renowned modern temple of the Smithfield drama, which was splendidly illuminated and guarded by tremendous pasteboard Genii, sphinxes, and unicorns, and saw our old acquaintance *Bonassus* (who looked like one of His Mandingo Majesty's Spanish liquorice guards !) enact *Othello* and *Jim Crow*. After much interpolated periphrasis and palaver, Mr. Bigstick darkly intimated that when he ceased to love the "gentle Desdemona," (Miss Teresa Tumbletuzzy !)

"*Shay-oss* is come ag*in*."

At this moment the scenes stuck fast in the grooves—the halves of a house with an interstice of a yard or so between—when a lecturing mechanic bawled out from his sixpenny elysium,

"Ve don't expect no good grammar *here*, Muster Thingumbob, but, hang it ! you *might* close the scenes !"

Mr. Bigstick being politely requested ("Strike up, *Snow-drop!* Go it, *Day and Martin!*") to "Jump Jim Crow" in triplicate, came forward, curvetting and salaaming with profound respect, and treated his audience with this *variorum version* of their old favourite.

Here 's jumping Jim, his coat and skim-
-mer very well you know;
If you 've a crow to pluck with him,
He 's pluck'd you *first!* I trow—

Where'er he goes he gaily crows,
A Blackey and a Beau!
Reels about and wheels about,
And jumps Jim Crow.

O how the town ran up and down
To see the dancing Nigger!
If Jim 's a flat, 'tis tit for tat!
For Jim thinks John a bigger

To (for a Yankee lean and lanky)
Shell his coppers so.—
What a noodle!—Yankee-doodle!
Rare Jim Crow!

Bull has fill'd his noddle full
Of learning, in profusion;
And Jim, with his long limping limb,
Has jump'd to this conclusion,

"A ninny and"—you understand!
When sitting all a-row,
Britons roar "Encore! Encore!
Jump Jim Crow!"

Jim 's play'd his pranks—with many thanks,
He gives you now the hop;
Because, like his *Commercial Banks*,
He thinks it time to *stop!*

What Nigger Lad has ever had
Such lucky cards to throw?
Ever trump'd, or ever jump'd
Like Jump Jim Crow?

The pantomine of Hot Rolls, or Harlequin Dumpling, and the Dragon of Wantley concluded the performances; in which Mr. Bigstick's promising young pupil, *Master Magnumdagnumhuggleduggle*, by a *jeu de théâtre* bolted the baker; (bones, apron, night-cap and all!) set Old Father Thames on fire, exhibited the fishes frying in agony, and in his suit of spiked armour, like an "Egyptian Porcupig,"

"To make him strong and mighty,
Drank by the tale, six pots of ale
And a quart of Aqua Vitæ!"

and marched forth fiercely to a ferocious fight with a green leather dragon stuffed with fiery serpents,

that hissed and exploded to the tune of two-pence a time!

The Bartlemy fairities were in raptures. *Master Magnumdagnumhuggleduggle*, *Mr. Bigstick*, the *Tumbletuzzy* and the *Dragon* were successively garlanded with broccoli-sprouts and turnip-tops! It was "all round my hat" with *Bonassus*, who divided the Lion's share with the Dragon, and looked like a May-day Jack-in-the-green! The enthusiasm of the audience did not end *here*. They called for the Call-boy, and the Candle-snuffer, whose bliss would have felt no "aching void" had a "bit of *bacon*" accompanied, by way of a relish, this kitchen garden of cabbage.

The bells of St. Bartholomew chimed the hour when churchyards and "Charlies" yawn; upon which the illuminations and mob went out, and away, and Momus looked as down in the mouth as a convolvulus.[1] The elephant booked his trunk and departed; the menagerie man returned to his

[1] Next morning's sun saw Smithfield restored to those polite intelligences whose "*talk is of bullocks*"—with no greater nuisance remaining, than its chartered brutes upon *four legs*, beaten, goaded, tortured, and blasphemed at by its *greater brutes upon two!*

dish of bird's claws and beaks, with a second course of shark's teeth and fish-bones; Punch and Judy were amicably domiciled with the dog, the devil, and the doctor; the Jacks-in-the-box, Noah's arks, Dutch dolls, and wooden Scaramouches, were stowed away pell-mell; the gingerbread kings, queens, and nuts, were huddled higgledy-piggledy into their tin canisters; a muddled chorister warbled "Fly not yet" to an intrusive "Blue-Bottle" that popped in the *Queen's Crown* and his *own* among a midnight dancing party of shopmen and Abigails, and a solitary fiddle, scraped by a cruel cobbler, squeaked the *Lay of the Last Minstrel!*

Morn appearing, Nature cheering,
Milkmaids crying "Milk!" for tea,
Singing, joking; chimneys smoking,
Bring, alas! no joys to *me.*

Phœbus beaming, kettles steaming—
Basso—hark! the dustman's bell,
Obligato!—"Sweep!" stoccato!
Old St. Bartle! sound thy knell.

CHAPTER XIII.

"*Put out the light!*" exclaimed Mr. Bonassus Bigstick, with a lugubrio-comic expression of countenance that might convulse a Trappist, to a pigeon-toed property-man and a duck-legged drummer, who were snuffing two farthing rush-lights in the Proscenium.

"*Put out the light!*" and straightway he pocketed the extinguished perquisite. We were retiring from the scene of Mr. Bigstick's glory in company with two lingering chimney-sweeps, who had left their brushes and brooms at the box door, when our progress was arrested by a tap on the shoulder from Uncle Timothy.

"If you would explore the 'secrets of the prison-house,' I can gratify your curiosity, having an engagement with the *great Tragedian* to crush a mug of mum with him behind the scenes."

We were too happy to enjoy so novel a treat not to embrace the offer with alacrity. Mr. Bigstick welcomed us with a tragic hauteur, and carrying an inch of candle stuck at the extremity of Prospero's magic wand, lighted his party to the Green Room. As we passed along, the great Tragedian, who had the knack of looking everything into nothing, scowled an armoury of daggers at Harlequin, and Harlequin, if possible, looked more black than the Moor. On entering the sanctum sanctorum, Mr. Bigstick, striking an attitude and exclaiming "*Cara Sposa! Idol mio!*" introduced us to Teresa, the High-Dumptiness of St. Bartlemy, whom he dangled after like a note of admiration, *he* all mast, *she* all hulk; and when they parted, (with a Dolly Bull curtsy exquisitely fussy and fumy the Tumbletuzzy made her exit,) it was odd to see the steeple separated from the chancel.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand pardons, most divine bard! but having sunned myself in the optics of Teresa, my own became eclipsed to every object less refulgent. Gentlemen,"—pulling forward a pipe-flourishing, porter-swigging

personage who belonged quite as much to *Rag-fair* as to *St. Bartlemy*, and looked as if he lived in everlasting apprehension of sibillations technically called, "*Goose*"—"Mr. Pegasus Bubangrub the Bartholomew Fair Poet, who may challenge all the Toby Philpots in Christendom to leap up to the chin into a barrel of beer, drink it down to his foot, and then dance a jig upon the top of it! Mr. Bubangrub edits a penny weekly; reports queer trials; does our Caravan *libretto;* answers my challenges; roasts my rivals, puffs his pipe—and *Me!* At present he is a mere dab-chick of literature; but let him start a rum name, and he shall cut the genteel caper, cut, too, his sky parlour, penny-a-lining and old pals; wonder, with amiable simplicity! what 'shooting the moon' can be, and diving for a dinner; and casting off his *Toady's* skin for the *lion's*, be feasted, flattered, paragraphed—'Purge, eat cleanly, and live like a gentleman!"

Mr. Bubangrub bowed, and respectfully hinted that every kingdom has its cabals, not excepting the realm of actors and actresses. That to soothe their petty jealousies; check the too-aspiring

ambition of one, tickle the self-complacency of another—to be grave with the tragic; funny with the comic; patient with the ignorant and presuming, and on terms of eternal friendship with all—to come off victorious on that slippery ground

> "Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
> Where infant punks their tender voices try,
> And little Maximins the Gods defy,"

are difficulties that none but dramatic politicians of experience and discretion can surmount; and he advised every author to whom *appetite* offered a more powerful stimulant than *genius*, to make haste and possess himself of the important secret.

Mine host of the *Ram* now entered with a curiously compounded mug of mum, in which the great Tragedian (who was not particular from *Clos Vougeot* to *Old Tom*) drank the *Stage* that goes *with* and *without* wheels. Mr. Bosky, who had got scent of our "Whereabouts," arrived in time to propose the memory of Shakspere, and Mr. Bubangrub's longevity; Uncle Timothy gave Bonassus Bigstick and Bartlemy Fair; and Pegasus toasted the Tragic Muse and Teresa Tumble-

tuzzy. The Tragedian unbent by degrees; his adust countenance warmed into flesh and blood, and he grew facetious and festive.

"Bubangrub, my Brother of the Sun and Moon! my Nutmeg of delight! give us a song!"

The call was a command.

To pitch the tune Pegasus twanged from his Jew's-harp a chord, and apologizing for being "a little ropy," began, in a voice between a whistle and a wheeze,

Ye snuff-takers of England
  Who sniff your pinch at ease,
How very seldom you enjoy
  The pleasures of a sneeze!

Give ear unto us smoking gents,[1]
  And we will plainly shew
All the joys, my brave boys!
  When we a cloud do blow.

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[1] In 1585, the *English* first saw *pipes* made of clay, among the native Indians of Virginia; which was at that time discovered by *Richard Greenville*. Soon after they fabricated the first clay tobacco-pipes in Europe.

In 1604, James the First endeavoured, by means of heavy imposts, to abolish the use of tobacco; and, in 1619, wrote his

The snuffer, buffer! raps his mull,
His nose it cries out "Snuff!"
The Smoker, Joker! puffs his full
In this queer world of puff!

The lawyer's gout is soon smok'd out;—
If in the parson's toe
It ends in smoke, say simple folk,
Just ends his sermon so!

The tippler loves his swanky, swipe;
The prince, the peer, the beau,
A pipe of wine—give *me* my pipe
Of *Backy* for to blow!

No pinch or draught drive care abaft
From folks a cup too low,
Like the joys, my brave boys!
When we a cloud do blow.

"*Counterblast*" against what he accounted a noxious weed, and ordered that no planter in Virginia should cultivate more than one hundred pounds.

In 1610, the smoking of tobacco was known at *Constantinople*. To render the custom ridiculous, a *Turk*, who had been found smoking, was conducted about the streets with a *pipe transfixed through his nose!* And in 1653, when smoking tobacco was first introduced into the Canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland, the children ran after the *Smokers* in the streets; the Council likewise punished them, and ordered the innkeepers to inform against such as should smoke in their houses.—In 1724, Pope *Benedict XIV.* revoked the bull of excommunication, published by *Innocent*, because he himself had acquired the habit of *taking snuff!*

A penny-postman-like rap at the caravan door was answered by the great Tragedian with

"'Open locks whoever knocks!'" And, as the unexpected visitor became visible, he added, "Tom Titlepage! as thou art Tom, welcome; but as thou art Tom and a boon companion, *ten* times welcome!"

The Publisher's compromised dignity looked a trifle offended. He did not half relish being treated so familiarly.

"An infernal business *this*, Mr. Bigstick! The devil waits—the press stands still!"

"And why Tom, don't *you?* Here's a joint stool; sit down and quaff out of Lady Macbeth's gilt goblet. Egad you and the devil are in the nick of time to listen to and carry away *such* a Chapter of ——"

Mr. Titlepage. Draw it mild!

Mr. Bigstick. As the moonbeams!—Gentlemen, lend me your ears; which, perhaps, you would rather do than your purses! Who steals *mine*, steals—what he will not grow inconvenientlly corpulent upon!

The Tragedian began to rummage an ancient

hair-trunk that looked as raggedly bald as his own scalp; dislodging sceptres, daggers, crowns, spangled robes and stage wigs. In *Dicky Gossip's* bob[1] he discovered what he sought for; a dirty, torn, dog's-eared *disjecti membra.* Opening the bundle, and selecting at random, he bespoke the company's attention to a fragment of—

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[1] *Suett* boasted a *recherché* and extensive collection of stage *wigs*, comprising every variety, from the full-bottom, to the Tyburn bob; which unique assortment was unfortunately burned in a fire that happened at the Birmingham Theatre, on Friday, August 13, 1792. This loss gave rise to several smart epigrams, among which were the following.

"'Twas sure some upstart *Tory* in his rigs,
Who fir'd poor *Suett's* long-tail'd race of *Wigs;*
Ah! cruel *Tory*, thus his all to take,
Nor leave him one e'en for a *hair-breadth* 'scape."

"Raise your subscriptions, every free-born soul—
Stript of his wigs—behold a *suffering Pole.*"

Dicky answered the doggrel, in a jingle of *his own.*

"Well—well may you joke, who perhaps have a wig,
But my loss is severe tho', for all this here gig;
For if spouse is dispos'd or to wrangle or box,
Alas! what will keep her from *combing my locks?*
My fortune 's too ruin'd, as well as renown,
For in losing my *wigs*—I am stripp'd to a *crown!*"

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BONASSUS, OR THE BIGSTICK MEMOIRS."

"All the world's a *caravan!* and all the gentlemen and ladies Lions and Tigresses! For if a man be neither dwarf nor giant, but an unhappy medium between the two—if he be not upon boxing terms with a whole menagerie, and will not fisty-cuff-it and *roar* for an engagement, dam'me! he may *whistle* for one!"

Mr. Bigstick paused, glared ghastly terrible and ghostly grim.

"Yes, I 'm too tall for a wonderful monkey, and too good-natured for an intelligent bull-dog. I *can't* drink sangaree out of my father's skull, nor beat the big drum with the bones of my grandmother!"

He then, after taking a deep draught at the mum, resumed his narrative.

"I was articled to the law, and Pump Court was the pabulum where I began to qualify myself for Lord Chancellor. But fearful is the dramatic furor of attorney's clerks. My passion was not for bills of costs, but for bills of the play; I longed

to draw, not leases, but audiences; as for pleas, my ambition was to please the town; and I cared nothing for *Coke*, while Shakspere's *muse of fire* warmed my imagination! Counsellor Cumming soon found his clerk going. I quitted the Court, leaving my solitary competitor the *Pump* to spout alone.

A personable fellow[1] (for whom any lady might be proud to jump into the Serpentine, the jury finding a verdict of manslaughter against my good looks, with a deodand of five shillings on my whiskers!) 'I left my father's house, and took with me'—as much wardrobe as I could conveniently carry *on*, and *behind* my back. My

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[1] A very different looking personage to Mr. Bigstick must have been the unhappy young gentleman, aged twenty-two, (see the "*Times*," 21st March, 1835,) who killed himself by poison, and left this letter upon his table:—

"I die a Catholic—I leave my mortal remains to my father and mother, regretting that they should have allowed the growth and development of a creature of so disagreeable a conformation as their son. Endowed with the most exquisite feelings, my *face* has always *frightened* the fair sex. I go to seek in Heaven a society which my aspect will not annoy; for I imagine that, freed from its carnal covering, my spirit will not dismay the inhabitants of the other world."

first professional bow was in the *Poor Gentleman*,[1] and *Raising the Wind*, in a barn at Leighton Buzzard, where the Gods clambered up to the gallery by a ladder, through which many of the tippling deities could hardly see a hole! The

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[1] *Another* link in the dramatic chain is broken. *Arthur Griffinhoof*, has joined the jocund spirits of *Garrick*, *Hoadly*, and the elder *George*.

Rejoice, ye witlings! for the lamp that dimmed your little farthing rushlights, Death, the universal extinguisher, has eclipsed for ever! Retailers of small talk, who fattened on the unctuous crumbs of conceit that fell from the merry man's table, make the most of your legacy: your master hath carried his *Broad Grins to Elysium*. Ye select few, who admired the wit and loved the man, mourn!

Thanks to the ghastly monarch! for he hath been a forbearing creditor:—So large an amount of fun payable at sight, and *George* a septuagenarian! Three days' grace—three score and ten!

A day of mirth will it be on Styx, when the ferryman rows over Mr. Merryman. Faith, *Mr. Colman*, you 're a very droll man!

What a coil attends the new comer! *Churchill*, *Lloyd*, *Thornton*, *Garrick*, all inquiring about the modern Dram. Pers.—"Ye jovial goblins," quoth *George*, "a Dram, *per se!*"

Whereupon *Sam—not* the lexicographer—marching forth his wooden leg, accepts, with an approving chuckle, the pun as *Foote*-ing, or garnish; they are hail spirit well met, and become as merry as ghosts.

Life 's a Jest; and a merrier one than thine, facetious *George*, Time shall not crack till the crack of doom.

stalls (the cart-horses having been temporally ejected) sparkled with the *élite* — sixpenny-worth of coppers being paid for sitting apart in aristocratical exclusiveness. My declamation might have electrified Gog and Magog, and made the Men in Armour start from their spears! The barn rang with applause, my success was triumphant, and my fate decided.

"I next joined Mr. Dunderhead, the Dunstable manager, on whose boards I had the supreme felicity of beholding, for the first time, the Tumbletuzzy. She danced with the castanets (*le Pantomime de l'amour*); my heart beat to her fairy footsteps; the long sixes capered before my eyes, my pulse thumped a hundred and twenty per minute—I wooed, and had well nigh won her—when our Harlequin, a ci-devant, ubiquitous, iniquitous barber, all but dashed the nectared cup from my lip. I did not horsewhip him, 'for that were poor revenge,'—no! I shewed him up on my benefit night in a patter song."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Bosky, "Let us, Mr. Bigstick, have the *song* by all means."

The great Tragedian, screwing, *à la Mathews*, his mouth a-jar, condescendingly complied.

Stolen or stray'd my beautiful maid!
Unlucky my ducky has met a decoy—
As brown as a berry, as plump as a cherry,
And rosy-cheek'd, very! and Jenny-so-coy!

Baggage and bagging the Dunstable waggin
Were popp'd by a wag in, hight *Harlequin Lun*—
They, honey-moon hot, shot the moon like a shot;
But *I* 'll shoot the rascal as sure as a gun!

She sings like a linnet, she plays on the spinnet,
A day 's like a minute when she is in doors;
My aunt in the attic, my uncle extatic!
Encore the chromatique my Philomel pours!

I lov'd her so dearly and truly, for really
She cuts a mug[1] queerly, as Arthur's Queen Doll;
She beats the tol lol O of Molly Brown hollow,
And sings like Apollo in Gay's pretty Poll.

I told her a rebus, I gave her a wee buss;
She call'd me her Phœbus, her hero of pith;
Her caraway comfit, her prime sugar plumb, fit
For lady's lip, rum fit! her *Lollypop Smith!*

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[1] The *Mugs* out of which the violent politicians of Charles the Second's time drank their beer, were fashioned into the resemblance of *Shaftsbury's* face. Hence the common phrase, "*Ugly Mug!*"

No more thought Teresa small tipple of me, sir,
Than pretty Miss P., sir, our *premiere danseuse*,
Lightsome, lenitive! philoprogenitive!
Sukey with bouquet and white satin shoes!

To be, or not to be? is it a shot to be?
Is it a knot to be, tied to a beam?
Death 's but a caper, life 's but a taper,
A vision, a vapour, a shadow, a dream.

Hang melancholy! grieving 's a folly!
Laugh and be jolly! there 's nothing like fun!
I 'll make Miss Terese cry "Yes if you please!"
And down on his knees shall *Harlequin Lun.*"

"But the 'beautified Ophelia!' fickle, not false, and far less fickle than freakish! in all the tender distraction of Cranbourn Alley white muslin and myrtle, implored my forgiveness. Were her three-quarters' music and dancing to be thrown away upon a base barber?

'O ye, whose adamantine sorrows know
The iron agonies of copper woe!'"

Here the great Tragedian became overpowered, and cried a flood of stage tears very naturally.

"*Encore! encore!*" shouted Uncle Timothy.

Othello was at a loss whether or not to take this as a *compliment*, and weep a second brewing. He rubbed his eyes—but the Noes had it—

"Bigstick 's himself again!"

"On the disbanding of our troop, we hied to Stoke-Pogeis with a letter of introduction to the manager. *Mr. Truncheon* (his wig 'in most admired disorder,') started and exclaimed, 'What the deuce could Dunderhead have been about to send you here?' The other night Dowager Mucklethrift bespoke '*Too late for Dinner*,' I speculated on *one* upon the strength of it, and treated the company (who were as *thin* as our houses,) to a gallon of 'intermediate,' when, lo! and behold! in she tottered with her retinue (a rush of two!) to the boxes, and her deaf butler Diggory, esquiring some half-dozen lady patronesses, hobbled up to the threepenny gallery to grin down upon us!

"A man may as well bob for whale in the river Thames; for live turtle in the City Basin; for white-bait in the Red Sea; expect to escape choking after having bolted a grape-shot, or to elicit a divine spark from the genius of a mud

volcano, as hope not to be ruined and rolled up among such sublime intelligences! There 's a hole in the kettle, sir, and we are half starved!"

Surrounded by *Short's* Gardens and dwelling in *Queer* Street, Teresa and myself began to diet on our superfluities. My Romeo last-rose-of-summer pantaloons were diluted into a quart of hot pea-soup, and Bobadil's superannuated cocked hat and Justice Midas's wig were stewed down in the shape of a mutton scrag, Juliet's Flanders' lace flounce furnishing the trimmings! At this extremity, when Mrs. Heidelburg's embroidered satin petticoat of my aunt's had gone to "my uncle's" for a breakfast, my friend Dennis O'Doddipool,[1]

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[1] An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians, in the north of England, lately advertised for his benefit, "An occasional Address, to be spoken by a *new actor*." This excited great expectation among the towns-people. On his benefit night *Paddy Roscius* stepped forward, and in a rich brogue thus addressed the audience:

"To-night a *new actor* appears on the stage,
To claim your protection, and your patron-*age*;
Now, *who* do you think this new actor may be?
Why, turn round your eyes, and look full upon *me*,
And *then* you 'll be sure this *new actor* to see."

Qy.—Could this *new actor* be Mr. *O'Doddipool?*

whose success at Cork had enabled him to draw one, and enjoy his bottle, invited us to Ballinamuck. We showered down as many benedictions upon Dennis as would stand between Temple Bar and Westminster, bundled up our 'shreds and patches,' levied tribute on the farmers' poultry, and when a goose fell in our way, made him so wise as never to be taken for a goose again! and arrived by short stages, in a long caravan, at Holyhead. Hey for Ireland! straight we bent our way to the land of praties and Paddies! O'Doddipool welcomed us with all the huggings and screechings of a German salutation; danced like Mr. Moses at the feast of Purim,[1] and cried

[1] The feast of Purim, an ancient Jewish festival, held yearly on the 7th of March, is in commemoration of the fall of *Haman* and his ten sons. This feast is generally spent in public rejoicing, such as *masked balls, letting off fireworks*, &c. At one time a *Fair* was held in the vicinity of Duke's Place; but which the authorities of the City of London have put down for several years past. Amongst the more respectable order, family parties are kept up to a very late hour. The tables are generally adorned with hung beef, to commemorate the *hanging* of *Haman*. On the evening of this feast, the Jews attend their synagogues, where the Reader chants the Book of Esther in the Hebrew language; and at one time, (the practice is now partially abolished,) whenever the Reader repeated the name of *Haman*, the younger branches of

like the French butcher,[1] for joy! I played first comedy before the lamps and second fiddle behind 'em,—walking gentlemen and running footmen,—bravos and bishops,[2]—swept the boards with Tra-

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the congregation beat the seats, and otherwise created a noise, with small wooden hammers, which were designated *Haman-clappers.*

[1] A *Slaughter-man,* in the interval of killing, strolled from a neighbouring *abattoir* to *Père la Chaise.* Shedding tears like rain, and clasping his blood-stained hands, he stood before the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa; while ever and anon he blubbered out, "*Oh! l'amour, l'amour!*" He then wiped his eyes with his professional apron, and returned to business! This is truly *French.*

[2] Garrick was in the habit of employing a whimsical fellow whose name was *Stone,* to procure him theatrical supernumeraries. The following correspondence passed between them.

"Sir, Thursday Noon.

"Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me. I only *ax'd* for my two guineas for the last *Bishop,* and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few *Cupids* you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then.

"Your humble *sarvant,*

"Wm. Stone."

"Stone, Friday Morn.

"You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the *Cupids* to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well

gedy's sweeping pall, and a birch-broom,—hissed in the centre region of a fiery dragon in some diabolical *demon*-stration of dramatic diablerie,—

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made, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. If you can get me two good *murderers*, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the *cut in his face* is quite the thing. Pick me up an *Alderman* or two, for Richard, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely *Mayor*. The barber will not do for *Brutus*, although I think he will succeed in *Mat*.

"D. G."

The person here designated the *Bishop* was procured by *Stone*, and had often rehearsed the *Bishop of Winchester* in the play of Henry VIIIth, with such singular éclat, that Garrick addressed him at the rehearsal, as "*Cousin of Winchester*." The fellow, however, never played the part, although advertised more than once to come out in it. The reason will soon be guessed from the two following letters that passed between Garrick and Stone on the very evening the *Prelate* was to make his début.

"SIR,

"The *Bishop of Winchester* is getting drunk at the *Bear*, and swears he won't play to-night.

"I am, yours,
"WM. STONE."

"STONE,

"The *Bishop* may go to the devil. I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself.

"D. G."

brandished a wooden sword,—gallanted Columbine,—blushed blue flame and brickdust in Frankenstein,—plastered my head over with chalk for want of a Lord Ogleby white wig,—and bellowed myself hoarse with tawdry configurations and claptrap vulgarities! And ('*Punch* has *no* feelings'!) what my reward? A magnificent banquet of dry bread and ditch-water from O'Doddipool, ('Think on *that*, Master Brook!') peels, not of applause, but oranges! from the pit; and showers of peas (not boiled!) from the Olympus of disorderly gods.[1] So finding, though in Ireland, my

[1] The custom of *pelting* actors and authors upon the stage is very ancient. *Hegemon* of *Thasos*, a writer of the old comedy, upon the first representation of one of his plays, came upon the stage with a large parcel of pebbles in the skirt of his gown, and laying them down on the edge of the orchestra, gravely informed the spectators that whoever desired to *pelt him* might take them up and begin the attack; but if, on the contrary, they chose to hear with patience, and judge with candour, he had done his best to amuse them! The audience were so delighted with his play, that though its performance was interrupted by the arrival of very unfortunate news from Sicily, *viz.* the destruction of the Athenian Fleet, it was suffered to proceed; not one of them quitting the theatre, though almost every individual had lost a relation or friend in the action. The unfortunate Athenians could not refrain from shedding tears on the occasion; but such was their delicacy and honour with

capital wasn't doubling, I gave the bog-trotters the "*Glass of Fashion*," (they never gave me a glass of *anything!*) to a sausage-maker's *Polonius;* took my leave and two and six-pence; bolted to Ballinamuck; (my Farce of *Ducks and Green Peas* never had such a run!) starred it from Ballinamuck to Bartlemy, and engaged with the man that lets devils out to hire, and deals in giants of the first enormity. My crack parts are *Othello* and *Jim Crow;* so that between the two, the lamp black never gets washed off my face, and I fear I shall die a Negro——

"Thus far," added the great Tragedian, rolling up the papers into a bundle and tossing them over to Mr. Titlepage, "the *Autobiography of Bonassus!* From Smithfield we march to the Metropolitans. 'The Garden' is sadly in want of a fine high comedy figure at a low one; and Drury, of a Tragedy Queen who can do Dollallolla. I smother a new debutante, Miss Barbara Buggins; beat Liston[1] hollow in Moll Flaggon; and

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respect to the foreigners then present, that they concealed their weakness by muffling their faces in their mantles.

[1] Of an actor so extensively popular, let us indulge a few

put out of joint the noses of all preceding Macbeths. The Tumbletuzzy opens in Queen Katherine (which she plays *quite* in a different style to *Siddons*)."

To this the satirical nosed gentleman nodded assent.

"With fifteen *new readings* to electrify the diurnal critics of *Petticoat Alley* and *Blow-bladder Lane!*"

Mr. Bubangrub guaranteed for the brethren. *One* new reading *he* would take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Bigstick. John Kemble had entirely mistaken Shakspere's meaning. "*Birnam*

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reminiscences. We remember his first *entrée* upon the boards of old Covent Garden, in *Jacob Gawky;* but his present amplitude of face and rotundity of person were then wanting to heighten the picture; and flesh, like wine, does wonders. His voice, too, has waxed more fat and unctuous; and broader (like his figure) has grown his fun. The stage became possessed of a new character, such as humourist had never before conceived, or player played—*Mr. Liston!*—The town roared with laughter; actors split their sides at his deepening gravity; caricaturists, in despair, cast off invention, and trusted solely to his unique lineaments; our signs bore aloft his physiognomical wonders; and walking-sticks, tobacco-stoppers, snuff-boxes, owned the queer impeachment.

Liston! the Knight of the comical countenance, where Momus sits enthroned in every dimple, crying aloof to the sons

Wood" comes not to "*Dunsinane*," a *town*; but to "*Dunce inane*," *Macbeth!* who was blockhead enough to put his trust in the witches. The great Tragedian danced with ecstasy at this "palpable hit," and promised pipes and purl for the critical party after the performance.

"Egg-hot," said he, "is not my ordinary tipple; but on *this* occasion (pardon egotism!) I *will* be an egg-hot-ist! And now, to the Queen's Arms for a supper, and then to Somnus's for a snooze!"

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of care and melancholy! He is the very individual oddity described in the epigram—

"Here, *Hermes*," says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
"Go, fetch me some clay, I will make an *odd fellow*."

And forth sprang Liston, a figure of fun! Not for the amusement of gods, but of men!

To *Suett* we owe our first impression of drollery, but *his* glimmering spark was soon extinct. The sun of *Liston* has been before us from its rising to its setting. We hailed its grotesque ascension, basked in its broad meridian, and now (when time has somewhat sobered down its comet-like eccentricities) sorrowfully contemplate its going down.

Liston's last season! and the cruel old boy looks so provokingly hale and comical! What years of future laughter are in his face, scored over with quips and cranks! drawn up in farcical festoons! furrowed with fun!

Liston's last season!—Why should he retire? Are not the times sad enough?—How will the world wag, wanting its merriest one?

With a patronising air he conducted us down the ladder. To Uncle Timothy he said a few words in private, and our ears deceived us, if "*gratitude*" was not among the number.

We fancied that the jovial spirit of the good Prior, on a three days' furlough from Elysium, hovered over the holiday scene; and that a shadowy black robe and cowl, half concealing his portly figure and ruddy features, flitted in the moonlight, and disappeared under the antique low-arched door that leads to his mausoleum![1]

"Dreams are the children of an idle brain." Yet *ours* was a busy one through the live-long

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[1] Each of the monks that kneel beside the effigy of Rahere has a Bible before him, open at the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah. The *third* verse is peculiarly applicable to his holy work. And as it was the Star that guided him to convert an unhealthy marsh, "dunge and fenny" on the only dry part of which was erected "the gallows of thieves," into a temple and a "garden of the Lord;" so it was his divine assurance that he would live to see, in his *own case*, the prophecy fulfilled; and hear the "voice of melody" echo through the sacred walls his piety had raised.

"The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

night. The grotesque scene acted itself over again, with those fantastical additions that belong to "Death's counterfeit." Legions of Anthropophagi; giants o'ertopping Pelion and Ossa; hideous abortions; grinning nondescripts; the miniature, mischievous court of Queen Mab, and the fiddling, dancing troop of Tam O'Shanter passed before us in every variety of unearthly combination. Clouds of incense arose, and the vision, growing dim, gradually melted away,—a low, solemn chant leaving its dying notes upon the ear.

Let gratitude's chorus arise,
If gratitude dwell upon earth,
To hymn thy *return* to the skies,
Benevolent spirit of mirth !

Long flourish thy frolicsome *fair*,
Where many odd bargains are driven;
And may peccadilloes done there,
For *thy merry sake* be forgiven !

CHAPTER XIV.

THE sentinel sleeps when off his post; the Moorfields barker enjoys some interval of repose; moonshine suffers a partial eclipse on Bank holidays among the *omnium gatherem* of Bulls and Bears; the doctor gives the undertaker a holiday; Argus sends his hundred eyes to the Land of Nod, and Briareus puts his century of hands in his pockets.—But the *match-maker*, ante and post meridian, is *always* at her post!

"The News teems with candidates for the noose:—A spinster conjugally inclined; a bachelor devoted to Hymen; forlorn widowers; widows disconsolate; and why not '*A daughter to marry?*' Addresses paid per post, post paid! For an introduction to the belle, ring the bell! None but principals (with a principal!) need apply."

"Egad," continued Mr. Bosky, as we journeyed

through the fields a few mornings after our *caravan* adventure, to pay Uncle Timothy a visit at his new *rus in urbe* near Hampstead Heath, "it will soon be dangerous to dine out, or to figure in; for a dinner may become an action for damages; and a dance, matrimony without benefit of clergy! But yesterday I pic-nic'd with the Muffs; buzzed with Brutus; endured *Ma*, was *just civil* to Miss; when early this morning comes a missive adopting me for a son-in-law!"

We congratulated Mr. Bosky on the prospect of his *speedily* becoming a Benedick.

"*Bien obligé!* What! ingraft myself on that family Upas tree of ignorance, selfishness, and conceit! Couple with triflers, who, having no mental resources or amusement within themselves, sigh 'O! *another* dull day!' and are happy only when some gad-about party drag them from a monotonous home, where nothing is talked of or read, but petty scandal, fashions for the month, trashy novels, mantua-makers' and milliners' bills! I can laugh at affectation, but I loathe duplicity; I can pity a fool, but I scorn a flirt. This is a hackneyed *ruse* of *Ma's*. The last coast-

ing season of the Muffs has been comparatively unprolific. From Margate to Brighton Miss Matilda counts but five proposals positive, and half a dozen presumptive; in the latter are included some broad stares at Broadstairs from the Holborn Hill Demosthenes! and even *these* have been furiously scrambled for by the delicate sisters for their marriageable Misses! 'Everybody,' says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 'loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarcely love one another.'"

An oddity crossed our path. "There waddles," said the Laureat, "*Mr. Onessimus Omnium*, who thrice on every Sabbath takes the round of the *Conventicles* with his pockets stuffed full of *bibles* and *psalm books*, every one of which (chapter and verse pointed out!) he passes into the hands of forgetful old ladies and gentlemen whom he opines '*Consols*, and not philosophy, console!' Pasted on the inside cover is his *card*, setting forth the *address* and *calling* of Onessimus! You may swear that somebody is *dead* in the neighbourhood, (the pious Lynx is hunting up the executors!) by seeing him out of '*the Alley*' at this early time of the day."

Farther a-field, rambling amidst the rural scenes he has so charmingly described, we shook hands with Uncle Timothy's dear friend, the *Author* of a work "*On the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.*[1] Happy old man! Who shall

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[1] To Charles Bucke,

On hearing that he is engaged upon another Work, to be entitled Man.

"Man!" comprehensive Volume!—busy Man—
A world of warring passions, hopes and fears;
Good, evil— all within one little span!
Pride, meanness; wisdom, folly; smiles and tears;
Th' oppressor, the oppress'd; the coward, brave;
Fate's foot-ball from the cradle to the grave!

These records of thy studious days and eves,
Thy musings and experience, are to me
A moral, that this sure impression leaves;
Man never *yet* was happy—*ne'er can be!*
The feverish bliss, my friend, that dreamers feign,
Binds him a prisoner faster to his chain.

The miser to his treasure, and the proud
To pride and its dominion;—to his gorge
The glutton;—and the low promiscuous crowd
To sordid sensualities, that forge
The unseen fetters, which so firmly bind,
Are all ignobly bound in body;—mind.

He only is a free man, who, like *thee*,
Does stand aloof, and mark the wild uproar
That shakes the depths of life's tempestuous sea;
And steers his fragile bark along the shore.

say that fortune deals harshly, if, in taking *much away*, she leaves us *virtue?*

Winding through a verdant copse, we suddenly came in sight of an elegant mansion. From a flower-woven arbour, sacred to retirement, proceeded the notes of a guitar.

"Hush!" said the Laureat, colouring deeply,—

The swelling canvass and the prosperous gale
Herald the shipwreck's melancholy tale!

NATURE, all beauteous NATURE!—thou hast sung
In prose poetic, through each various scene;
And when thy harp upon the willows hung,
She kept *thy form erect, thy brow serene;*
And breathed upon thy *soul;* and *peace* was there:
The soft, still music of a *mother's prayer.*

She gave thee truth, humility, content;
A spirit to return for evil good;
A grateful heart for bliss denied, or sent;
And sweet companionship in solitude!
Candour, that wrong offence nor takes, nor gives;
A brother's boundless love for all that lives!

Pursue thy solemn theme.—And when on a MAN
The curtain thou hast dropp'd, return once more
To NATURE. She has BEAUTIES yet to scan,
New HARMONIES, SUBLIMITIES, in store!
She will repay thy love; and weave, and spread,
A *garland*—and a *pillow*—for thy head.

UNCLE TIMOTHY.

"breathe not! Stir not!" And a voice of surpassing sweetness sang

Farewell Autumn's shady bowers,
Purple fruits and fragrant flowers,
Golden fields of waving corn,
And merry lark that wakes the morn!
Earth a mournful silence keeps,
See, the dewy landscape weeps!
Hark! thro' yonder lonely dell
Gentle zephyrs sigh farewell!

Call'd ere long by vernal spring,
Trees shall blossom, birds shall sing;
The blushing rose, the lily fair
Deck sweet summer's bright parterre—
Flocks and herds, the bounding steed
Shall, sporting, crop the flowery mead,
And bounteous Nature yield again
Her ripen'd fruits and golden grain.

Ere the landscape fades from view,
As behind yon mountains blue
Sets the sun in glory bright—
And the regent of the night,
Thron'd where shines the blood-red Mars,
With her coronet of stars,
Silvers woodland, hill and dell,
Lovely Autumn! fare thee well.

Was Mr. Bosky in love with the songstress or

the song? Certes his manner seemed unusually hurried and flurried; and one or two of his forced *whistles* sounded like suppressed *sighs*. So absent was he that, not regarding how far we had left him in the rear, he stood for a few minutes motionless, as if waiting for echo to repeat the sound!

We thought—it *might* be an illusion—that a fair hand waved him a graceful recognition. At all events the spell was soon broken, for he bounded along to us like the roe, with

> "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
> And merrily hent the stile-a:
> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires at a mile-a."

The laughing Autolicus! It was *his* blithesome note that *first* made us acquainted with Uncle Timothy!

The remembrance of boyhood is ever pleasing to the reflective mind. The duties that await us in after-life; the cares and disappointments that obstruct our future progress cast a shade over those impressions that were once interwoven with our existence. But it is *only* a shade; recall but *one*

image of the distant scene, and the *whole* rises in all its freshness and verdure; touch but *one* string of this forgotten harmony, and *every chord* shall vibrate!

"Arma, vi-*rump* que *cane*-o!" exclaimed the Laureat, pointing to his old schoolmaster, who was leaning over his rustic garden-gate, reading his favourite *Virgil*. And how cordial was their greeting! The scholar played his urchin pranks over again, and the master flourished a visionary birch. Mr. Bosky hurried us into the play-ground; (his little garden was still there, but it looked not so trim and gay as when *he* was its horticulturist!) led us into the school room, pointed out his veritable desk, notched at all corners with his initials; identified the particular peg whereon, in days of yore, hung his (too often) crownless castor; and recapitulated his boyish sports, many of the sharers of which he happily recognised in the full tide of prosperity; and not a few sinking under adverse fortune, whose prospects were once bright and cheering, and whose bosoms bounded with youth, and innocence, and joy!

"Let me die in autumn! that the withered blossoms of summer may bestrew my grave, and the mournful breeze that scatters them, sigh forth my requiem!"

These were the words of the poor widow's only son, at whose tomb, in the village church-yard, we paused in sorrowful contemplation. Its guardian angels were *Love* and *Pity* entwined in each other's arms. Uncle Timothy, after recording the name and age of him to whom it was raised, thus concluded the inscription:—

Mysterious Vision of a fitful dream!
Pilgrim of Time thro' Nature's dark sojourn!
Then cast upon Eternity's wide stream—
To KNOW THYSELF is all thou need'st to learn:
And that thy God, omnipotent and just,
Is *merciful,* remembering *thou art Dust!*

—When the friends of our youth are fast dying away; when the scenes that once delighted us are fading from our view, and new connections and objects ill repay the loss of the old, how welcome the summons that closes our disappointments and calls us to rest! The mourners walk the

streets, but the man is gone; the body dissolves to dust, but the spirit returns to Him that gave it!

The Village Free-School was at hand, (the morning hymn, chanted by youthful voices, rose on the breeze to heaven!) and the Alms-houses, where Uncle Timothy first met the poor widow and the good pastor. A troop of little children were gathered round one of the inmates, listening to some old wife's tale. 'Tis the privilege of the aged to be reminiscent: the *past* is *their* world of anecdote and enjoyment. Let us then afford them *this* pleasure, well nigh the *only* one that time has not taken away; remembering, that *we* with quick pace advance to the closing scene, when we shall be best able to appreciate the harmless gratification they now ask of us, and which we, in turn, shall ask of others.

The ancient church spire rising between the tall elms, and the neat Parsonage House gave an exquisite finish to the surrounding scenery. Happy England! whose fertile hills and valleys are spotted with these Temples of the Most High, where "the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord hath

made them all;" and the humble dwellings of the shepherds of his flock. The good pastor scattered blessings around him. His genius and learning commanded admiration and respect; his piety, and Christian charity conciliated dissent; and his life exemplified the "beauty of holiness." He had confirmed the faithful; fixed the wavering; and reclaimed the dissolute.

"The wretch who once sang wildly—danc'd and laugh'd,
And suck'd down dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood—reversed his ways—
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays."

Place us above the sordid vulgar; light us on that enviable medium between competency and riches, and *there* we shall find the domestic virtues flourishing in full vigour and grace. In the rank hot-bed of artificial life spring up those noxious weeds that choke and destroy them.

We now arrived at Uncle Timothy's cottage, reared in the midst of a flower garden. In a summer-house fragrant with roses, woodbine, and jessamine sat our host and the good pastor. A word of introduction soon made us friends; and from the minister's kind greeting, it was clear that

Uncle Timothy had not been niggard in our praise.

An old lady in deep mourning walked slowly up the path. Uncle Timothy went forth to receive her. It was the poor widow! The mother of that only son!

"Welcome, dear Madam! to this abode of peace. To-day—and *what* a day! so cool, so calm, so bright! we purpose being your guests."

"*Mine?*" faltered the poor widow, anxiously.

"Yours!" replied Uncle Timothy; "sit down, my friends, and I will explain all.

"My childhood was sorrowful, and my youth laborious. A near relation wasted my patrimony; and with no other resource than a liberal education, wrung from the slender means of my widowed mother, I began the world. In this strait, a generous friend took me by the hand; first instructing me in his own house of business, and then procuring me an eligible appointment abroad. From time to time I acquainted him with my progress, and received in return substantial proofs of his benevolent and watchful care. Years rolled away, —fortune repaid my ardent endeavours,—and I

resolved to revisit my native land. I embarked for England; when, almost in sight of her white cliffs, a storm arose, the ship foundered, and I lost half my possessions. Enough still remained to render me independent. My mother and sister were spared to bid me welcome,—my early oppressor (the infidel may laugh at retribution; but retribution begins, when a man is suspected in the society of others, and self-condemned in his own) had descended remorseful to the grave,— and my noble benefactor—

'O grief had changed him since I saw him last;
And careful hours, with time's deforming hand,
Had written strange defeatures in his face—'

by pecuniary embarrassments, heightened by ingratitude, was brought very low. Cheerfully would I have devoted to him my whole fortune, and began the world again. For *then* I possessed strength and energy to toil. But ere I could carry this my firm resolution into effect, three days after my arrival,

'As sweetly as a child,
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
Tired with long play, at close of summer day,
Lies down and slumbers!'

he pressed his last pillow, requiting my filial tears with a blessing and a smile.

"My debt of gratitude I hoped might *still* in part be paid. My friend had an only daughter—Did that daughter survive?

"The most diligent inquiries, continued for many years, proved unsuccessful. On the evening of an ill-spent and wearisome day, Heaven, dear sir, (addressing the good pastor) led me to your presence while performing the sacred duty of comforting the mourner. What then took place I need not repeat. You will, however, remember that on a subsequent occasion, while looking over the papers of the widow's son, we discovered a sealed packet, in which, accompanying a mourning ring, presented to his mother, were these lines :—

Pledge of love for constant care
Let a widow'd *mother* wear;
Filial love, whose early bloom
Proves a garland for the tomb.

Ever watchful, ever nigh,
It breaks my heart, it fills my eye
To see thee hide the falling tear,
And hush the sigh I may not hear!

Heaven thy precious life to spare
Is my morning, evening prayer,
When I rise, and sink to rest,
'Tis my first and last request.

If, when deep distress of mind
Press'd me sorely, aught unkind
I have said or done, forgive!
Error falls on all that live.

Beneath the sod, where wave the trees,
And softly sighs the whispering breeze,
Fain I would the grassy shrine,
Mother! guard my dust and thine.

What are grief and suffering here?
Are they worth a sigh or tear?
What is parting?—transient pain,
Parting soon to meet again!

The second enclosure was the miniature of his grandfather. But *that miniature!* Gracious God! what were my sensations when I beheld the benignant, expressive lineaments of *my early benefactor!* The object of my long and anxious inquiries was thus miraculously discovered! Till *that* moment I had never felt true happiness. This cottage, dear Madam, with a moderate inde-

pendence, the deed I now present secures to you; in return, I entreat that the miniature may be *mine:* and I hope some kind friend (glancing at his nephew) will, in death, place it upon my bosom."

"What darkness so profound," exclaimed the good pastor, "that the All-seeing Eye shall not penetrate? What maze so intricate and perplexed that our Merciful Father shall not safely guide us through? 'Throw thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days.'"

The village bells rang a merry peal; for the good pastor had given the charity children a holiday. They were entertained with old English fare on the lawn before the cottage, and superintended in their dancing and blindman's-buff by Norah Noclack and the solemn clerk. Nor were the aged inmates of the bountiful widow's Almshouses forgotten. They dined at the Parsonage, and were gratified with a liberal present from Uncle Timothy. And that the day might live in grateful remembrance when those who now

shared in its happiness found their rest in the tomb, the Laureat of Little Britain (some, like the sponge, require compression before they yield anything; others, like the honey-comb, exude spontaneously their sweets,) expressed his intention of adding two Alms-houses to the goodly number, and liberally endowing them.

Many a merrier party may have sat down to dinner, but never a *happier* one. It was a scene of deep and heartfelt tranquillity and joy. The widow—no longer *poor*—presided with an easy self-possession, to which her misfortunes added a melancholy grace.

Time passed swiftly; and the sun, that had risen and run his course in splendour, shed his parting rays on the enchanting scenery. Suddenly a flood of light illumined the chamber where we sat with an almost supernatural glory, beaming with intense brightness on the countenance of Uncle Timothy, and then melting away. Ere long in the distant groves was heard the nightingale's song.

"*One valued relic*," said the widow, addressing

Uncle Timothy, "I have ever carefully preserved. You, dear sir, were an *enthusiast* in boyhood: and when, as your senior, I once presumed to counsel you, *this* was your reply."

And she read to Uncle Timothy his youthful fancy.

Let saving prudence temper joy,
Curtail of wit the social day;
Excitement's pleasures soon destroy,—
The spirit wears the frame away.
Thanks, gentle monitor! I greet
This friendly warning, well design'd;
For *Stella's* voice is ever sweet,
And *Stella's* words are ever kind!

I would not lose, to linger here,
One happy hour of wit and glee;
If e'er of death I have a fear,
It would with friends the parting be!
Then wear, my frame, and droop, and fade,
And fall, and dust to dust return;—
With friendship's rites sincerely paid,
'Tis sweeter to be mourned than mourn.

For mourn we must—it is a pain,
A penalty that man must pay
For dreaming childhood o'er again,
And sitting out last life's poor play.

Sad privilege! too dearly bought,
To sorrow over those that sleep;
Sadder, in apathy and naught,
To lose the will, the *power* to weep!

Ere thought and memory are obscur'd,
Let me, kind *Stella!* say adieu;
I would not ask to be endur'd,
No, not by e'en a friend like *you!*
Love, friendship, interchange of mind,
Celestial happiness hath given;
These glorious gifts she left behind,
Her foot-prints as she fled to Heaven!

"And so, Eugenio," said Uncle Timothy, "you intend to visit the Eternal City, and muse over the mouldering ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars. But rest not there—take your pilgrim's staff and pass onward to *that* Land made Holy by the presence of our Redeemer! Would that *I* could accompany you to the sacred hills of Zion!"

"O for such a guide!" exclaimed Eugenio. "But I should be too — *too* happy — and I may no more expect light without darkness, than joy without sorrow."

"If *Uncle Tim* goes, *I* go!" whispered the Laureat. "With *him* I am resolved to *live*—

with *him* it would be happiness——" the last few words were inaudible.

"Eugenio," said the good pastor, laying his hand on the young traveller's head, who knelt reverently to receive his blessing, "you are in possession of youth, health, and competence. How enviable your situation! — how extensive your power of doing good! Fortune smiled not on the widow's son, — yet, to *him* belongs a far higher inheritance; the inexhaustible treasures of Heaven, the eternal affluence of the skies! A man's genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to certain undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind. Be then what our lost friend *would have been*, under happier circumstances. A stagnant, unprogressing existence was never intended for *man*. Action is the mind's proper sphere, ere time obscures its brightness and enfeebles its powers. And carry with you these truths, that the foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the

foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of *all* happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God. If, amidst more important occupations, the *Muse* claim a share of your regard, let not the ribald scorn of hypercriticism discourage you on the very threshold of poetry—

'Know thine own worth, and *reverence the Lyre*—'"

The night proved as lovely as the day. But with it came the hour of parting. *Parting!*—What a host of feelings are concentrated in that *little word!* The Laureat bore up heroically.—The glare of the candles being too much for his eyes, he walked in the moonlight, while Eugenio sang—

Our sails catch the breeze—lov'd companions, adieu!
Farewell!—not to friendship—but farewell to *you!*
When Alps rise between us, and rolls the deep sea,
Shall I e'er forget *you?* Will you forget *me?*

Ah! no—for my hand you at parting have press'd,
In memory of moments my brightest and best!
How sad heaves my bosom this tear let it tell,
How falters my tongue when it bids you *farewell!*

Eugenio was on ship-board early the following

morn. His friends attended, to wish him *bon voyage* and a safe return. And as the noble vessel moved majestically along the waters, high above the rest waved *adieu* the hand of *Uncle Timothy!*

CONCLUSION.

THUS, gentle reader, we have led thee through a labyrinth of strange sights, of land-monsters and sea-monsters, many of man's own making, others the offspring of freakish nature, of Jove mellow with nectar and ambrosia. If the "proper study of mankind is man," where can he be studied in a greater variety of character than in the scenes we have visited? The well-dressed automaton of a drawing-room, (a *tailor* made him!) fenced in with fashions and forms, moving, looking, and speaking but as etiquette pulls the wires, exhibits man in *artificial* life, and must no more be taken as a fair sample of the genus, than must pharmacy, in the person of the pimple-faced quack[1] mounted on his piebald pad, or

[1] "Quacksalvers and mountebanks are as easy to be knowne as an asse by his eares, or the lyon by his pawes, for they

charlatan's stage. We have shewn thee to what odd inventions men are put to provide fun for their fellows, and food for themselves. Yet if we ascend the scale of society it will be found that the Merry-Andrew is not the *only* wearer of the Fool's coat; that buffoons and jesters are not exclusively confined to fairs; that the juggler,[1] who steals his five pecks of corn out of

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delight most commonly to proclaime their dealings in the open streets and market-places, by prating, bragging, lying, with their labells, banners, and wares, hanging them out abroade." *Morbus Gallicus*, 1585, by William Clowes.

"In the yeare 1587, there came a Flemming into the cittie of Gloceter (Gloucester) named Wolfgang Frolicke, and there hanged forth his pictures, his flagges, his instruments, and his letters of marte, with long labells, great tassels, broad scales closed in boxes, with such counterfeit showes and knackes of knauerie, coesining the people of their monie, without either learning or knowledge." *A most excellent and compendious Method of curing Wounds, &c.* translated by John Read, 8vo. 1588.

[1] The following description of an itinerant *juggler* of the olden time is exceedingly curious, and probably unique.

"The third (as the first) was an olde fellowe, his beard milkewhite, his head couered with a round lowe-crownd rent silke hat, on which was a band knit in many knotes, wherein stucke two round stickes after the jugler's manner. His ierkin was of leather cut, his cloake of three coulers, his hose paind with yellow drawn out with blew, his instrument was a bagpipe, and him I knew to be William Cuckoe, better knowne

a bushel; the nostrum-vender who cures all diseases in the world, and one disease more; the Little-go man and thimble-rigger have their several prototypes among the starred and gartered; the laced and tinselled "Noodles" and "Doodles" of more elevated spheres, where the *necessity* for such ludicrous metamorphoses does not exist; except to shake off the ennui of idleness,—and idleness, said the great Duke of Marlborough, is a complaint quite enough to kill the stoutest General. How, gentle reader, has thy time been spent? If *Utilitarian*,[1] thou wilt say "*Unprofit-*

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than lou'd, and yet, some thinke, as well lou'd as he was worthy." *Kind-Hart's Dreame.*

Hocus Pocus, junior, in his *Anatomy of Legerdemaine*, 1634, mentions one "whose father while he lived was the greatest jugler in England, and used the assistance of a familiar; he lived a tinker by trade, and used his feats as a trade by the by; he lived, as I was informed, alwayes betattered, and died, for ought I could hear, in the same estate."

[1] "To set downe the iugling in trades, the crafty tricks of buyers and sellers, the swearing of the one, the lying of the other, were but to tell the worlde that which they well knowe, and, therefore, I will ouerslip that. There is an occupation of no long standing about London, called broking, or brogging, whether ye will; in which there is pretty juggling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury. If any man be forst to bring them a pawne, they will take no interest, not past twelue

ably"— If *Puritan*, "*Profanely*." Presuming, however, that thou art neither the greedy, all-grasping *first*, nor the over-reaching, preaching *second*; but a well-conditioned happy being, with religion enough to shew thy love to God by thy benevolence to man, thou wilt regard with an approving smile the various recreations that lighten the toil and beguile the cares of thy humbler brethren; and *thy* compassion (not the *world's*,—Heaven save them and thee from the bitterness of *that!*) will fall on the poor Mime and Mummer, whose antic tricks and contortions, grinning mask of red ochre and white paint, but ill conceal his poverty-broken spirit, hollow ghastly eyes, and sunken cheeks—and thou wilt not turn scornfully from the multitudes (none are to be despised but the wicked, and *they* rather deserve our pity) that such (perhaps to *thee*) senseless sights can amuse.

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pence a pound for the month: marry, they must haue a groat for a monthly bill, which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no aduantage can be taken for the usurie. I heare say it 's well multiplied since I died; but I beshrewe them, for, in my life, many a time haue I borrowed a shilling on my pipes, and paid a groat for the bill, when I haue fetcht out my pawne in a day." *William Cuckoe to all close juglers, &c. &c.—Kind-Hart's Dreame.* O the villany of these *ancient* pawnbrokers!

Self-complacent, predominant Self will be lost in generous sympathy, the electrical laughing fit will go round, and, though at the remotest end of the chain, thy gravity will not escape the shaking shock. Believing that thou art merry and wise; sightly, sprightly; learned, yet nothing loth to laugh; as we first met in a mutual spirit of communication and kindness, so we part. And when good fortune shall again throw us into thy company, not forgetting *Mr. Bosky* and the *middle-aged gentleman with the satirical nose!* we shall be happy to shake thy hand, ay, and thy sides to boot, with some *merry tale* or *ballad*,[1] ("Mirth,

[1] Henry Chettle, in his *Kind-Hart's Dreame*, gives the following description of a *Ballad Singer*. "The first of the first three was an od old fellow, low of stature, his head was couered with a round cap, his body with a side-skirted tawney coate, his legs and feete trust vppe in leather buskins, his gray haires and furrowed face witnessed his age, his treble violl in his hande assured me of his profession. On which (by his continuall sawing, hauing left but one string,) after his best manner, he gaue me a huntsvp: whome, after a little musing, I assuredly remembred to be no other but old Anthony Now now." *Anthony Munday* is supposed to be ridiculed in the character of "Old Anthony Now now;" the latter was an itinerant fiddler, of whom this curious notice occurs in *The Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, by Thomas Deloney, 1598.

"Anthony cald for wine, and drawing forth his fiddle began to play, and after he had scrapte halfe a score lessons, he began thus to sing:— "When

in seasonable time taken, is not forbidden by the austerest sapients,") if haply time spare us one to tell or sing. Till then, health be with thee, gentle reader! a light heart and a liberal hand.

"When should a man shew himselfe gentle and kinde?
When should a man comfort the sorrowful minde?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
When is the best time to drinke with a friend?
When is the meetest my money to spend?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
When goeth the King of good fellows away,
That so much delighted in dancing and play?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.
And when should I bid my good master farewell,
Whose bounty and curtesie so did excell?
O Anthony, now, now, now,
O Anthony, now, now, now.

"Loe yee now, (quoth hee,) this song have I made for your sake, and by the grace of God when you are gone, I will sing it every Sunday morning vnder your wiues' window.**

"Anthony in his absence sung this song so often in S. Martin's, that thereby he purchast a name which hee neuer lost till his dying day, for euer after men cald him nothing but *Anthony now now.*"

Braithwait thus describes one of the race of "metre ballad mongers." "Now he counterfeits a natural *base*, then a perpetual *treble*, and ends with a *counter-tenure*. You shall heare him feigne an artfull straine through the nose, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the purer brother-hood." *Whimzies*, sig. B 5.

APPENDIX.

WELL might *Old* England[1] have been called "*Merrie*," for the court had its masques and pageantry, and the people their plays,[2] sports, and pastimes. There existed a jovial sympathy between the two estates, which was continually brought into action, and enjoyed with hearty good-will. Witness the Standard in Cornhill, and the

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[1] The English were a jesting, ballad-singing, play-going people. The ancient press teemed with "*merrie jests.*"

The following oddities of the *olden time* grin from our bookshelves. "Skelton's merrie Tales;" "A Banquet of Jests, Old and New" (Archee's); "A new Booke of Mistakes, or Bulls with Tales, and Bulls without Tales;" "The Booke of Bulls Baited, with two Centuries of bold Jests and nimble Lies;" "Robin Good-Fellow, his mad Pranks and merry Jests;" "A merry Jest of Robin Hood;" "Tales and quicke answers;" "xii. mery Jests of the Wyddow Edyth;" "The merry jest of a shrewde and curste Wyfe lapped in Morrelles-skin for her good behavyour;" "Dobson's Drie Bobbes. Sonne and Heire to Scoggin, full of mirth and delightful recreation;" "Peele's Jests;" "Tarlton's Jests;" "Scoggin's Jests;" "The Jests of Smug the Smith;" "A Nest of Ninnies," &c. &c.

[2] There were not fewer than *seventeen* playhouses in and about London, between 1570 and 1629.

Conduit in "Chepe;" when May-poles were in their glory, and fountains ran with wine.

A joyous remnant of the olden time was the *court-fool.* "Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit." What a marvellous personage is the court-fool of Shakspeare! His head was stocked with notions. He wore not Motley in his brain.

The most famous court-fools were *Will Summers*, or *Sommers*, *Richard Tarlton*, and *Archibald Armstrong*, vulgo *Archee*, jester to King Charles I. Archee was the *last* of the Motleys; unless we admit a *fourth*, on the authority of the well-known epigram.

> "In merry old England it once was a rule,
> The king had his poet and also his fool;
> But now we 're so frugal, I 'd have you to know it,
> Poor *Cibber* must serve both for *fool* and for *poet!*"

Will Summers[1] was of low stature, pleasant countenance, nimble body and gesture; and had good mother-wit in him! A whimsical compound of fool and knave. He was a prodigious favourite with Henry the Eighth. That morose and cruel monarch tolerated his

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[1] Under a rare print of him by Delarem, are inscribed the following lines:—

> "What though thou think'st mee clad in strange attire,
> Know I am suted to my owne deseire:
> And yet the characters describ'd upon mee,
> May shewe thee, that a king bestow'd them on mee.
> This horne I have, betokens Sommers' game;
> Which sportive tyme will bid thee reade my name:
> All with my nature well agreeing too,
> As both the name, and tyme, and habit doe."

caustic satire and laughed at his gibes. When the king was at dinner, Will Summers would thrust his face through the arras, and make the royal gormandiser roar heartily with his odd humour and comical grimaces; and

then he would approach the table "in such a rolling and antic posture, holding his hands and setting his eyes, that is past describing, unless one saw him."

But Will Summers possessed higher qualities than merely making the Defender of the Faith merry. He used his influence in a way that few court favour-

ites—*not* being fools!—have done, before or since. He tamed the tyrant's ferocity, and urged him to good deeds; himself giving the example, by his kindness to those who came within the humble sphere of his bounty. *Armin,* in his Nest of Ninnies, 4to. 1608, thus describes this laughing philosopher. "A comely foole indeed passing more stately; who was this forsooth? *Will Sommers,* and not meanly esteemed by the king for his merriment; his melody was of a higher straine, and he lookt as the noone broad waking. His description was writ on his forehead, and yee might read it thus:

"Will Sommers borne in Shropshire, as some say,
Was brought to Greenwich on a holy day,
Presented to the king, which foole disdayn'd,
To shake him by the hand, or else asham'd,
Howe're it was, as ancient people say,
With much adoe was wonne to it that day.
Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all report,
And stoope he did too; yet, in all the court,
Few men were more belov'd than was this foole,
Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule.
When he was sad, the king and he would rime,
Thus Will exil'd sadness many a time.
I could describe him, as I did the rest,
But in my mind I doe not think it best:
My reason this, howe're I doe descry him,
So many know him, that I may belye him.
Therefore, to please all people one by one,
I hold it best to let that paines alone.
Only thus much, he was a poore man's friend,
And helpt the widdow often in the end:

The king would ever graunt what he did crave,
For well he knew Will no exacting knave;
But wisht the king to doe good deeds great store,
Which caus'd the court to love him more and more."

Many quaint sayings are recorded of him, which exhibit a copious vein of mirth, and an acute and ready wit. Upon a festival day, being in the court-yard walking with divers gentlemen, he espied a very little personage with a broad-brimmed hat; when he remarked, that if my *Lord Minimus* had but such another hat at his feet, he might be served up to the king's table, as between two dishes.

Going over with the king to Boulogne, and the weather being rough and tempestuous, he, never having been on ship-board before, began to be fearful of the sea; and, calling for a piece of the saltest beef, devoured it before the king very greedily. His majesty asked him why he ate such gross meat with such an appetite, when there was store of fresh victuals on board? To which he made answer, "Oh! blame me not, Harry, to fill my stomach with so much salt meat beforehand, knowing, if we be cast away, what a deal of water I have to drink after it!"

He was no favourite with Wolsey, who had a fool of his own, one *Patch*, that loved sweet wine exceedingly, and to whom it was as natural as milk to a calf. The churchman was known to have a mistress; Holinshed terms him "vitious of his bodie," and Shakspere says, "of his own body he was ill," which clearly implies cle-

rical concupiscence. Summers improvised an unsavoury jest upon the lady, which made the king laugh, and the cardinal bite his lip. He was equally severe upon rogues in grain, for, said he, "a miller is before his mill a thief, and in his mill a thief, and behind his mill a thief!" and his opinion of church patronage was anything but orthodox. Being asked why the best and richest benefices were for the most part conferred on unworthy and unlearned men, he replied, "Do you not observe daily, that upon the weakest and poorest jades are laid the greatest burdens; and upon the best and swiftest horses are placed the youngest and lightest gallants?"

On his death-bed a joke still lingered on his lips. A ghostly friar would have persuaded him to leave his estate (some five hundred pounds—a large sum in those days!) to the order of Mendicants; but Summers turned the tables upon him, quoted the covetous father's own doctrine, and left it to the "Prince of this world," by whose favour he had gotten it.

Tarlton[1] is entitled to especial notice, as being the ori-

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[1] Bastard, in his *Chrestoleros*, 1598, has an epigram to "Richard Tarlton, the Comedian and Jester;" and, in Nash's *Almond for a Parrot*, he is lauded for having made folly excellent, "and spoken of as being extolled for that which all despise."

The music to "*Tarleton's Jigge*" is preserved in a MS. in the Public Library, Cambridge (D d. 14, 24). This manuscript is one of six, containing a number of old English tunes, collected and arranged for the lute, by John Dowland, and among them are the music to many of Kemp's Jigs. "Most commonly when the play is done," (says Lupton, in his *London and the Countrey Carbonadoed and Quatred into seuerall*

ginal representative of the court-fool, or clown, upon the stage. Sir Richard Baker says, "Tarlton, for the part

called the clowne's part, never had his match, and never will have." He excelled in tragedy as well as comedy, a circumstance that has escaped the research of all his biographers. This curious fact is recorded in a very

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Characters, 8vo. 1632,) "you shall haue a *jig* or a dance of all treads: they mean to put their legs to it as well as their tongues." According to the author of *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, the *jig* lasted for an hour. The pamphlet, says he, is "only such a jest as his (Tarlton's) *jig*, fit for gentlemen to laugh at *an hour*."

scarce volume, "*Stradlingi* (*Joannis*) *Epigrammata*," 1607, which contains verses on Tarlton. He was born at Condover in the county of Salop; was (according to tradition) his father's swineherd, and owed his introduction at court to Robert Earl of Leicester. Certain it is that Elizabeth took great delight in him, made him one of her servants, and allowed him wages and a groom. According to Taylor the water poet, ("*Wit and Mirth*,") "Dicke Tarlton said that hee could compare Queene Elizabeth to nothing more fitly than to a sculler; for," said he, "neither the queene nor the sculler hath a fellow." He basked all his eccentric life in the sunshine of royal favour. The imperial tigress, who condemned a poor printer to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for publishing a harmless tract, civilly asking her, when tottering and toothless, to name her successor, listened with grinning complacency to the biting jests and waggeries of her court-fool; grave judges and pious bishops relaxed their reverend muscles at his irresistible buffooneries; while the "many-headed beast," the million, hailed him with uproarious jollity. "Here[1] I must needs remember Tarlton, in his time with the queen his soveraigne, and the people's generall applause." "Richard Tarlton,[2] for a wondrous plentifull, pleasant, extemporal wit, was the wonder of his time. He was so beloved that men use his picture for their signes." "Let him[3]

[1] Heywood's Apology for Actors.
[2] Howes, the editor of Stowe's Chronicle.
[3] Theatrum Redivivum, by Sir Richard Baker.

(the fanatic Prynne) try when he will, and come upon the stage himself with all the scurrility of the Wife of Bath, with all the ribaldry of Poggius or Boccace, yet I dare affirm he shall never give that contentment to beholders as honest Tarlton did, though he said never a word."

——— "Tarlton, when his head was onely seene,
The tire-house doore and tapistrie betweene,
Set all the multitude in such a laughter,
They could not hold for scarse an houre after."[1]

In those primitive times (when the play was ended) actors and audiences were wont to pass jokes — "*Theames,*" as they were called—upon each other; and Tarlton, whose flat nose and shrewish wife made him a general butt, was always too many for his antagonist. If driven into a corner, he, as Dr. Johnson said of Foote, took a jump, and was over your head in an instant. In 1611 was published in 4to. "*Tarlton's Jests, drawn into Three Parts: his court-witty Jests; his sound-city Jest's; his country-pretty Jests; full of delight, wit, and honest mirth.*" This volume is of extraordinary rarity. In the title-page is a woodcut of the droll in his clown's dress, playing on his pipe with one hand, and beating his drum with the other. In *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, the ancient dress appropriated to that character is thus described. "I saw one attired in russet,

[1] Peacham's Thalia's Banquet, 1620.

with a buttoned cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a clowne, as I began to call Tarlton's woonted shape to remembrance;" and in *Kind-Hart's Dreame* (1592), "The next, by his suit of russet, his buttoned cap, his taber, his standing on the toe, and other tricks, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarlton, who living, for his pleasant conceits, was of all men liked, and dying, for mirth left not his like." This print[1] is characteristic and spirited, and bears the strongest marks of personal identity. When some country wag threw up his "Theame," after the following fashion:—

"Tarlton, I am one of thy friends, and none of thy foes,
Then I prethee tell me how cam'st by thy flat nose:
Had I beene present at that time on those banks,
I would have laid my short sword over his long shankes."

The *undumpisher* of Queen Elizabeth made this tart reply:—

"Friend or foe, if thou wilt needs know, marke me well,
With parting dogs and bears, then by the ears, this chance fell:
But what of that? though my nose be flat, my credit for to save,
Yet very well I can, by the smell, scent an honest man from a knave."

Once while he was performing at the Bull in Bishops-

[1] Of the *original* we speak, which Caulfield sold to Mr. Townley for *ten guineas!* This identical print, *with* the Jests, now lies before us. Caulfield's copy is utterly worthless.

gate-street, where the queen's servants often played, a fellow in the gallery, whom he had galled by a sharp retort, threw an apple,[1] which hit him on the cheek: Tarlton, taking the apple, and advancing to the front of the stage, made this jest:—

"Gentlemen, this fellow, with his face of mapple,[2]
Instead of a pippin, hath throwne me an apple;
But, as for an apple he hath cast me a crab,
So, instead of an honest woman, God hath sent him a drab."

The people laughed heartily, for he had a queane to his wife.[3]

Gabriel Harvey, in his "*Four Letters and certain Sonnets,*" 1592, speaking of Tarlton's "famous play" (of which no copy is known) called "*The Seven Deadly Sins,*" says, "which most deadly, but lively playe, I might have seen in London, and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarlton himselfe; of whom I merrily demanding, which of the seaven was his own

[1] Tom Weston, of facetious memory, received a similar compliment from an orange. Tom took it up very gravely, pretended to examine it particularly, and, advancing to the footlights, exclaimed, "Humph! this is not a Seville (civil) orange." On reference to *Polly Peachem's Jests* (1728) the same bon-mot is given to Wilks.

[2] *Mapple* means rough and carbuncled. Ben Jonson describes his own face as *rocky*: the bark of the maple being uncommonly rough, and the grain of one of the sorts of the tree, as Evelyn expresses it, "undulated and crisped into a variety of curls."

[3] It was the scandal of the time, that Tarlton owed not his nasal peculiarity to the Bruins of Paris-garden, but to another encounter that might have had something to do with making his wife Kate the shrew she was.

deadlie sinne? he bluntly answered after this manner, 'the sinne of other gentlemen, letchery!'" Ben Jonson's *Induction to his Bartholomew Fair*, makes the stage-player speak thus: "I have kept the stage in Master Tarlton's time, I thank my stars. Ho! an' that man had lived to play in Bartholomew Fair, you should ha' seen him ha' come in, and ha' been cozened i' the cloth[1] quarter so finely!"

"There was one Banks (in the time of Tarlton) who served the Earle of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities: and being at the Crosse-keyes in Gracious-street, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to; Tarlton, then (with his fellowes) playing at the Bell by, (should not this be the Bull in Bishopsgate-street?) came into the Crosse-keyes (amongst many people) to see fashions; which Banks perceiving, (to make the people laugh,) saies, 'Signor,' (to his horse,) 'go fetch me the veryest foole in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth drawes Tarlton forth. Tarlton (with merry words) said nothing but '*God a mercy, horse!*' In the end Tarlton, seeing the people laugh so, was angry inwardly, and said, 'Sir, had I power of your horse, as you have, I would doe more than that.' 'Whate'er it be,' said Banks, (to please him,) 'I will charge him to do it.' 'Then,' saies Tarlton, 'charge him to bring me the veriest wh—e-master

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[1] Cloth Fair, where the principal theatrical booths were erected.

in the company.' 'He shall,' (saies Banks,) 'Signor,' (saies he,) 'bring Master Tarlton the veriest wh—e-master in the company.' The horse leads his master to him. '*Then God a mercy, horse, indeed!*' saies Tarlton. The people had much ado to keep peace; but Banks and Tarlton had like to have squared, and the horse by to give aime. But ever after it was a by-word thorow London, '*God a mercy horse!*' and is to this day."

"Tarlton, (as other gentlemen used,) at the first coming up of tobacco, did take it more for fashion's sake than otherwise, and being in a roome, set between two men overcome with wine, and they never seeing the like, wondered at it; and seeing the vapour come out of Tarlton's nose, cried out, 'Fire! fire!' and then threw a cup of wine in Tarlton's face." With a little variation, Sir Walter Raleigh is reported to have been so treated by his servant. There are some curious old *tobacco papers* extant representing the fact. It was a jug of beer, not a cup of wine.

"Tarlton being at the court all night, in the morning he met a great courtier coming from his chamber, who, espying Tarlton, said, 'Good-morrow, Mr. Didimus and Tridimus.' Tarlton being somewhat abashed, not knowing the meaning thereof, said, 'Sir, I understand you not; expound, I pray you.' Quoth the courtier, 'Didimus and Tridimus are fool and knave.' 'You overload me,' replied Tarlton, 'for my back cannot bear both; therefore take you the one, and I will take the other; take you the knave, and I will carry the fool

with me.' And again; there was a nobleman that asked Tarlton what he thought of soldiers in time of peace? 'Marry,' quoth he, 'they are like chimneys in summer.'" Tom Brown has stolen this simile.

"Tarlton, who at that time kept a tavern in Gracechurch-street, made the celebrated Robert Armin[1] his adopted son, on the occasion of the boy (who was then servant to a goldsmith in Lombard-street) displaying that ready wit, for which Tarlton himself was so renowned.

> "A wagge thou art, none can prevent thee;
> And thy desert shall content thee;
> Let me divine: as I am,
> So in time thou 'lt be the same:
> My adopted sonne therefore be,
> To enjoy my clowne's suit after me.

"And so it fell out. The boy reading this, loved Tarlton ever after, and fell in with his humour; and private practice brought him to public playing; and at this houre he performs the same, where at the Globe on the Bank-side men may see him."

Many other jokes are told of Tarlton; how, when he kept the sign of the Tabor, a tavern in Gracechurch-

[1] *Robert Armin* was a popular actor in Shakspere's plays. He was associated with him and "*his fellowes*" in the patent granted by James I. to act at the Globe Theatre, and in any other part of the kingdom. He is the author of "*The History of the Two Maids of More-clacke*," 4to. 1609, in which he played *Simple John* in the hospital. His "true effigie" appears in the title-page: as does that of *Green* (another contemporary actor of rare merit), in "*Tu Quoque*."

street, being chosen scavenger, he neglected his duty, got complained of by the ward, shifted the blame to the raker, who transferred it to his horse, upon which he (Tarlton) sent the horse to the Compter, and the raker had to pay a fee for the redemption of his steed! And how he got his tavern bill paid, and a journey to London scot-free, by gathering his conceits together, and sending his boy to accuse him to the magistrates for a seminary priest! the innkeeper losing his time and charges, besides getting well flouted into the bargain.

In the year 1588 Tarlton gave eternal pause to his merriments. He was buried, September 3, in St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.

In the books of the Stationers' Company was licensed "*A Sorroweful new Sonnette, intituled Tarlton's Recantation upon this Theame given him by a gentleman at the Bel Savage without Ludgate (now or els never) being the last Theame he songe; and Tarlton's repentance and his farewell to his friendes in his sickness, a little before his death.*" In "*Wits' Bedlam,*" 1617, is the following epitaph on him:—

> "Here within this sullen earth
> Lies Dick Tarlton, Lord of Mirth;
> Who in his grave still laughing gapes,
> Syth all clownes since have been his apes:
> Earst he of clownes to learne still sought,
> But now they learne of him they taught:
> By art far past the principall,
> The counterfeit is so worth all."

The following epitaph, quoted by Fuller,

"Hic situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum,"

is thus varied in Hackett's "*Select and remarkable Epitaphs*:"—

"Hic situs est, cujus vultus, vox, actio posset
Ex," &c. &c.

Archibald Armstrong[1] in no way disgraced his coat of Motley; though the author of an epitaph on Will Summers speaks of his inferiority:—

"Well, more of him what should I say?
Both fools and wise men turn to clay:
And this is all we have to trust,
That there 's no difference in their dust.
Rest quiet then beneath this stone,
To whom late *Archee* was a *drone*."

He was an attached and faithful servant, a fellow of arch simplicity and sprightly wit; and if he gave the public not *quite* so rich a taste of his quality as his predecessors did, let it be remembered that two religious factions were fiercely contending for supremacy, neither

[1] There are two rare portraits of Archee prefixed to different editions of his Jests: one by Cecil, 1657; and one by Gaywood, 1660. Under that by Cecil are inscribed the following lines:—

"Archee, by kings and princes graced of late,
Jested himself into a fayer estate;
And in this booke doth to his friends commend
His jeeres, taunts, tales, which no man can offend."

And under that by Gaywood, the following:—

"This is no Muckle John, nor Summers Will,
But here is Mirth drawn from the Muse's quill;
Doubt not (kinde reader), be but pleased to view
These witty jests: they are not ould, but new."

of which relished a "*merrie jest.*" It seems, however, that Archee, who had outwitted many, was, on one occasion, *himself* outwitted. "Archee coming to a nobleman to give him good-morrow upon New-Year's day, he received a very gracious reward from him, twenty good pieces of gold in his hand. But the covetous foole, expecting (it seemes) a greater, shooke them in his fist, and said they were too light. The nobleman took it ill from him, but, dissembling his anger, said, 'I prithee, Archee, let mee see them again, for amongst them is one piece that I would be loath to part with.' Archee, supposing he would have added more unto them, delivered them back to my lord, who, putting 'em up in his pocket, said, 'Well, I once gave money into a foole's hand, who had not the wit to keep it.'"

Archee was "unfrocked" for cracking an irreverend jest on Archbishop Laud, whose jealous power and tyrannical mode of exercising it, could not bear the laughing reproof of even an "allowed fool." "The briefe reason of Archee's banishment was this: — A nobleman asking what he would doe with his handsome daughters, he (Archee) replyed, he knew very well what to doe with them, but hee had sonnes, which he knew not well what to doe with; he would gladly make *schollars* of them, but that hee feared the *archbishop* would cut off their eares!"[1]

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[1] "*Archy's Dreâm, sometime jester to his maiestie; but exiled the court by Canterburie's malice,*" 4to. 1641.

These were the *three merry men* of the *olden time,* who, by virtue of their office, spoke *truth,* in *jest,* to the royal ear, and gave home-thrusts that would have cost a whole cabinet their heads. If their calling had no other redeeming quality but *this,* posterity would be bound to honour it.

THE END.

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